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April 2, 1938

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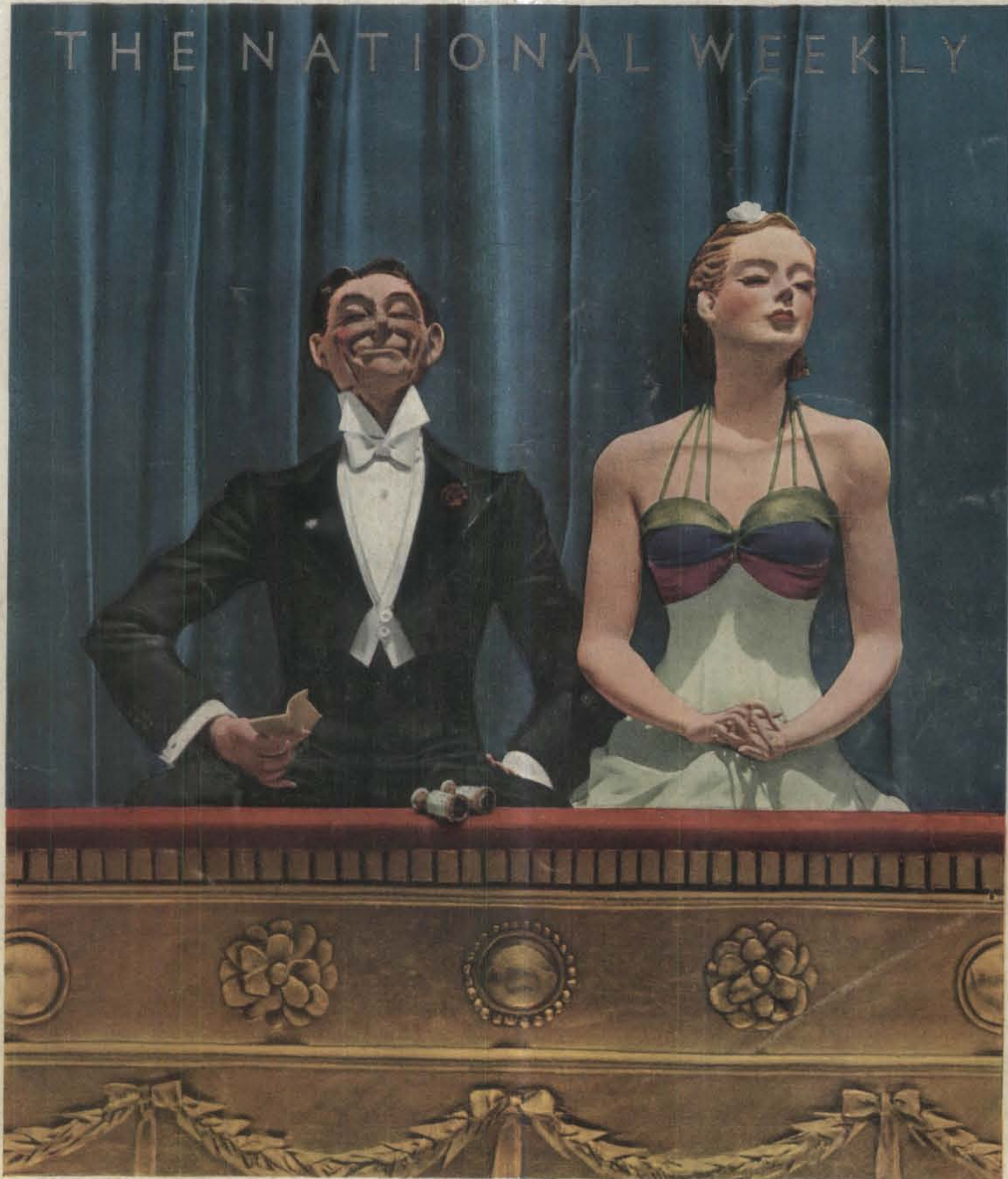
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Man in the Saddle A New Novel By **Ernest H**

MRS J O MAJOR
21 S BUCKEYE
IOLA
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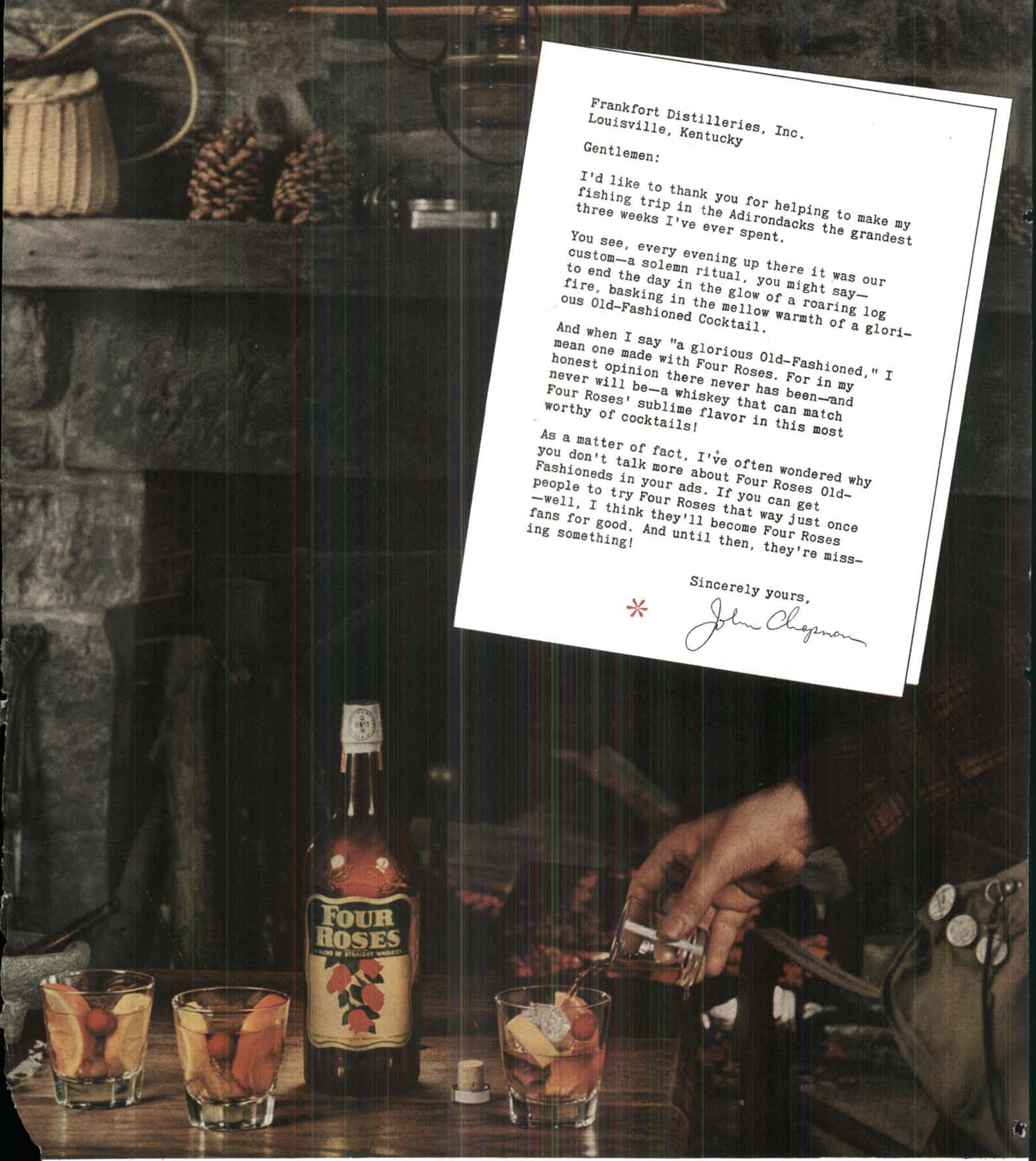
APRIL 2, 1938



Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.
Louisville, Kentucky

Gentlemen:

I'd like to thank you for helping to make my fishing trip in the Adirondacks the grandest three weeks I've ever spent.

You see, every evening up there it was our custom—a solemn ritual, you might say—to end the day in the glow of a roaring log fire, basking in the mellow warmth of a glorious Old-Fashioned Cocktail.

And when I say "a glorious Old-Fashioned," I mean one made with Four Roses. For in my honest opinion there never has been—and never will be—a whiskey that can match Four Roses' sublime flavor in this most worthy of cocktails!

As a matter of fact, I've often wondered why you don't talk more about Four Roses Old-Fashioneds in your ads. If you can get people to try Four Roses that way just once—well, I think they'll become Four Roses fans for good. And until then, they're missing something!

Sincerely yours,

* John Chapman

* This is an actual letter from John Chapman, widely-read New York newspaper columnist and dramatic critic.

THERE are a number of different opinions, all stoutly supported, as to what constitutes the best recipe for Old-Fashioneds. Here is the one used in making the cocktails that are pictured above: *Place one-half lump of sugar in Old-Fashioned glass. Add 2 dashes of bitters, twist of lemon peel and enough water to cover sugar; muddle sugar, bitters and lemon peel with pestle. Add cube of ice, 1 slice lemon, 1 slice orange, 1 maraschino cherry, and two ounces of Four Roses Whiskey.*

Your own pet recipe may vary somewhat from this one. But in any event, you can be sure it will make a grand Old-Fashioned cocktail . . . *if it's made with Four Roses!*

• • •

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

"Going on Seven" – but wiser than his Dad about the care of his teeth and gums

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

DAD may laugh at Billy's errors in grammar and his slips in spelling, but there's one classroom lesson Billy has pat—*and one that dad ought to learn!* For, young as he is, Billy knows the meaning of "pink tooth brush" and the importance of massage to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth. He could tell his own dad a thing or two there—*and dad would be wise to take Billy's advice to heart!*

For, in grade-schools all over the country, youngsters like this are being taught the importance of massage to healthy gums, *the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth.* They know the meaning—and the threat—of "pink tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning. But if you see it—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Lazy gums"—"gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods." Probably he'll suggest "more exercise, more vigorous chewing," and often the "helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

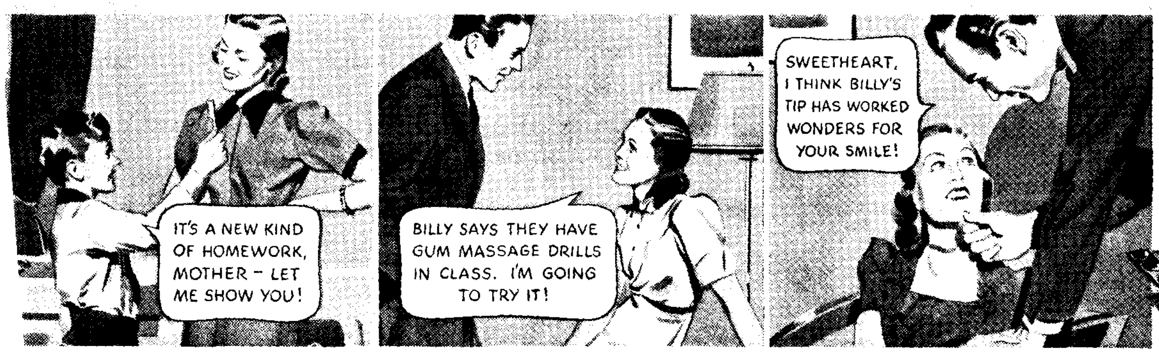
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as to clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Try Ipana today. See how much it can do to help you to a more attractive and a *safer* smile.

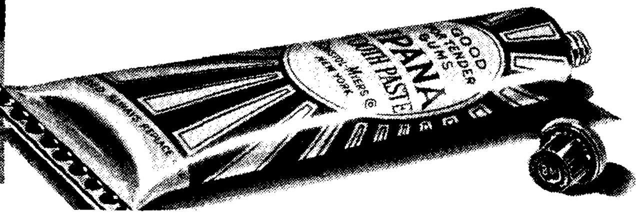
* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

BILLY TEACHES MOTHER HOW TO HAVE A LOVELIER SMILE!


IT'S A NEW KIND OF HOMEWORK, MOTHER – LET ME SHOW YOU!
BILLY SAYS THEY HAVE GUM MASSAGE DRILLS IN CLASS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT!
SWEETHEART, I THINK BILLY'S TIP HAS WORKED WONDERS FOR YOUR SMILE!

IPANA
Tooth Paste


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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Managing Editor
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Editorial Director

Collier's

April 2, 1938

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WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art

DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editors

Next Week

MANY citizens after they see the photographs of Rose Viola and then see Rose Viola herself have half a mind to look the photographer up and ask him what he means by so grossly underestimating the situation. She has that certain something that goes out across the footlights and hits every male character present smack-dab in the kisser and makes him hate to go home and gaze upon his ever-loving wife.

Now this Rose Viola is in love with a young character by the name of Daniel Frame, and it worries him *constantly to think that she is out* there on the stage running the risk of catching colds. He believes that his mother, who lives in Manchester, N. H., will be worried, *too.* Many citizens will be relieved to know that all this is explained in "Neat Strip" by a character named Damon Runyon.

IF YOUR memory goes back far enough you will recall when the nations were lined up in a race to see who would be the first to fly the Atlantic. That was in 1919. Now they're toeing the line again. This time with transatlantic passenger service as the stake. The Maritime Commission has been cheering us on with brilliant forecasts of the future of the service. To give you a preview of what lies ahead W. B. Courtney takes you to the designers of tomorrow's airliners—and even gives you a glimpse of day-after-tomorrow's superliners.

CAREY never intended to kiss Angus Furleigh, especially with her marriage to Charles only a month away. Afterward she could hardly believe it had happened and she thought the world would never be the same again. "This is Different," they said. And within a week Carey had to repeat those words to someone else. The story is by Ruth Burr Sanborn.

BOSSES come and bosses go but "Mista Crump Keeps Rollin' Along." The Red Snapper, colorful and undisputed master of Memphis, and his streamlined, rustproof machine are described by James Street.

BILL PARTAIN went to interview a murderer. It almost cost him his ears, his fingers and his neck. In "Capital Offense," Edwin Hicks reports the discomforts of a newspaperman.

RICHARD CONNELL, Quentin Reynolds, Nelia G. White, John R. Tunis, Lawrence G. Blochman, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox and others contribute fiction and articles. No choice necessary; take 'em all.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

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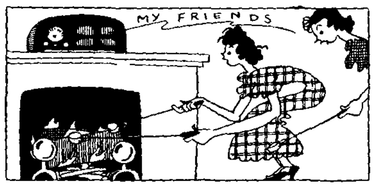
COVER ALAN FOSTER

Any Week

JUST as we were about convinced that politics was inherently sordid and that nothing could be done about it we received a letter from Mrs. Georgianna B. Sowan of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Our chief emotion is wonder—wonder why someone hadn't thought of it long ago. Or has it been going on all the time? Anyway, Mrs. Sowan says: "I have just interviewed a few members of a ladies' club which proposes in the future to serve toasted marshmallows while listening to President Roosevelt's fireside chats."



"DON'T kid yourself," advises Mrs. Julia B. MacEns of Seattle, Washington. "We did not nominate Arthur B. Langlie for mayor because we've turned right wing. We licked Mayor Dore because we're sick and tired of his Edgar Bergen, Dave Beck. That's all, except I'll bet that less than ten per cent of the people reading this know who Edgar Bergen is."

HOWEVER, several of our ancient fears have been laid by Mr. Tom Huseman of San Francisco, California. He pleads with us to "protest strongly against large expenditures of public funds for military airships." If the Chinese can't fly to Tokyo and pay a lethal call on the Japanese emperor or even swarm eastward as far as Nagasaki, five hundred miles from Shanghai, what chance would an enemy have to cross the ocean and ruin us? he asks. "I do not advocate paying no attention to military aviation, but I am against getting excited about it. A soldier on the ground is worth two in the clouds. A tough sergeant with a machine gun is more protection than a regiment of daring young men on the flying trapeze."

FEELING much more secure, we hurry on to advise you that the National League of Women Voters has contributed generously to the headaches being enjoyed by the gentlemen in Washington who are trying to do something about efficiency in government. The ladies were recently in Washington loaded with evidence of dishonesty and incompetence in local governments. For example, a story of a Midwest city where, due to a change in administration, a brand-new fire department was appointed. Right away a nice fire broke out and the new department didn't know how to turn the water on. Of course the building was reduced to ashes. But in Washington the boys who are a little afraid that efficiency in government isn't going to help them in their personal careers have been trying to shush the ladies. And if you've had any experience at all it isn't necessary for us to tell you how unsuccessful the lads have been.

WE WENT to Washington to look into the cherry-blossom situation—the first pangs of a new spring bearing down upon us pretty hard. But we managed to get ourselves involved with a lot of galloping people who haven't been acting right ever since Ohio's Senator Bulkley offered Congress that plan to spend eight billion dollars for some new roads to have automobile accidents on. One gentleman we met would spend five million dollars underwriting kitchen-utensil inventors, saying that the fellow who thought up the first eggbeater was a bigger man than George Washington. Another planner wanted someone in Congress to find a million dollars for junior dahlia growers. But our fancy was captured by a Mr. Homanson, who was out to force Congress to earmark one of Senator Bulkley's eight billions for bridle paths and pedestrian trails along these golden highways, particularly pedestrian trails, which would be equipped with free foot baths, refreshment stands and hospices where foot-weary wanderers might cool their dogs, fuel their stomachs and, to quote Mr. Homanson, lay their weary brows. Nothing like a good pre-breakfast stroll under government elms across a Kansas prairie.

FREE FOOT BATHS

HOWEVER, what we'd like to do something about is this malicious habit of calling one's neighbors nasty names. Imagine our indignation when we read a letter from Mr. George O. Zwor of Indianapolis, Indiana, advising us that the enemies of the Honorable Paul McNutt are referring to him as Paul McBayonutt. But we became well-nigh uncontrollable when Mr Charles La Boxe of New Orleans Louisiana, told us that among his friends England is now known by a new name:

JOAN BULL.

W. D

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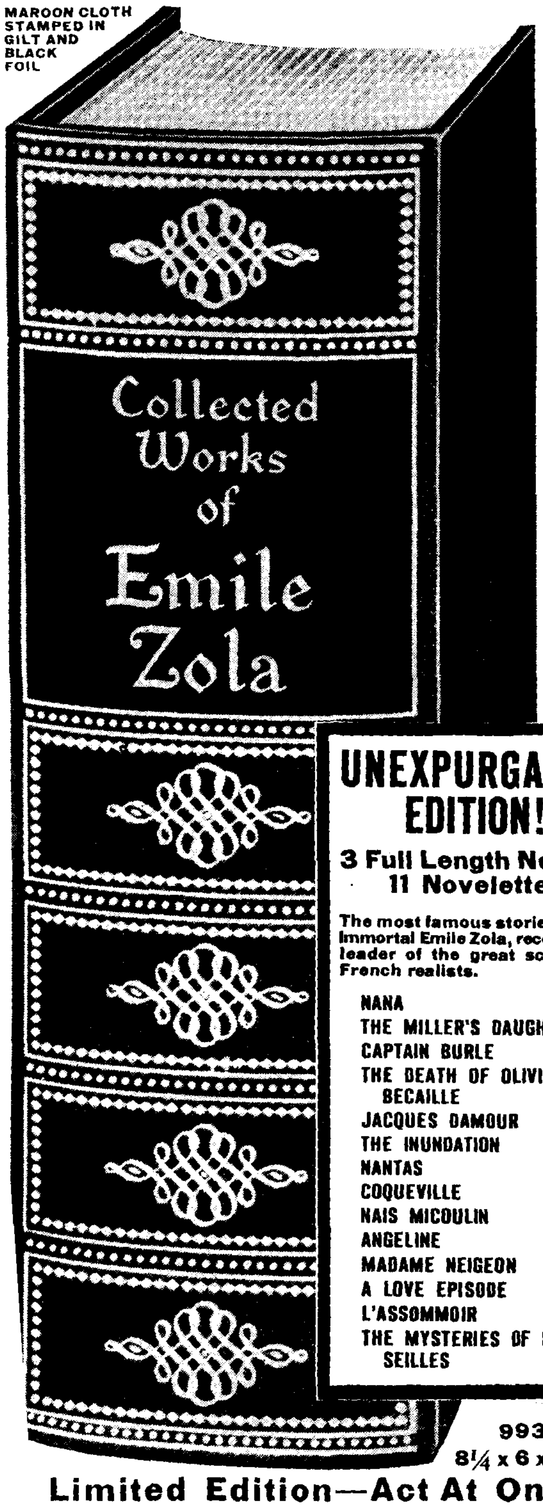
Collected Works of Emile Zola

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THE dramatic screen picture of the life of Zola has set up a clamor for his works—and here they are! You've wanted to read Nana, the strange story of a low caste but beautiful woman whose alluring charms plunged a whole social register of counts, barons, and bankers into moral and financial oblivion—the novel that Parisians bought with furtive glances and carried home under their cloaks! Nana is included complete in this big volume, together with those other intimate and realistic novels, A Love Episode and L'Assommoir—and, in addition, eleven thrilling and impassioned novelettes from the ruthless Zola pen that stripped the veil of secrecy from the social life of Paris and laid bare the most amazingly tangled love affairs ever put into story form.

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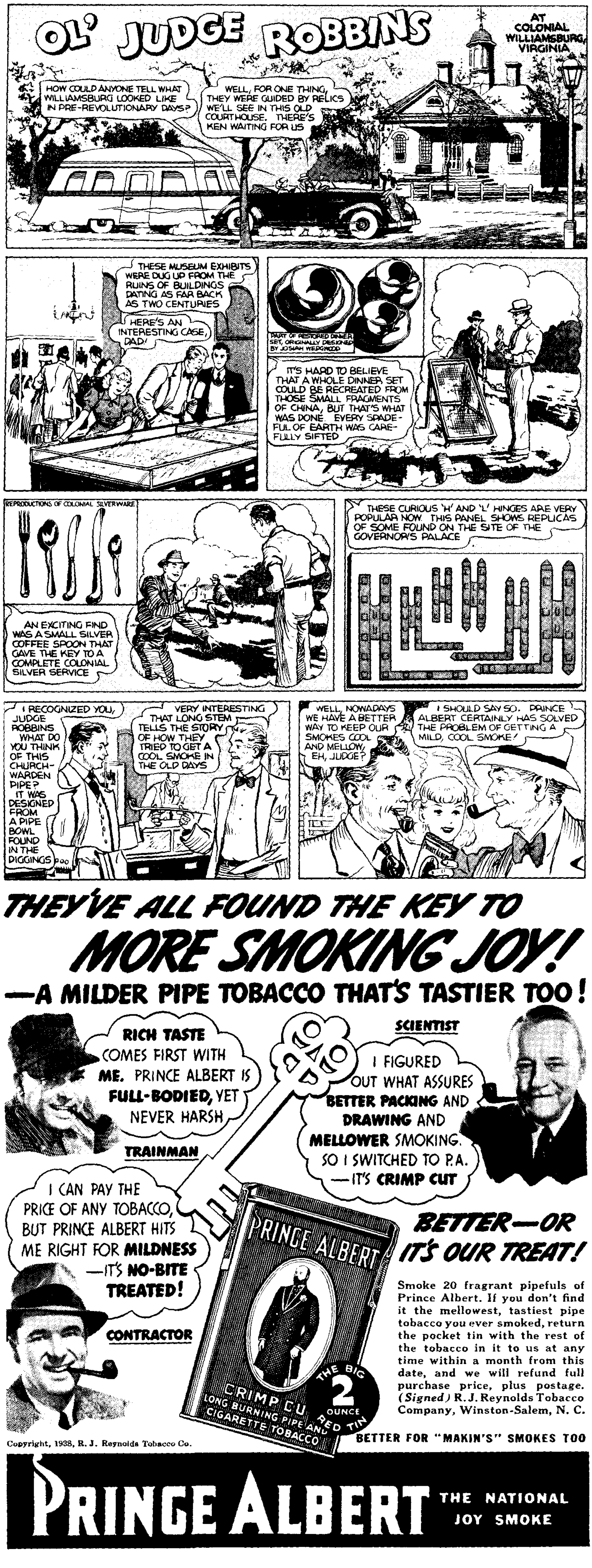
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA
HOW COULD ANYONE TELL WHAT WILLIAMSBURG LOOKED LIKE IN PRE-REVOLUTIONARY DAYS?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, THEY WERE GUIDED BY RELICS WE'LL SEE IN THIS OLD COURTHOUSE. THERE'S KEN WAITING FOR US
THESE MUSEUM EXHIBITS WERE DUG UP FROM THE RUINS OF BUILDINGS DATING AS FAR BACK AS TWO CENTURIES
HERE'S AN INTERESTING CASE, DAD!
PART OF RESTORED DINNER SET, ORIGINALLY DESIGNED BY JOSIAH WEDGWOOD
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT A WHOLE DINNER SET COULD BE RECREATED FROM THOSE SMALL FRAGMENTS OF CHINA, BUT THAT'S WHAT WAS DONE. EVERY SPADEFUL OF EARTH WAS CAREFULLY SIFTED
REPRODUCTIONS OF COLONIAL SILVERWARE
AN EXCITING FIND WAS A SMALL SILVER COFFEE SPOON THAT GAVE THE KEY TO A COMPLETE COLONIAL SILVER SERVICE
THESE CURIOUS 'H' AND 'L' HINGES ARE VERY POPULAR NOW. THIS PANEL SHOWS REPLICAS OF SOME FOUND ON THE SITE OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE
I RECOGNIZED YOU, JUDGE ROBBINS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS CHURCHWARDEN PIPE? IT WAS DESIGNED FROM A PIPE BOWL FOUND IN THE DIGGINGS
VERY INTERESTING. THAT LONG STEM TELLS THE STORY OF HOW THEY TRIED TO GET A COOL SMOKE IN THE OLD DAYS
WELL, NOWADAYS WE HAVE A BETTER WAY TO KEEP OUR SMOKES COOL AND MELLOW, EH, JUDGE?
I SHOULD SAY SO. PRINCE ALBERT CERTAINLY HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF GETTING A MILD, COOL SMOKE!
THEY'VE ALL FOUND THE KEY TO MORE SMOKING JOY!
—A MILDER PIPE TOBACCO THAT'S TASTIER TOO!
RICH TASTE COMES FIRST WITH ME. PRINCE ALBERT IS FULL-BODIED, YET NEVER HARSH
TRAINMAN
SCIENTIST
I FIGURED OUT WHAT ASSURES BETTER PACKING AND DRAWING AND MELLOWER SMOKING. SO I SWITCHED TO P.A. —IT'S CRIMP CUT
I CAN PAY THE PRICE OF ANY TOBACCO, BUT PRINCE ALBERT HITS ME RIGHT FOR MILDNESS —IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!
CONTRACTOR
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
BETTER—OR IT'S OUR TREAT!
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

BETTER FOR "MAKIN'S" SMOKES TOO

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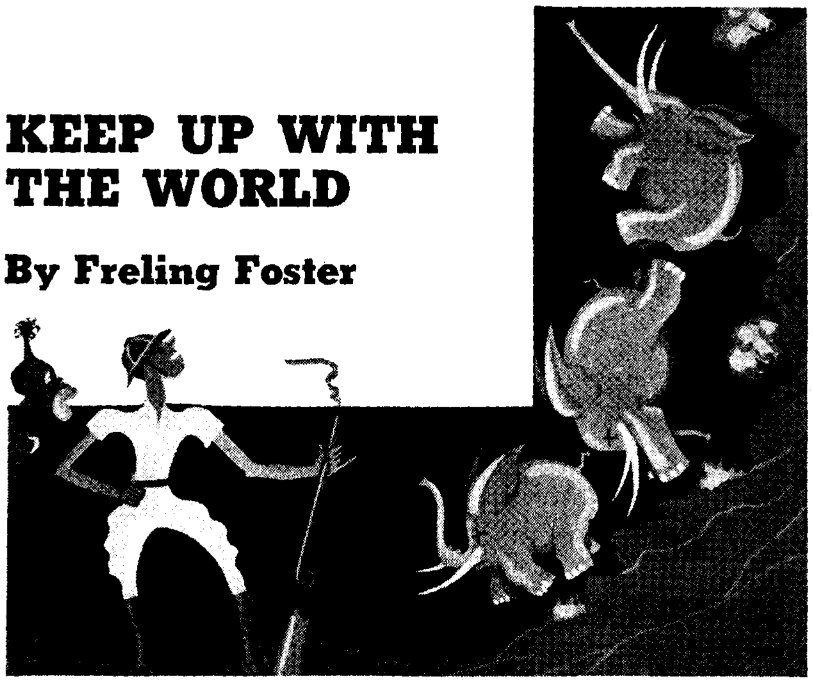
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



The Game Department of the Uganda Protectorate in East Africa confirms, in its Annual Report for 1925, a strange hunting accident in which three elephants were killed through the firing of a single bullet. While standing on a steep slope, No. 1 was shot, fell and started to slide downward. An instant later, No. 2 stepped directly in the way and was swept off its feet. Both falling animals then struck No. 3 and all went tumbling to death in the valley below.

Several centuries ago, because of a rumor that mince pie was of pagan origin, a large part of the Christian world considered eating this pastry a sin almost comparable to idolatry. Even as late as the 18th century, few clergymen dared to risk their reputations by partaking of this "wicked dish."

High in the mountains that closely surround Carrara, Italy, some 6,000 workmen daily blast hundreds of tons of statuary marble from about 500 quarries. The constant explosions of dynamite, the crashing of the giant blocks as they fall hundreds of feet and the resultant clouds of dust are believed to make Carrara the noisiest and dirtiest city in the world.

An odd "I-had-the-right-of-way" collision occurred at Cumberland City, Tennessee, on January 20, 1913, when a train ran into a steamboat in the middle of the Cumberland River. The stream was in flood and the tracks were inundated just enough to allow both boat and train to pass the point. Each had a good argument as the steamer was on a navigable river and the train was on its own tracks.—*By F. M. Youngblood, Carbondale, Illinois.*

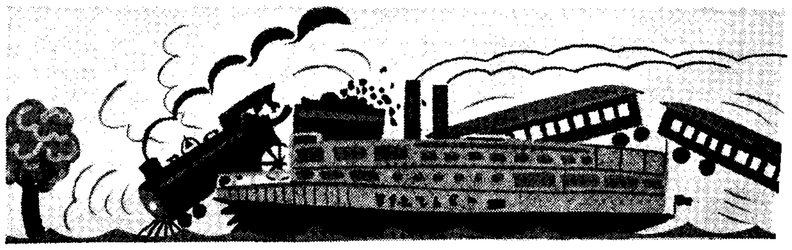
So far as is known, the smallest baby to have survived the dangers of both birth and infancy was a 21-ounce girl born in Germany in 1928. —*By R. Stanley Grey, New York City.*

The Union Jack that flies high above the Victoria Tower of the Palace of Westminster in London when the House of Lords is in session is probably replaced more often than any other flag. Frequently the wind is so violent that it reduces to shreds as many as three ensigns in a single day.

Bigamy is not confined to the act of marrying one person when already legally married to another. Under the Penal Law of New York State, an unmarried person commits bigamy when he or she knowingly marries another to whom marriage is legally prohibited, a crime which is punishable by imprisonment for not more than five years, or a fine of not more than $1,000, or both.—*By Leo Satz, New York City.*

More than 25 countries besides the United States use the $ mark to designate monetary denominations which vary, in American money value, from two cents to $1.03. In Brazil the $ mark is employed in place of the decimal point. Thus one hundred reis is written $100. And one milreis, or a thousand reis, is written 1$000.—*By Allen Fiske, Chicago, Illinois.*

Of the twelve different kinds of snow known to scientists, "sand" snow is the most peculiar. Falling in the Arctic regions when the temperature is extremely low, this snow has such a rough surface that skis or sleds cannot glide over it.



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DETROIT

Why
19 ECON-O-MIZERS
DODGE TRUCKS

Totem pole pictured above is typical of many seen along route of Dodge Alaska truck-run.

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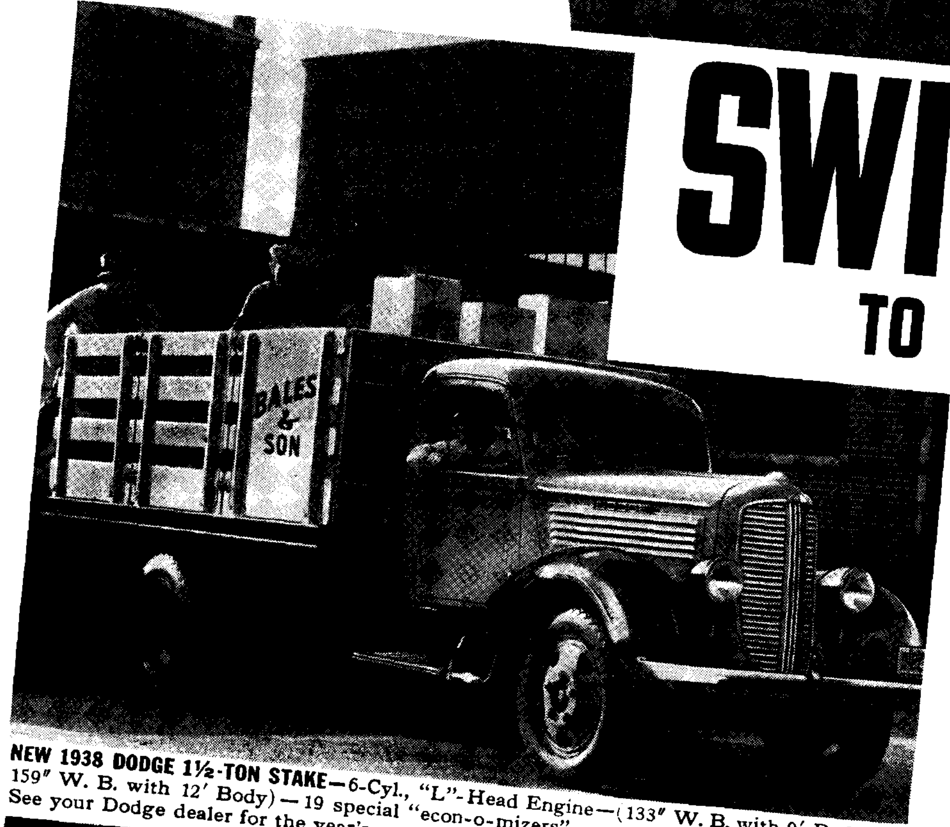
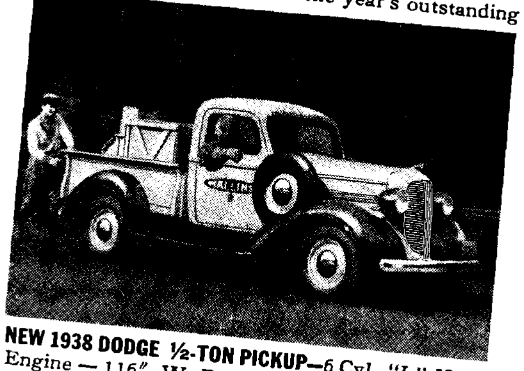
...and Save Money!



NEW 1938 DODGE 1½-TON STAKE—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—(133" W. B. with 9' Body and 159" W. B. with 12' Body)—19 special "econ-o-mizers"—yet still priced with the lowest. See your Dodge dealer for the year's outstanding value!



NEW 1938 DODGE ½-TON PICKUP—6 Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—116" W. B.—Packed full of money-saving features! 19 money-saving "econ-o-mizers!"—yet priced with the lowest!

IT MAKES no difference how much you know about trucks...the sensational new 1938 Dodge trucks will be a revelation to you! For now...at today's low delivered prices...you can get a Dodge truck with 19 definite "econ-o-mizers," plus dozens of other quality features, that make your truck a better dollar-for-dollar investment than ever before!

19 "Econ-o-mizers"

The 19 "econ-o-mizers" built into new 1938 Dodge trucks are things you can see and count up for yourself. They will save gas, oil, tires and upkeep for you. They also make the new 1938 Dodge truck the most brilliant performing Dodge truck ever built!

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Including Federal Taxes. (Local, State Taxes Not Included)

½-TON 116" W.B. CHASSIS $475

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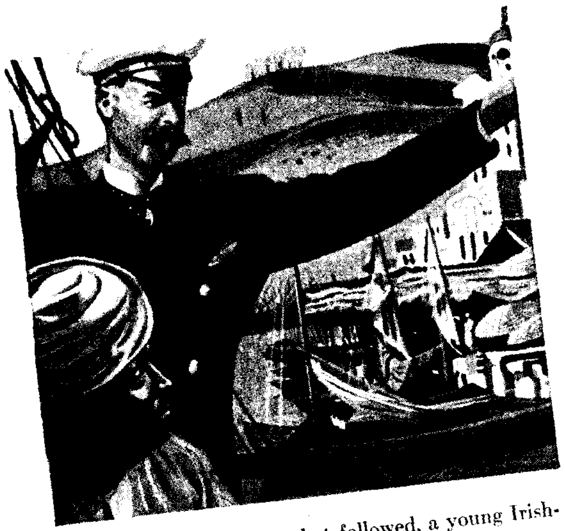
How a disaster led to the world's greatest tea!

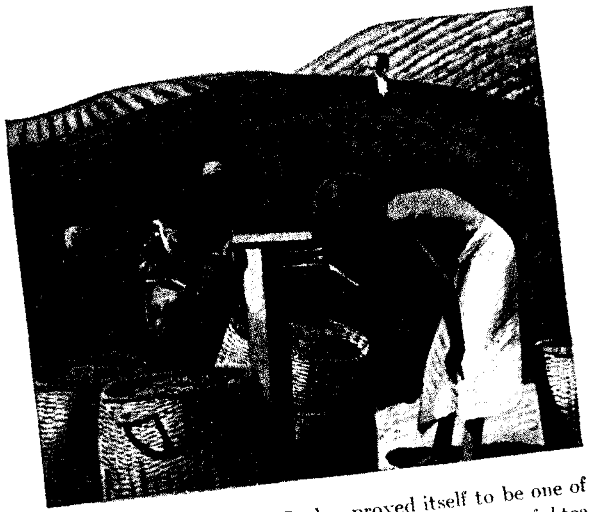
THERE'S A STORY in your cup of Lipton's Tea . . . a story that begins with a tragedy and ends with happiness for the people of seven great nations!

• • •

In 1870, Ceylon (then a great coffee-growing country) was hit by a blight that snuffed out the life of every last coffee plant on the island!



1. In the gloomy days that followed, a young Irishman named Thomas Lipton was a leader in a group that had a happy thought. Why not grow tea in this rich Ceylon soil and exceptionally gentle climate? Tea plants were imported and cultivated.



2. And lo and behold, Ceylon proved itself to be one of the world's greatest tea-growing spots! More *flavorful* tea had never sprung from Mother Earth! And appropriately enough, the finest of Ceylon's tea gardens are LIPTON'S.

3. With his own superb tea as a basis, Thomas Lipton mixed a blend so fine that it carried off top honors at five World's Fairs! And at the Great Tea Exposition of Ceylon and India, Lipton's own tea was awarded the Gold Medal. Sir Thomas became official "Tea Merchant By Appointment" to three Royal Families!

LIPTON'S TEA

4. To understand how any one tea could win all these honors, you need only brew yourself a cup of Lipton's. Look at its rich promising color . . . inhale its clean, flowery aroma . . . raise the cup to your lips and get acquainted with that magnificent flavor. As a pleasant glow warms your innards, you will *know* that here is the most satisfying and stimulating tea you have ever met. No wonder the men and women of America—and of six other great tea-loving countries—drink more Lipton's than any other tea!

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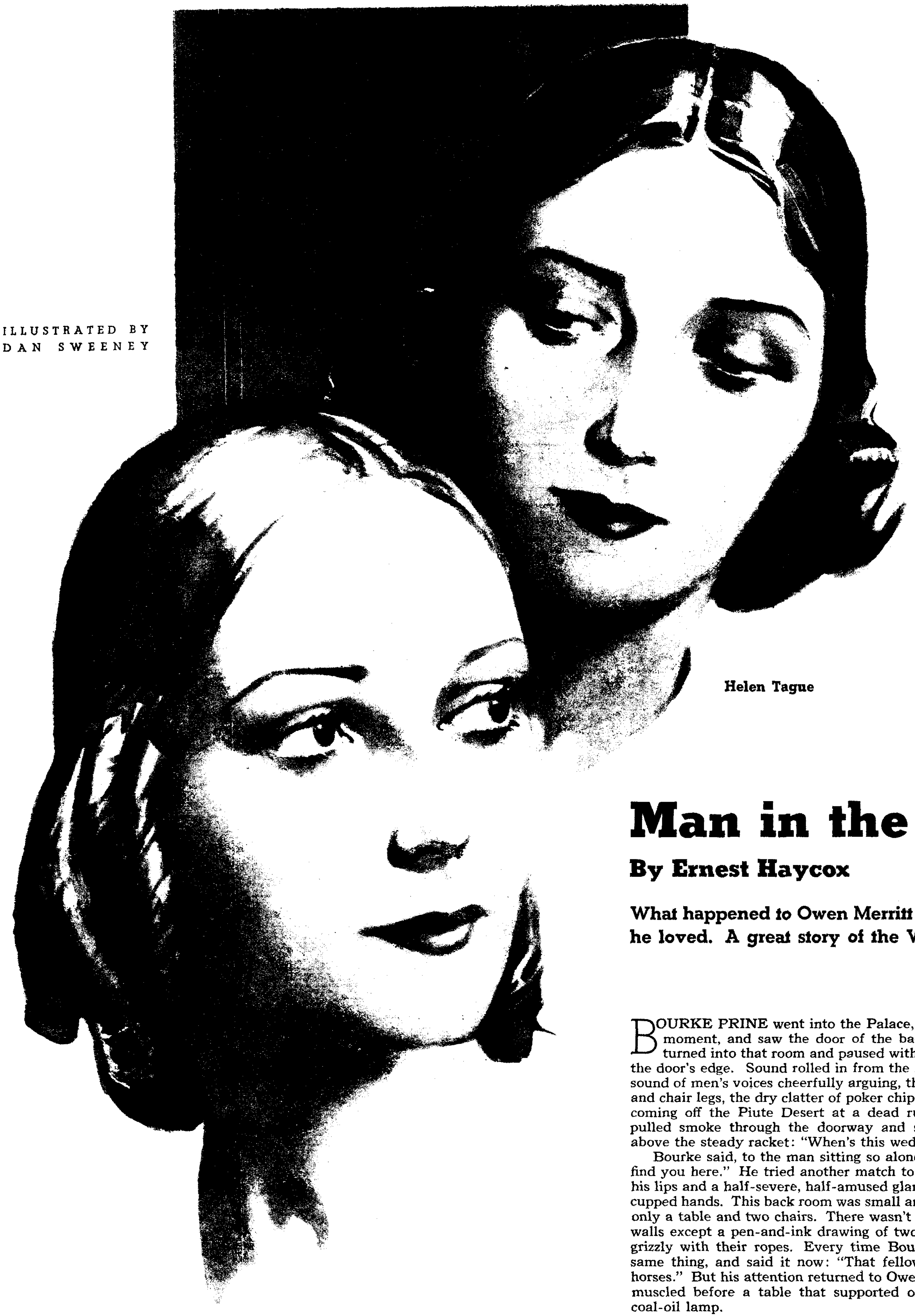
LIPTON'S
Known All Over the World for its Supreme Quality
FINEST TEA
LIPTON
TEA PLANTER CEYLON
ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE TEA
YELLOW LABEL
BLACK

5. Yet, despite its superiority, Lipton's can be enjoyed in any home. That is because tea—even a tea as fine as Lipton's—*costs less than any other beverage except water!* Get a package of this superb LIPTON'S TEA from your grocer *today!*

Collier's The National Weekly for April 2, 1938

ILLUSTRATED BY
DAN SWEENEY



Helen Tague

Sally Bidwell

Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

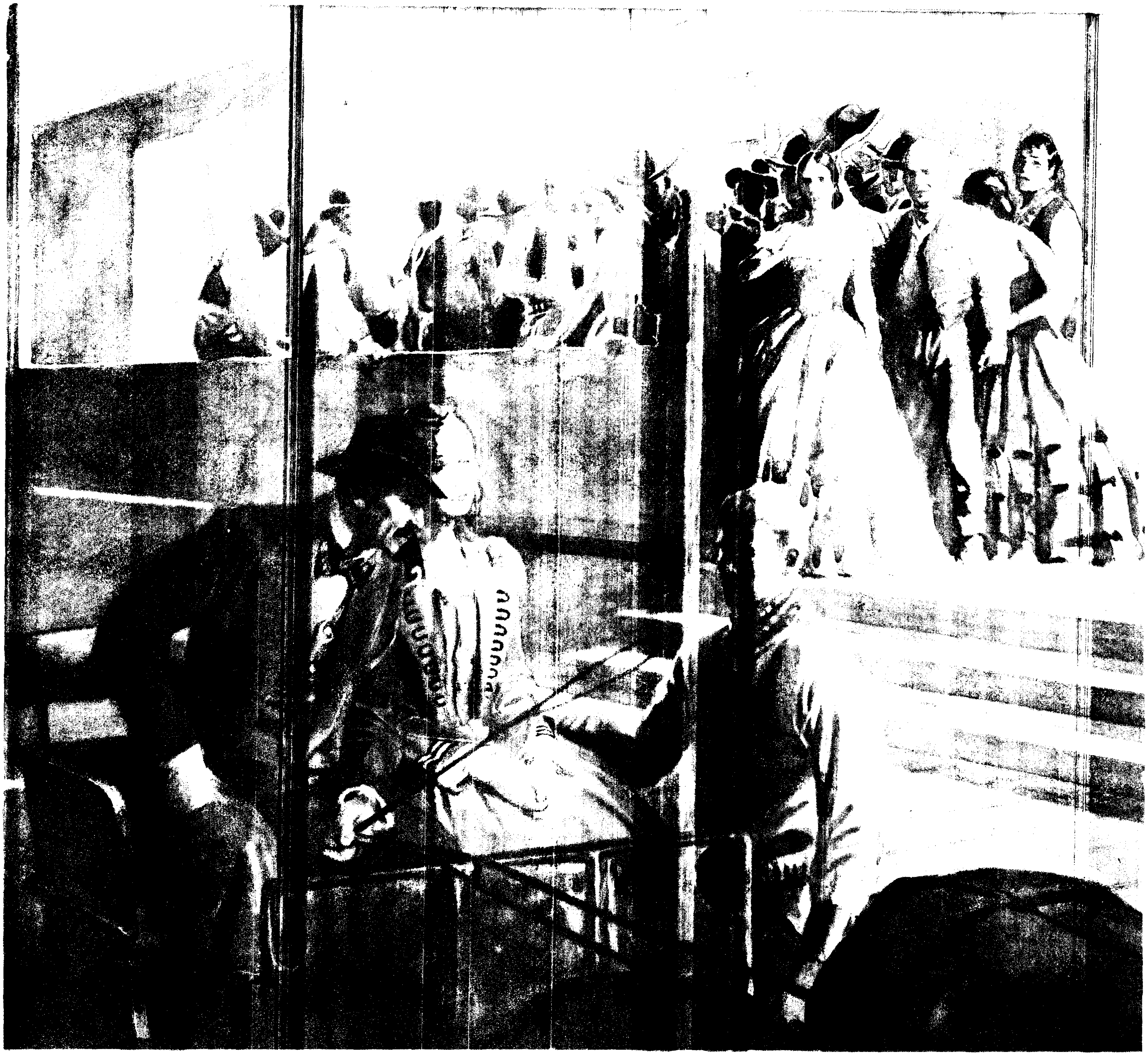
What happened to Owen Merritt when he lost the girl he loved. A great story of the West, beginning now

BOURKE PRINE went into the Palace, looked around the crowd a moment, and saw the door of the back room standing ajar. He turned into that room and paused with his shoulder rested against the door's edge. Sound rolled in from the front part of the saloon, the sound of men's voices cheerfully arguing, the scrape of boots and spurs and chair legs, the dry clatter of poker chips, the sudden rush of horses coming off the Piute Desert at a dead run. A little current of air pulled smoke through the doorway and somebody's question broke above the steady racket: "When's this weddin'?"

Bourke said, to the man sitting so alone at the table, "Thought I'd find you here." He tried another match to the limp cigarette between his lips and a half-severe, half-amused glance slid over the edge of his cupped hands. This back room was small and scarred and bare, holding only a table and two chairs. There wasn't anything on the pine-board walls except a pen-and-ink drawing of two horsemen trying to hold a grizzly with their ropes. Every time Bourke came here he said the same thing, and said it now: "That fellow don't know how to draw horses." But his attention returned to Owen Merritt, who sat so loose-muscled before a table that supported one bottle, one glass and a coal-oil lamp.

The lamplight threw its yellow shine directly against Merritt's face. Merritt said in the softest voice: "Shut that door."

Prine closed it with his heel and came over and settled in the opposite chair. The saloon's noise dropped away to a steady rumble beyond the partition. The smell of tobacco smoke and stale whisky and resin from the pine boards strengthened. Prine took the only glass on the table and helped himself to a drink, and pushed the glass back to Owen



Before all those eyes he was a cheerful man, with no regret on his face. He said, "Well, I wish you all the luck"

Merritt, meanwhile bracing himself to the shock of the whisky by pushing his shoulders forward. He was tall and heavy-chested and the muscles of his upper body stirred the gray fabric of his shirt. Solidness was the key to Bourke Prine; solidness and a dark skepticism lying deep in his eyes.

He said: "The Methodist missionary bishop just staged in from Winnemucca, so it will be a proper wedding. The hotel is lighted up like a burnin' haystack and the women have started cryin' already. What makes women cry at weddings, kid? Skull's riders are all out there belly flat to the bar, plastered with bear grease and bad intentions. You drunk yet, Owen?"

"The bottle," said Owen Merritt, by way of refuting the charge, "is still half full." He decanted himself a drink but let it lie a moment, speculatively watching the amber shine of the liquor. His long legs were slid under the table and he lay thoroughly slack on the chair, no muscle of his body holding perceptible tension, which was a sufficient reason for Bourke Prine to study his partner with a fresher interest. Owen Merritt's hair was as yellow as the lamplight, lying well down along his forehead. Skin made a tight fit across high cheekbones, turned a ruddy bronze by sun and wind, and this freshness of complexion made his blue eyes a shade darker than they really were; and at the moment his expression was wholly unreadable. It was a way Owen Merritt had of dropping a curtain in front of his feelings. He was still and he was loose, but two small signals gave him away to Bourke—the upward strike of his lip corners, as though a smile lay somewhere near, and the manner in which, after suddenly downing the drink, he laid the glass on the table and worried it with the blunt ends of his fingers. This was the signal of a rashness crowding him hard.

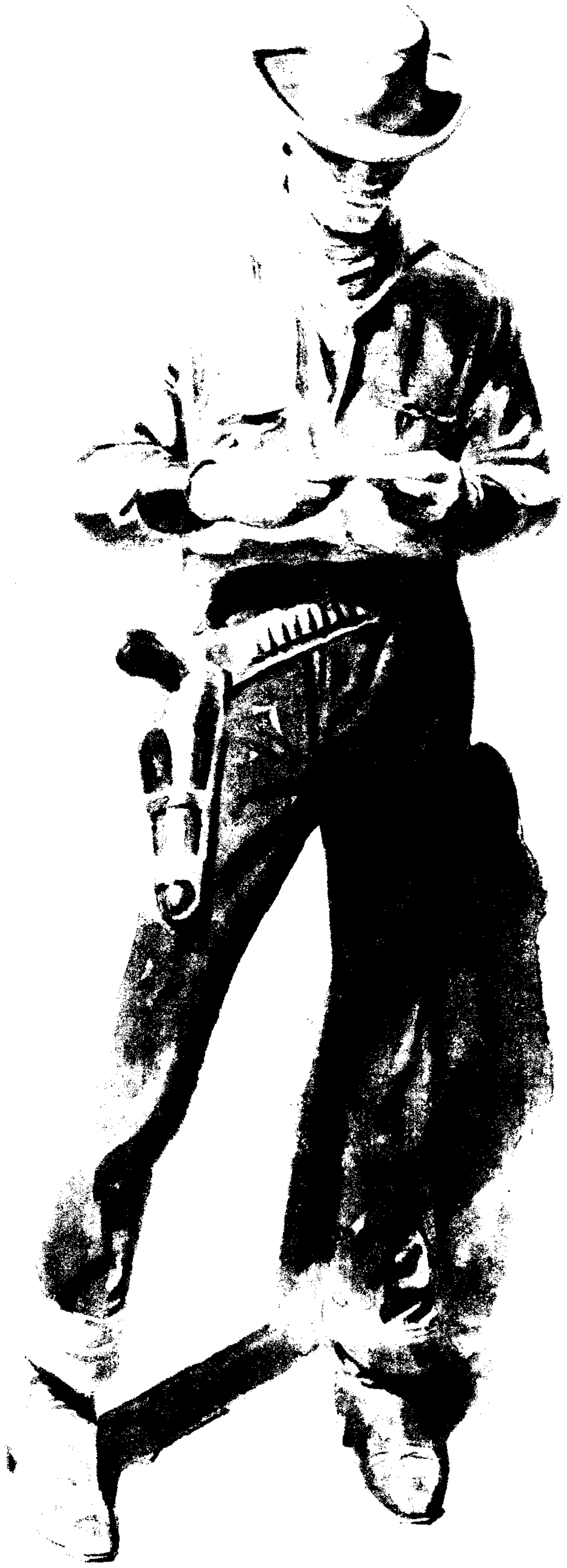
PRINE said: "I don't know where they hide but there's a lot of pretty girls in town. Helen Tague's here. Well, sure, she's Sally Bidwell's bridesmaid. And Nan Melotte, and Swanee Vail's daughter and Irene Spaugh, and some homesteaders' women. Takes a weddin' to bring 'em out. Maybe it's hope."

Owen Merritt shifted on the chair. Gently, restlessly. Prodded by Bourke Prine's deliberate talk. "I remember," he said, "one time when my old man was alive. We rode to the rim of the Bunchgrass Hills. It was fall. Heat smoke lay across the desert. Out Christmas Creek way we could see dust rolling up from a band of Piutes crossing down to the antelope country. Wonder what makes a man think of things that mean nothing?"

Bourke Prine's talk once more pushed against Owen Merritt. "Fay Dutcher is at the front door of this joint, keepin' tally on the Skull riders. Wearin' his pearl-handled gun for the ceremony. Maybe it's a Texas habit." His voice swung to a lighter, quicker note. "Hugh Clagg's in town," he said, his glance touching Merritt and going away. "I saw Sheriff Medary hangin' around the hotel to kiss the bride. An easy way to keep his politics in good shape. Well, it takes a weddin' to bring 'em out."

"Antelope are running heavy over in Fremont Basin," said Owen Merritt, in a voice gently controlled. "I guess it's time I had another look at that country."

Bourke Prine took his turn at the glass and bottle. He split the contents of the bottle, drank his share, and pushed the glass back toward Merritt. He said: "That's your trouble. Always goin' off to take another look at a piece of country. Fiddle-footed. Always



At this moment Clagg seemed to be idle and thoroughly off guard. Merritt knew his man too well to be fooled by it

smellin' the wind for scent. And so you lose out." He swung his broad torso around and gave Owen Merritt a stiff, hard survey. "When I came by the hotel I saw Sally Bidwell lookin' down from a room window. She saw me and waved. She wasn't smilin' at all. Why shouldn't a prospective bride smile, kid?"

This was the way he fed it to Owen Merritt, stubbornly, slyly, with an irony drying his words. He kept observing how Owen Merritt worried the glass around the table with his finger tips. There was a wild temper in that long man with the whalebone frame; a temper as unpredictable as dynamite.

Merritt had the last drink. "Damn' bottle's empty again. Maybe we should take a walk."

"What for?" grunted Bourke Prine. "You're always takin' a walk. Why?"

"Maybe because I'm sick of listenin' to your speeches."

They turned out of the back room into a full and heavy racket. Everybody on the Piute Desert, it seemed certain, had come to The Wells this Saturday night to celebrate the wedding. Tom Croker's saloon could hold fifty men if the poker tables and the faro rig were pushed against the wall, but there were more than that many in here now, everybody turning and colliding, and pleased to have it that way after a long summer's work and isolation. Lamplight splintered against a long back-bar mirror and smoke lay low and thick, and the front swing door kept squalling on its hinges and sweat ran down the points of Tom Crocker's mustache as he stood behind the bar and tried to serve this crowd. The whole Skull outfit was here. So were Mike Tague's riders from Wagon Rim way; and all the smaller ranches nestling along the base of the Bunchgrass Hills were represented. Drifters from the Broken Buttes made a show and four cavalrymen had ridden in from distant Camp McDermitt.

JUKE SLOVER, six feet from Owen, yelled to make himself heard: "Hello, pilgrim!" Skull's foreman, Fay Dutcher, worked his way slowly through the jam, using his shoulders, using his elbows. There was a quietness to this Dutcher almost like insolence—a kind of overbearing assurance in the way he pushed others aside. It was a quality, Prine thought idly, Fay Dutcher had imparted to his men. All Skull's riders were like that. Dutcher was short and broad, with a weather-blackened skin and a heavy cropped mustache half hiding his upper lip and a pair of eyes that showed a slanted, short-tempered shining. He only nodded at Bourke Prine. But he took Merritt's measure with a full glance, a careful and far more aroused glance, and said, "Hello, Merritt," and moved aside. Other men turned to watch this scene, and then Will Isberg came into the saloon and made his way forward.

It was accident, Bourke Prine understood, that brought Isberg in front of Owen Merritt. Yet Isberg used the accident to a good purpose, as he always did. He stopped in front of Merritt. "Owen," he said, "I'm glad to see you. Because I want a word with you."

This room had no privacy in it, and yet men pressed away a little and gave Isberg a space. Bourke Prine considered that with his sharp mind. Will Isberg could have elbow room any time he wanted, for he was owner of Skull, and Skull was a quarter million acres lying along the southern base of the Bunchgrass Hills, one of the great ranches in the state. Nevertheless, it was some other prompting that moved the crowd away. Here was Isberg marrying Sally Bidwell and not Owen Merritt, who had gone with her so long a time. One man was winning and one man was losing, nobody on the Piute knowing why; and here they were face to face, and this was why the crowd withdrew and let them alone.

"Owen," said Will Isberg, "I want to know how you take this. If there is to be trouble between us, I'd like to know it now."

So coolly, so softly—and yet with so much willfulness lying behind that easy speech, with so direct and unwavering a determination to have an answer. In a country of physically big riders, Will Isberg was small, almost slight; in a land of carelessness and laughter, he remained grave, he held himself under stiff control. He was, Bourke Prine remembered, close to forty—at least ten years older than Owen Merritt and still older than Sally Bidwell, whom he was shortly to marry.

IT OCCURRED to Bourke Prine suddenly to look over to Owen Merritt, whereupon he noticed the blond man's wide lips placed in a faint half-smile. That was all. Nothing else got through the consistently smooth expression. Merritt said: "I congratulate you, Will."

Isberg's tone was thoroughly courteous, but it held the same insistence that had been there before. "You're sure?"

It seemed then to Bourke that a break hovered over these two. They were both calm; they were both softly and deceivingly gentle with their words. Prine felt the weight of Isberg's will; definitely he could feel it. And he knew enough about his partner to guess at the wildness lying behind Merritt's half-smile. Owen said, in his summer-soft tone:

"What are you worried about, Will?"

Fay Dutcher, on the edge of this scene, hauled his shoulders about and stared at Merritt. Isberg kept still a moment, but Bourke Prine witnessed the minute break in the gravity of Skull's owner and identified the faint heat of a touched pride. Isberg said: "I want no war of words, Owen. We'll be living in this country a long while, you and me. I should like to continue to regard you as a friend. If that is not to be, I want it made clear."

Bourke Prine, who disliked Will Isberg and Skull and all that Skull stood for, had his moment of admiration for the man. Here Isberg stood, asking for his showdown, side-stepping nothing, doggedly insisting on a clear answer. He wore a black broadcloth suit and a white shirt. An elk-tooth charm swayed in the sag of his watch chain and a diamond showed a flicker of light on his right index finger. He was sparing in his gestures and mild in his talk—and somehow very formidable to Bourke Prine at the moment. A quality set him apart from every other man in the room.

"The luck," said Owen Merritt, "is yours. I will not complain."

"Owen," counseled Will Isberg, "it isn't like you to dodge. I want the truth—and I want everybody in this room to hear it. I will not have rumors going around."

"I have said I wish you luck," stated Owen Merritt. "Better let it go like that."

Isberg hesitated at the answer and Bourke Prine saw the man's steady glance search Merritt's face as though to find a direct and visible hostility. He was, Bourke knew, balancing the issue in his mind. Behind Owen's answer lay so much that was unsaid, as Isberg knew and as all the crowd knew. But in the end some caution or sense of propriety made an answer for Isberg. He said, "Let's drink on that," and led the way to the bar, adding a word for the crowd: "Gentlemen, this is on Skull." Afterward, when the drinks had been put before them, he took up his glass, "To the future Mrs. Isberg."

Bourke Prine felt a chill ride down his back. Isberg had turned; his eyes suddenly struck Owen Merritt. There was an expression on his face more personal than before, touched with a triumph and yet showing the bright, thin edge of bitterness. The man wasn't sure. Merritt said, "Her health and yours, Will," and drank.

Isberg placed his untouched glass on the bar, and gave his apology. "I would not care to appear before a bishop with a drink on me. Croker, I'm buyin' the house for the rest of the night." He turned then and went down the alley at once made for him, small and grave and thoroughly cool.

Men began to talk again. Juke Slover came over to stand with Prine and Merritt—these three making an accustomed familiar group. Lee Repp, an obscure rider of the Broken Buttes, came out of the night, using his hands to clear a trail. He was drunk and his lips moved loosely across a white skin. He stared at Merritt. "I guess the Broken Buttes crowd ought to feel pretty happy, huh? Sally's old man is out there braggin' about his son-in-law already."

Owen Merritt looked at him without interest. Lee Repp described a circle in the air with his hands. "Yeah, so Sally's old man sure has got a pretty easy thing now. Maybe—"

Merritt said: "Shut up, Repp."

FAY DUTCHER plowed over from another corner of the house. "Repp," he said. "Get out of here." But Repp was watching Owen Merritt and his mouth closed slowly, without further sound. Merritt's shoulders lifted. The smooth surface of the man was beginning to wear thin, and small, sudden flashes of wildness got through his eyes. The ruddiness of his cheeks glistened with an overlay of sweat, as though from strain. The cut of his jaws showed a straight, solid line. He looked at the glass in his hand, caught in some odd debate, and put it down, and nodded at Bourke. "Let's have a look at the joyous night, Bourke." Somewhere on the street a gun banged twice, but nobody in the Palace considered the sound of any import.

Pay Lankershim shoved his way through the crowd. He tapped Owen's shoulder with a hand blackened and bony and crippled from seventy years of hard living. But his eyes, black and bright, were still young. He stood above most men in the saloon, being Merritt's exact height. He said: "Owen—I want to see you sometime tonight."

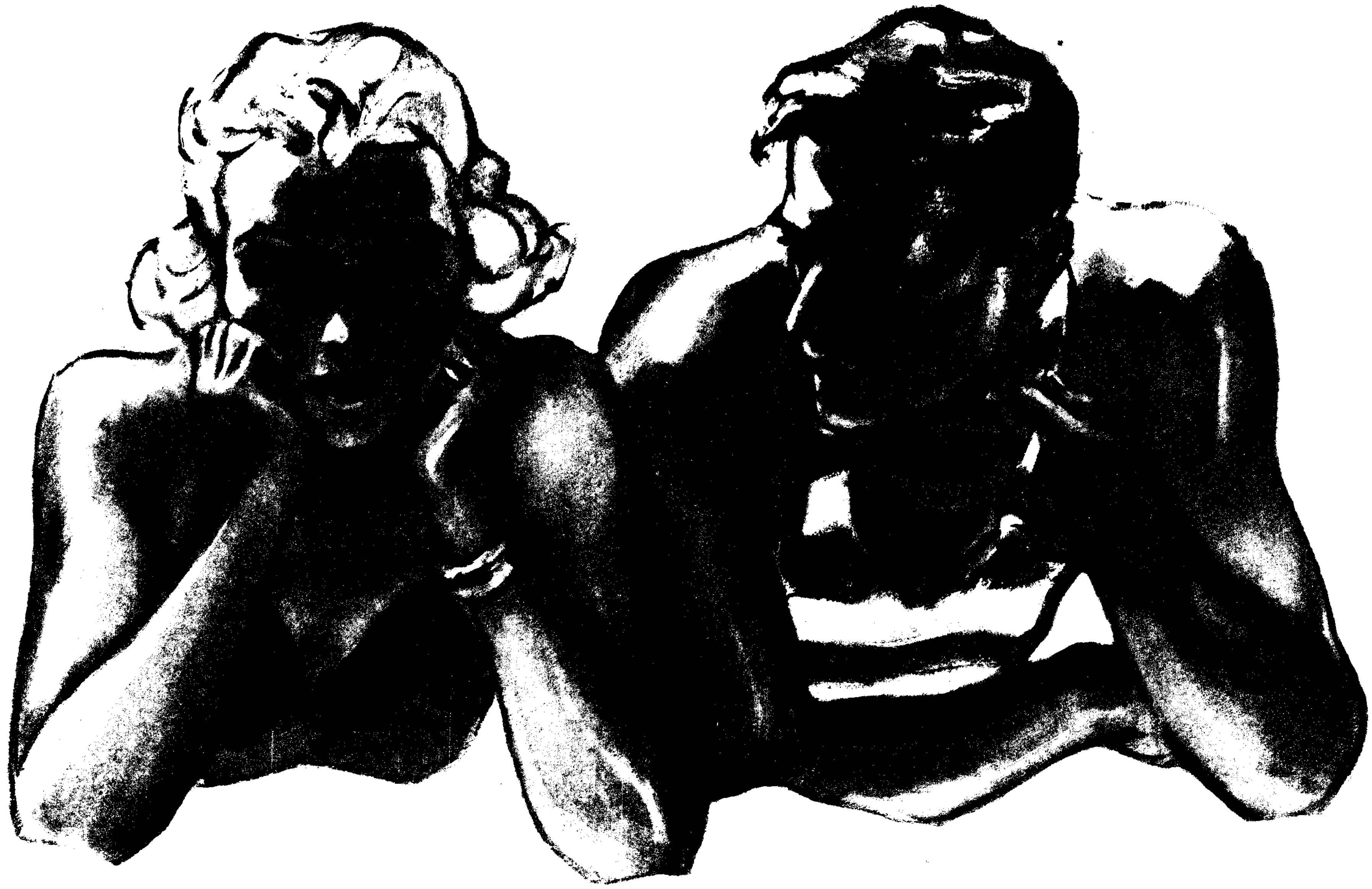
Merritt said, "All right," and moved toward the door.

Following Merritt closely, Bourke Prine laid a quick glance across the room and discovered Hugh Clagg, shouldered against a far wall. Owen, Bourke knew, hadn't noticed Clagg so far, which was a pretty good lead on Owen's frame of mind.

Out in the chill of the street Prine said: "Will Isberg had a reason for buyin' you that drink in front of the crowd." "Peace and good will," said Owen Merritt in a short tone.

"Don't talk like a sucker."

Love Bidwell stood by the saloon's door, talking to Mark Medary, who was the county's sheriff. Love was a thin one with a gray goatee and a windy, irritating voice. His accent was altogether Southern and he always wore a Confederate campaign hat, which now lay far back on his head. Both thumbs were well hooked into his suspenders. "I lose a daughter," he said to Medary. "Sho', I lose *(Continued on page 66)*



Then Frederick had come, had seen and had wanted her. It all happened very quickly

Devotedly, Sylvia

By Quentin Reynolds

SYLVIA WHITE looked at herself in the mirror and saw that there was a faint look of bewilderment in her eyes. She was a little shocked not to notice any pain. . . . Two days before, she had decided to leave her husband.

Frederick White was everything a beautiful, sensitive woman would want in a husband. But Sylvia had decided to leave him and all of her plans were made.

She looked around her bedroom, filling her mind with it, so that she would remember it forever. In a few minutes she would leave it for another life. Frederick, too, would be building another life, building it with Francine Laudry, she reflected without bitterness. She had felt for a long time that Frederick had lost whatever love he had once had for her. Francine, young and adoring, now had that love.

It was not his fault—it was his nature. He was a man of tremendous charm, and he had always had anything he wanted. He could not bear criticism, and he did his best work when he was surrounded by a glow of approval. It had taken all Sylvia's patience and understanding to help him through the black moods of depression that descended on him after some implied or even unintended criticism. Afterward, with restored confidence, he would go after what he wanted, not ruthlessly, but suavely, intelligently.

He had built his investment business that way. Never had he failed to get an account that he had felt was necessary to have. He had never failed to get anything that he really wanted. It had been like that where she was concerned.

She had been happy enough, engaged to George Johnston and looking forward to a quiet and moderately wealthy existence with him.

Then Frederick had come, had seen and had wanted her. It all happened very quickly. They were married and had left the small-town life she had known. The years that followed had been breathless, throbbing years. And then, somewhere, something had happened. Nothing definite, no open break, but she had felt it just the same. Now she knew what it was. She knew her husband at last. She realized that once he got what he wanted he didn't want it very much any more. Once he signed a big account, the flame of his enthusiasm died.

The momentum of his rapid-fire courtship had carried his enthusiasm for her along for a few years, then gradually, almost imperceptibly, it had waned. Not that he would ever let her down. He would go through the motions of being a devoted husband. He would play the game and he would play it to the end. He would never leave her, no matter how much he loved Francine Laudry. That he did love Francine, Sylvia admitted to herself. Quite by accident, merely the casual perusal of a carelessly dropped letter, she had learned that.

For two days she had thought of the problem the situation presented. She thought, too, of gentle George Johnston.

Often during the years Frederick had laughed at her and teased her about her earlier romance with plodding George. She hadn't loved George in those days. Now it was George who was solving her whole problem. The letter she had received from her home town two days before had showed her the way. Now she could leave Frederick, for he would never leave her. She could leave him and start life afresh; leave him with his pride and his self-confidence still intact; leave him to divorce her and find consolation with Francine.

"THE car is waiting, madam." She nodded absently and then looked again at the letter she had written to Frederick. It was short but it covered everything she felt:

"Frederick:

"I hope I am not going to hurt you terribly but I am going away. For a long time I have not loved you. You have been a fine husband, Frederick, but I cannot stand it any longer. George and I are going away. Please do not try to find us. Sylvia."

That was all. She sealed it quickly. Yes, it would hurt him, but fleetingly. And it was better that way. She arose and hurried out of the beautiful room, down the long staircase and out of the house—out of Frederick's life.

She looked back once at the house. The white marble of its front glistened as the sun's rays slanted upon it. It was magnificent, she thought, just as Frederick was magnificent. But some day the wind and the rain and the more penetrating rays of a summer sun would weaken that facade and ruin its imposing dignity. It would be like that with Frederick if she remained with him. The lie that he would be forced to live, the constant reminder of his responsibility toward her and his undoubted love for Francine—these would gradually weaken and tarnish the magnificent person who was the Frederick she had married. She didn't want that. She would do anything to prevent that.

She turned her eyes from the house and in a firm voice told the chauffeur to drive to the water front.

The pier was crowded. She had only a few minutes before sailing time. She presented her ticket and her passport and, placing them back in her bag, looked at her watch. Yes, she had time.

"Boy," she called. A telegraph boy handed her a blank. She wrote her sister's name and address carefully. Then she printed: "Received your letter telling of dear George Johnston's death. Haven't heard from him in ten years and do not know his address. Please send funeral wreath and sign Devotedly, Sylvia."

She handed the boy a dollar, and walked up the gangplank clenching her hands tightly. Then the pain came—sharp, almost unbearable. She wondered if she would ever stop loving Frederick with her whole heart.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

What Do You Eat?

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Every second person you meet has some theory about diet. Most of them are demonstrably wrong. Here a doctor tells you about the diet he has devised for himself. He's getting along well on it too

There's a simple-enough reason for the great American indigestion, and the proper preventive measures are equally obvious

WHEN the conversation turns upon health, as naturally it so often does, almost the first question that people ask me, after the preliminary politenesses have been exchanged is, "What do you eat?"

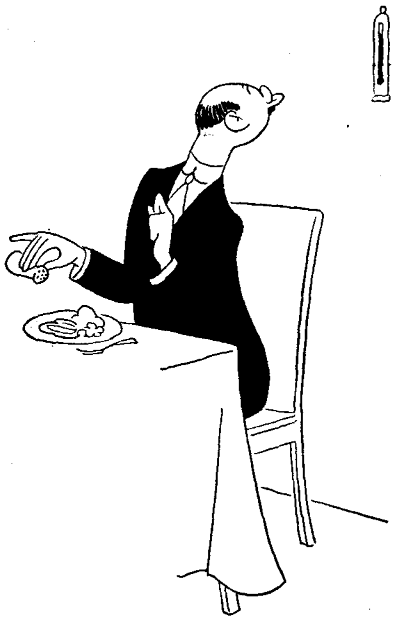
They have observed that I, a man in my sixties, am still hale and hearty, able to match rackets with many younger than myself, fond of swimming, riding, walking, certain to sleep soundly at night. They have, through their reading or conversation, become increasingly conscious of scientific belief that, with the exception of definite infections, the diseases of middle and old age—arthritis, heart disease, gallstones, nephritis, Bright's disease, and various skin affections—can be traced to faulty nutrition. Diabetes practically disappeared in Germany during the war because people could no longer have ham with great chunks of fat, pâté de foie gras, kippered herring and other rich foods.

At the very outset I always tell people I do not eat what I ought to, because the exigencies of modern life make it extremely difficult for anyone to adhere to a strict regimen. No one realizes better than I that, unless one is willing to be branded a crank, it will be impossible to meet continuously the conditions imposed by my own diet. You have to live in this world with other people. If you accept an invitation to dinner, you know your hostess has gone to a great deal of trouble to prepare a meal pleasing to you, and you would not care to disappoint her.

If left to my own devices, my diet would be much as follows: no breakfast, except two glasses of water, as hot as can comfortably be swallowed. In this way water is absorbed almost at once. It is difficult to prove ice water injurious, but since digestion cannot go forward until the stomach reaches a temperature of over one hundred degrees, it is obvious this cold liquid mass must be heated up before it can be absorbed, and the digestive process is undoubtedly slowed up.

I have nothing further until lunch—then a glass of pasteurized milk, a small portion of orange, grapefruit, tomato, pineapple, or sauerkraut juice to replace what vitamins have been lost in the pasteurization, one egg, preferably soft-boiled, two pieces of zwieback liberally spread with butter, some fruit—banana, apple, peach or, best of all, ripe pineapple—and finally a full glass of water.

For dinner I usually have a plate of soup, a moderate helping of red meat, chicken or fish, two vegetables, potatoes, preferably mashed because the pulp is then shredded and more easily assimilated, salad in the form of lettuce without dressing, again two pieces of zwieback liberally spread with butter, a glass of milk, and no dessert.



Hot weather calls for an increase in your daily ration of salt

You need not be alarmed at the mention of proteides and carbohydrates in the same meal. Extensive experimental evidence has been prepared that proves the digestive organs are designed to take care of both constituents at the same time.

I do not feel myself competent in any way to prescribe what other people should eat. This basic diet I have outlined keeps me healthy. A great many things may easily be added to render it more attractive. Individuals may experiment freely on themselves according to their tastes. For example, I prefer zwieback to other breads, and want at least half the flour content to be ground from whole wheat, which contains vitamins and mineral salts lost in the more refined white flour. Moreover, the double baking turns a good part of the starch into a form that can be readily digested, and also provides greater nutritive value. But instead of the zwieback you may prefer your carbohydrates in the form of boiled rice or macaroni.

In place of an egg, a ham or cheese sandwich would suffice. But if you select cheese it would be better to choose one of little odor. Curiously enough, for some reason unknown, the degree of digestibility seems to vary with the strength of the smell. Ripe cheeses of the more odoriferous varieties are swarming with bacteria, not harmful necessarily, but difficult for the stomach to cope with.

It's Balance That Counts

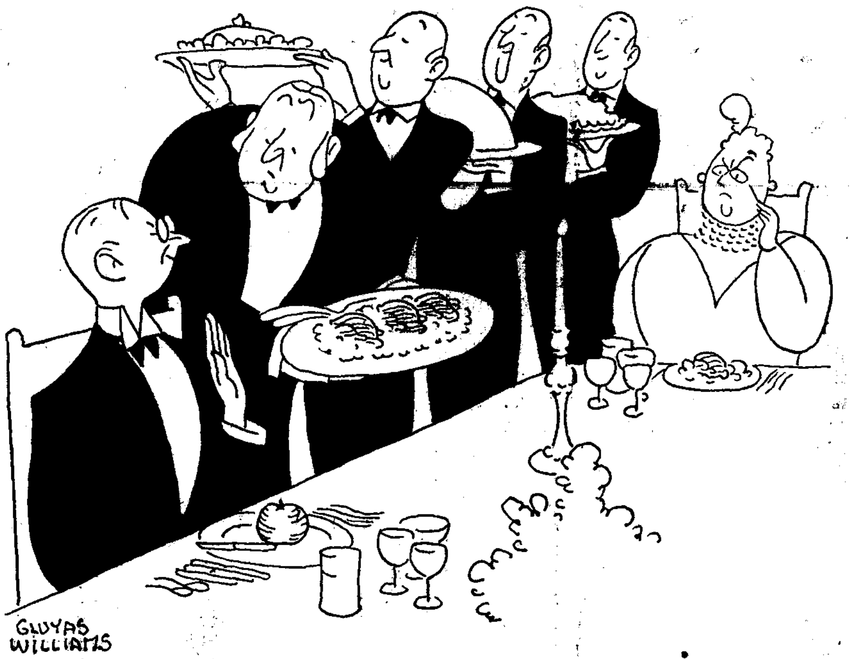
As a rule I do not take any sandwiches made of meat unless it has been smoke-cured. Cold chicken is a fine culture medium for most bacteria, and undergoes rapid changes of decomposition. Smoked ham and tongue are always edible no matter how long they are kept.

Lettuce salad may be varied by adding or substituting water cress, endive, turnip tops, coleslaw or other leafy vegetables. In South Africa alfalfa has been found to make a delicious salad for humans, containing an abundant supply of the inorganic salts that are so essential.

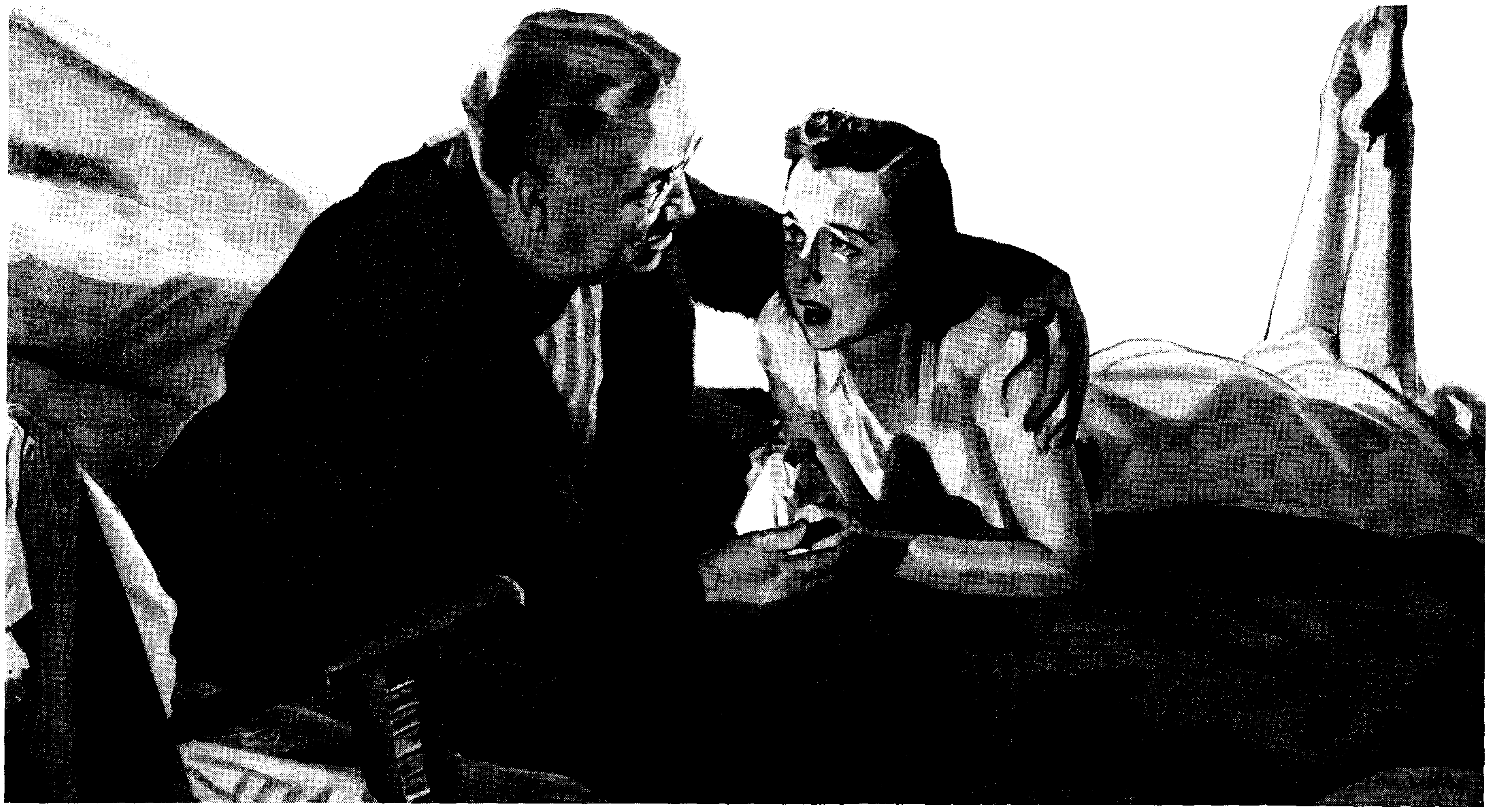
Perhaps the most important factor in any diet is proper balance—one part proteides, three carbohydrates, with proper provision for vitamins and inorganic salts in milk and fruit. In summer you will obtain enough fats in the butter on your bread and in the meat or milk. When cold weather comes and more heat-producing foods are needed, the amount of fat in the diet may be increased, either by eating such foods as nuts or avocados, or by adding more butter or fat bacon. Many people taste their bacon for hours after they have eaten it. This may be due to the preparation. I find if it is cooked too hard or too long I cannot cope with it. But here, as in so many other cases, everything depends on the individual, and lovers of crisp bacon need not worry so long as they feel no discomfort after partaking.

A house that has stood through the years must undergo repairs if it is to continue stanchly and firmly to repel the ravages of time. Stone parts must be replaced with stone, metal with metal, wood with wood. Just so in the human body. If teeth, which are bone, need repair, silicates, lime salts and other bone-building material must be supplied. Otherwise the repair work will not be sound. Again the body must have proteides, and these are most easily obtained from meats. It is quite true that a person can live on an almost exclusive vegetable diet, but he has to take

(Continued on page 49)



There are times when it's advisable to forget your sensible diet



"Listen to me, Tookie," he said. "I don't want you to have a complacent marriage. There's more to it than that"

The Winds of Freedom Blow

By Margaret Craven

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Two people who knew what freedom meant —and a third who had almost forgotten

THE Pomsbys reacted differently to Lavinia's invitations to tea. When Horace, the family's middle-aged bachelor, saw her thick vellum envelope slide beneath his door, he approached it cautiously.

"My dear nephew, I shall expect you to tea this afternoon at four. Lavinia." How succinct! What classic brevity! St. Peter must summon one to the gate thus, and no please about it either.

Horace ran over his various peccadilloes of the past months and, deciding he was safe this time, breathed a sigh for that poor unknown soul whose fish would be fried this day. Then he sent out for a package of peppermints and a pot of strong coffee, reminding himself to sit in a dark corner where the rich old girl could not ascertain the state of his eyes.

The Misses Pomsby—those two estimable but stodgy old maids—plucked Aunt Liv's note avidly from their mailbox. The Misses Pomsby never committed peccadilloes, obtaining a vicarious and safer pleasure from other people's. Just the same they were anxious. They assured each other they would not wear their new hats. Aunt Liv would probably ask how much they'd paid for them.

On the other side of the city, Maud tapped her jeweled fingers nervously against a silver salver. Then her handsome face—one of those frozen faces elegantly framed in gray—resumed its customary expression of smug surety.

"Mother will manage it," she thought. "She knows how to do these things."

The only one to receive Lavinia's invitation without fear was Hayes, and he wasn't a Pomsby at all except by marriage, which was quite close enough. Lavinia had fried his fish years before. She had married him to her daughter, Maud. It never occurred to Hayes to be afraid. It never occurred to him that Lavinia could do anything worse to him than she had done already.

HAYES was the last to arrive. Precisely at four he nodded to the gripman and swung himself from the cable car with the practiced ease of the San Franciscan.

He walked to the curb, and stood there a moment gazing up at the Pomsby mansion. Huge it was, and hideous with its cupolas and towers, but solid as the hill itself. Built of stone. Built to last.

In the middle of the lawn stood the stag. Old Sam Pomsby, Lavinia's father, had ordered it from Paris and shipped it around the Horn. He had paid for it in gold—dust and nuggets, sent down from Whisky Slide in a chest bolted to the floor of the stagecoach. What a man he'd been, and what an age he'd lived in, even its names clanging in one's mind like gongs! Whisky Slide! Rough and Ready! Get Up and Git!

Well—old Sam was dust himself now. The gold was coin long since worn thin. The coach stood behind ropes in a museum or rotted in some forgotten stable. And the winds of freedom—for which the early Pomsbys and other Westerners had lived, and even died—had not blown a good gust for forty years.

No—that wasn't quite true. There had been one big breeze after the earthquake. Then for a few brief weeks all men had been brothers. But when the new city had begun to spring from the ashes, they had stopped being gods and gone back to being humans. They had congealed again, and nobody had congealed quicker or harder than the Pomsbys.

The one Pomsby who had fought smugness fiercely to the last had been Big Jim, Lavinia's younger half-brother. Big Jim was a swashbuckling, redheaded, great-souled throwback, who refused to forget that the Pomsby fortune had been dug up with anything so unrefined as sweat. He and Lavinia had an awful fight, and Jim had marched out of her house swearing terribly. He had marched out, and he had never come back.

Only the stag remained, its neck still twisted at that unnatural angle. Because it was bronze and couldn't ache for itself, Hayes ached a little for it. Then he went up the walk to the door.

Collins—Lavinia's ancient and wheezy butler—answered his ring. He said, "The family is waiting, sir," and then, a tone lower, "Mr. Hodgins is here, sir, and his son."

THE fish must be large today. Lavinia did not summon Hodgins, the family lawyer, for minor powwows. Hayes handed Collins his hat, and entered.

The assorted Pomsbys looked up quickly. When they saw it was only Hayes, and not Lavinia, they relaxed again. The Misses Pomsby smiled feebly. Hodgins bowed. From his dark corner Horace raised eyes that asked, "My God, Hayes! Is the old girl after my scalp this time?" Hayes gave Horace a look that said he didn't know, and sat down near the door.

He would have liked to sit next to Tookie, his and Maud's daughter, the one lovely bright spot in the somber room. But Tookie didn't seem to need him. Hodgin's son was beside her. She was looking very self-contained, Hayes thought. More like her mother every day. He sighed heavily. Nobody stirred. The clap-clap of Lavinia's cane was sounding in the hall.

The door opened and she entered on Collins' arm. She was tall, and straight as a pine. This day she looked incredibly old. Collins helped her to her chair facing the room. She stood a moment holding to its back, and she said, "You may go now, Collins."

He went out and shut the door, and her old eyes passed over each and every one of them.

She sat down. The room was fearfully still. Eerie somehow, with some strange shadow back of Lavinia reaching out to each of them.

"I have called you together today," she said, "because I feel that my death is imminent."

Lavinia admit defeat, even to death? They were all profoundly shocked. Maud said, "Oh, Mother!" One of the Misses Pomsby got out a handkerchief and began to sniffle.

"Sarah, stop that," ordered Lavinia. "There will be plenty of time for that later. And that reminds me, Mr. Hodgins. At my funeral you will place my two nieces in a rear pew so their emotion cannot compete with the service."

Mr. Hodgins bowed. Sarah stopped sniffling.

"Hayes, you and Mr. Hodgins will handle all the arrangements. I have written out everything to the last detail. I wish you to pay especial attention to my bequests to my servants."

A wave of admiration for her swept over Hayes. The old girl was game. Time hadn't changed her. She was like Old Sam. She was going to die with her boots on.

"I suppose," said Lavinia, "that there have been times when I have seemed to all of you a severe taskmaster, but I wish you to believe that I have thought of your good. Perhaps I was wrong in feeling that none of us is greater than the family. If I have erred, I am trying now to atone. I have remembered each of you generously in my will."

Horace perked up.

"Yes, Horace, even you, though I do not consider it necessary to add that you have been a grievous disappointment. I suppose, Horace, it should be some consolation to me that you are not imbued with sufficient courage to enmesh yourself in any serious dilemma."

HORACE wilted. The Misses Pomsby tried to look smug and failed.

"And you, Sarah and Amelia. I trust that after you come into my inheritance, you will travel. You need its broadening effect. You are regrettably provincial."

The Misses Pomsby squirmed.

"As for you, Hayes, I am proud of you. You have looked after the financial affairs of this family creditably. You have, of course, little imagination, but this lack is perhaps one of your virtues —a lack, I might add, typical of our present-day bankers."

Hayes denied this loudly, but only to himself.

"I believe that is all, except one thing. . . . Maud, stop rattling that ring. What is it?"

Maud said, "You have not told us what you wish us to do if . . . if . . ."

"If what?"

"If Jim should return."

"He won't return."

"But, Mother, he might . . ."

"And I tell you he won't. Maud, I seem to remember requesting that his name go unspoken in this house as long as I lived. I am not dead yet."

The Pomsbys stared at their feet. Then Lavinia's voice softened, as she turned to Tookie, her one grandchild.

"My dear," she said. "To you I have left the greater part of my fortune. But you, too, have been a disappointment. I had hoped to hold your children in my arms."

All Tookie's surety left her. She went to Lavinia in a rush across the room, and sank to her knees beside her.

"Oh, Gram! Darling," she said.

The girl loved her, Hayes thought. It came to him with surprise that they all loved her. Yes—even Horace. Lavinia might cut them up with satire, but let any one of them get into trouble, and she'd drag him out first.

She put her old hand under Tookie's chin, and lifted her young face.

"You have my husband's mouth," she told her. "You are given to procrastination. Most reprehensible."

Tookie squirmed.

"Or perhaps," said Lavinia slowly, fixing her eyes upon Hodgins' son, "it is you, young man, who is the laggard."

FEAR engulfed Hayes, caught him unaware. Hodgins' son stepped forward quickly. Dependable. Eager. Smug.

"I don't think I'm to blame," he said. "I've asked Tookie often enough."

Hayes felt an impulse to cry out, "Look out, Tookie. Look out." It was too late now. Tookie gave a little embarrassed laugh. "I . . . I've always expected to marry Paul some day," she said. "I suppose there's really no reason why we shouldn't make it soon."

Lavinia said, "Good!" Hodgins said, "Splendid!" The Misses Pomsby began to twitter like wrens. Across Maud's face came the look of the cat that has caught the canary. Hayes saw that look, and it came to him, with one of those intuitive flashes that even husbands have, that Maud had worked for this thing and engaged Lavinia's help in maneuvering it. It came to him that this must be the way Lavinia had hooked him twenty-five years before, teasing him to the brink by some emotional play, and then giving him one deft push over the edge. He had wakened too late. Perhaps Tookie would also. All his admiration and pity for Lavinia turned now to anger, but he was smart enough not to show it. He made the proper congratulations, the proper farewells. He explained that it was quite impossible for him to remain to tea, that he must return to his office at once.

He walked down over the hill. Strange that Hayes, to whom unhappiness had taught great patience, could not bear to think that Tookie must learn it, too.

When he reached Chinatown, he went into a telegraph office, and reached for pad and pencil. He wrote quickly, not changing a word or hesitating.

"Jim Pomsby, Bank of England, London:

"Lavinia is up to her old tricks. I need you. Come on home. Hayes."

If Jim were alive, that would fetch him, and it was high time, too. The only person capable of coping with a Pomsby was another Pomsby.

FOR the first time in history the Pomsbys were gathered upon Lavinia's doorstep without her knowledge or her summons. Each was nervous in his own way. Maud kept rearranging her sable scarf. Tookie flipped over the huge diamond on her engagement finger. Hodgins' son tugged at his tie, and one of the Misses Pomsby wriggled her nose like a scared rabbit.

"Horace," Maud said, "you tell her."

"Oh, no, not me. Lavinia doesn't approve of me. Sarah, you tell her."

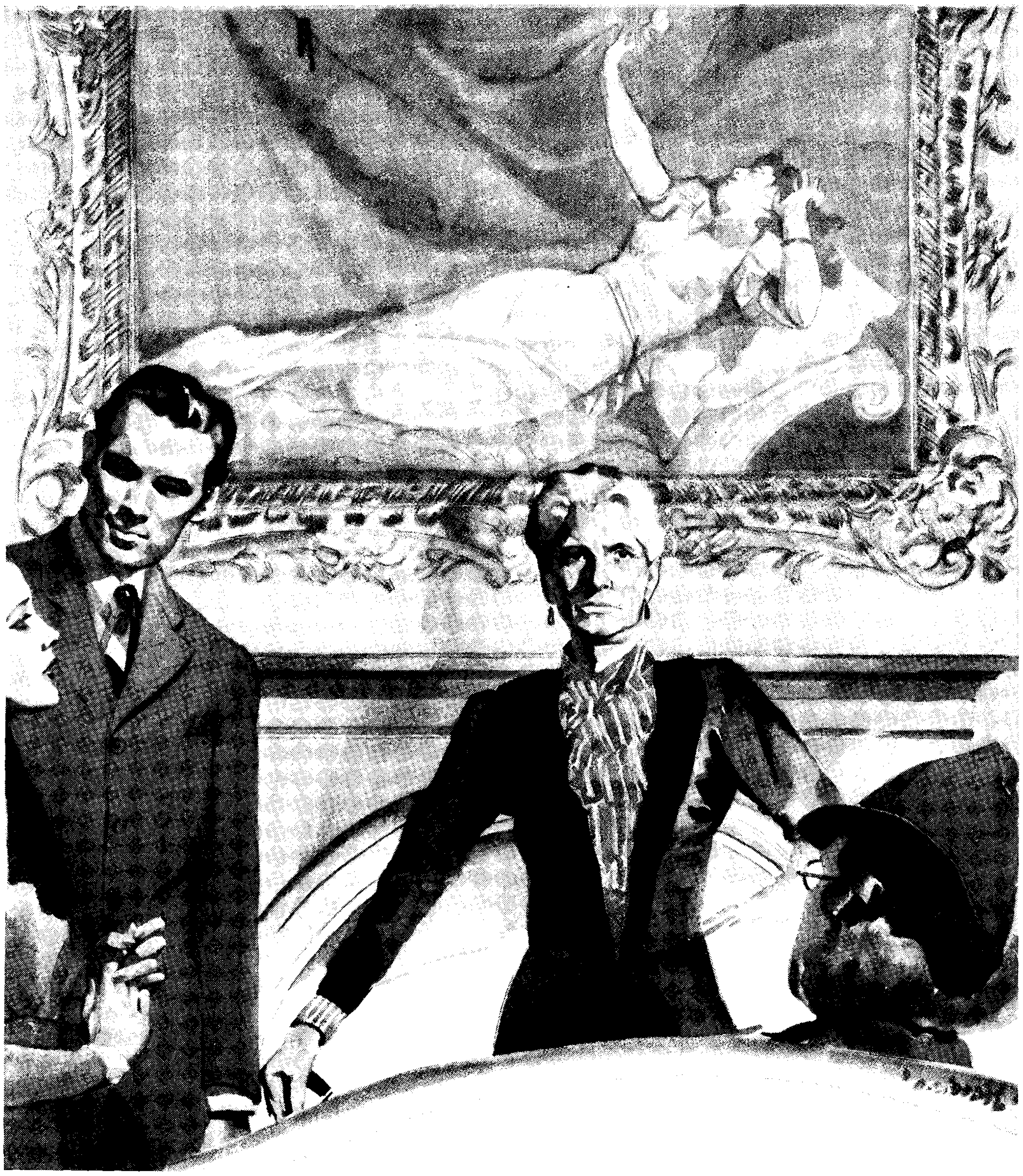
"She doesn't approve of me either," said Sarah, who still smarted from having been called provincial. "Hayes, you tell her. After all, it's you who received the wire."

Hayes said all right, he'd tell her, and rang the bell. Collins opened the door.

Maud said, "Will you tell Mother, please, Collins, that the family is here?"

"She is not expecting you," Collins

(*Continued on page* 40)



It was an awful moment for the Pomsbys. They were being unsmugged. They were being shaken to the roots, and here was Lavinia helping to do it

The Hard Way

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

If you were a reporter and met a pretty but dirty-faced girl at a tenement fire and gave her your overcoat—would you expect a story in that?

JAKE caught his first glimpse of her as a spotlight on one of the fire trucks raked the street, and he didn't think much about it at the moment—except that her face was smeared with soot and she was awkwardly trying to wrap a blanket around the baby she held.

Jake was pressed against a door, with a welter of people grinding past him and the reflection from the fire waving menacingly across their heads; some had tumbled from the burning building and others had come out of curiosity from all parts of the neighborhood.

A police sergeant was yelling: "All you people from the fire, you all go in Jackson's on the corner, the bowling alleys. Hey, Engelhardt, Myers! See they go in Jackson's, so we can check—"

It was cold and there was snow in the street, but none falling. Jake could hear the whine of the wind through and above the uproar. But inside his new overcoat, thick soft wool, he felt all right. And his hands were snug in fur-lined gloves. There was no use trying to pry anything out of the battalion chief or the lieutenants yet. And you wouldn't get much out of a fire in a down-at-the-heel rooming house, anyhow.

There was a sudden acceleration in the crowd—and then she was driven hard against Jake, her hair on end and the baby clasped in her arms. There was a lumpy man trying to get by her, digging with his elbows, grunting, and Jake thrust his foot past her and drove him tumbling into the crowd. He caught hold of her with both hands.

"I'm all right," she panted.

"Sure, sure," he said, still holding her.

"I'm all right, I tell you!"

"You're all right for freezing to death." He could tell what she had on by holding her: a flimsy silk robe over pajamas or a nightgown. He didn't know what she looked like. "Give me the kid a minute."

"Let me go! I'm—"

He was getting out of his overcoat. "Give me the kid and put this on."

"I don't want your coat, I tell you—"

"Don't worry. I'm only lending it to you until you can get out of the cold."

He got his hands on the baby and it yowled but he persisted and then threw the coat in her arms. With the crowd jolting against her, she had a hard time getting into it.

"I'll carry the kid," Jake said. "We'll go down to Jackson's."

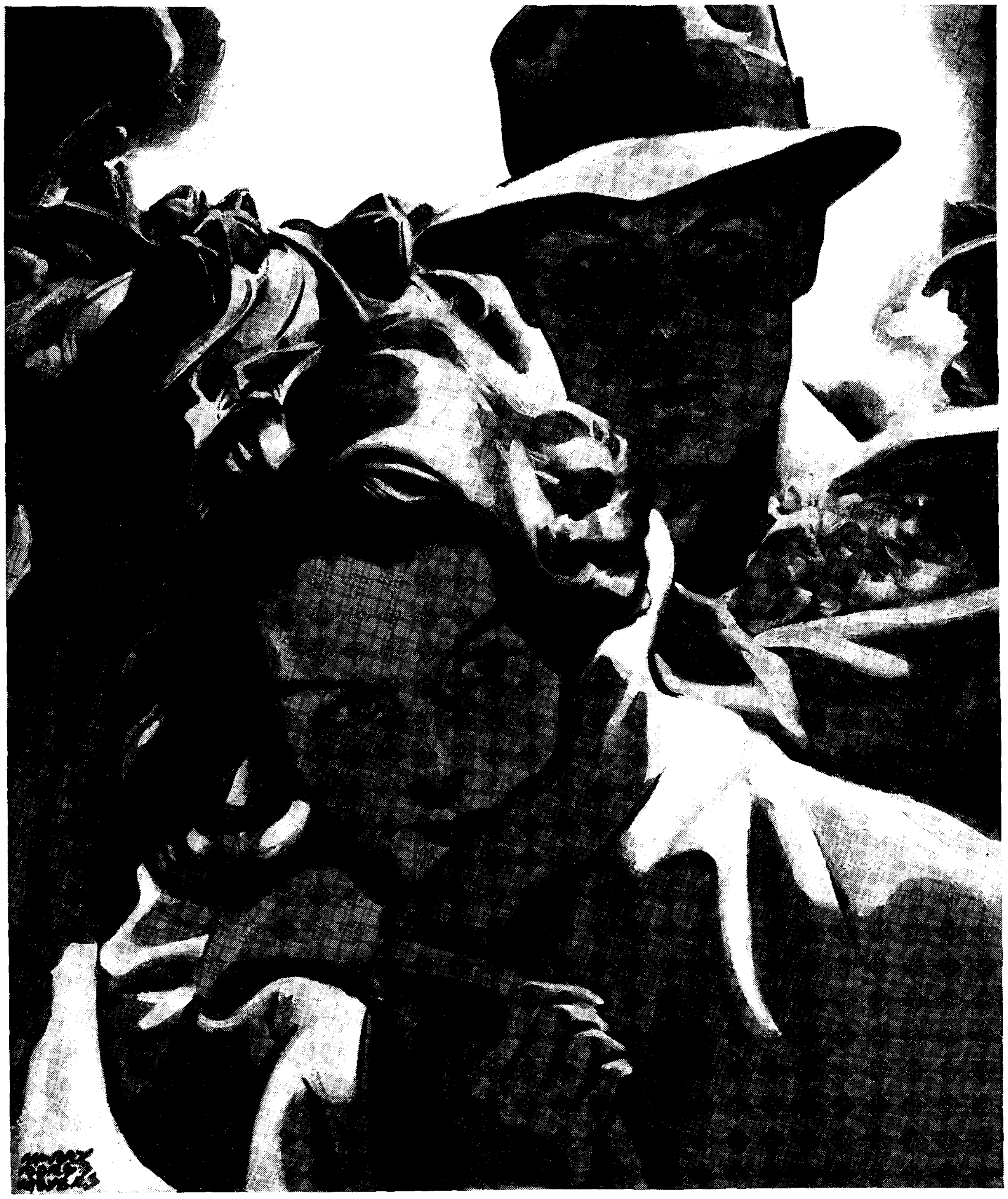
She was too breathless and numb to say anything, but she went along with him in the crowd.

"Say," Jake said, "this kid has a pair of lungs all right."

"Yes—yes," she gulped, but it was just to say something, there was no meaning in it. She was harried and confused and dazed and there would be no sense to anything she said. All about her in the crowd there was confusion, too; and, here and there, scattered fragments of hysteria. But it wouldn't be much of a story, Jake thought.

He was having a time with the kid, the way it squealed and fought inside the blanket. But they were in front of Jackson's now and he towed the girl in with him. Babe Jackson was rocking around with a big kettle of hot coffee in one hand and a stack of paper cups in the other. Hardly anyone from the fire was fully dressed.

Jake said, "Okay, here's your kid. Sit down here and I'll get you some coffee."



She was too breathless and numb to say anything, but she went along with him in the crowd

HE WENT over and got two paper cups from Babe and held them while Babe poured.

" 'S too bad, huh?" Babe droned.

"Yeah."

"Hey, Jake!"

Jake looked around. "Hello, Bugs. How are you doing?"

"If you think it's cold in the street, sweetheart, you ought to be on one of the roofs! Hey, Babe—some coffee!" Bugs put down his camera.

Jake carried his two cups across the room and gave one to the girl. He drank slowly and looked around. He didn't see any newspapermen; and Olsen, the photographer from the Star, was on his way out. He saw Sergeant Osterman come in and went over and asked:

"What's to be done?"

"It's all fixed. Two dormitories at the Recreation Center, one for the men and one for the women. They're putting up cots now. There's a kitchen there and one of the dairies is sending over milk for the kids." He clamped his jaw. "We're gonna have more, too. That dump next to it's caught now. It's this wind!" He gulped a cup of coffee and banged out.

The door kept banging all the time, and the sound of sirens outside added a high note of panic. In the bowling alleys there was a constant chatter of voices, many of them Italian or Polish and all of them high-strung. Only the girl, Jake saw, kept to herself. He strolled over to her.

"Feeling better?"

"Yes," she said, though she still looked confused and harassed. "Thanks." Her hair, dark red, stood out wildly about her head, and out of her soot-smeared face her large dark eyes stared turbulently.

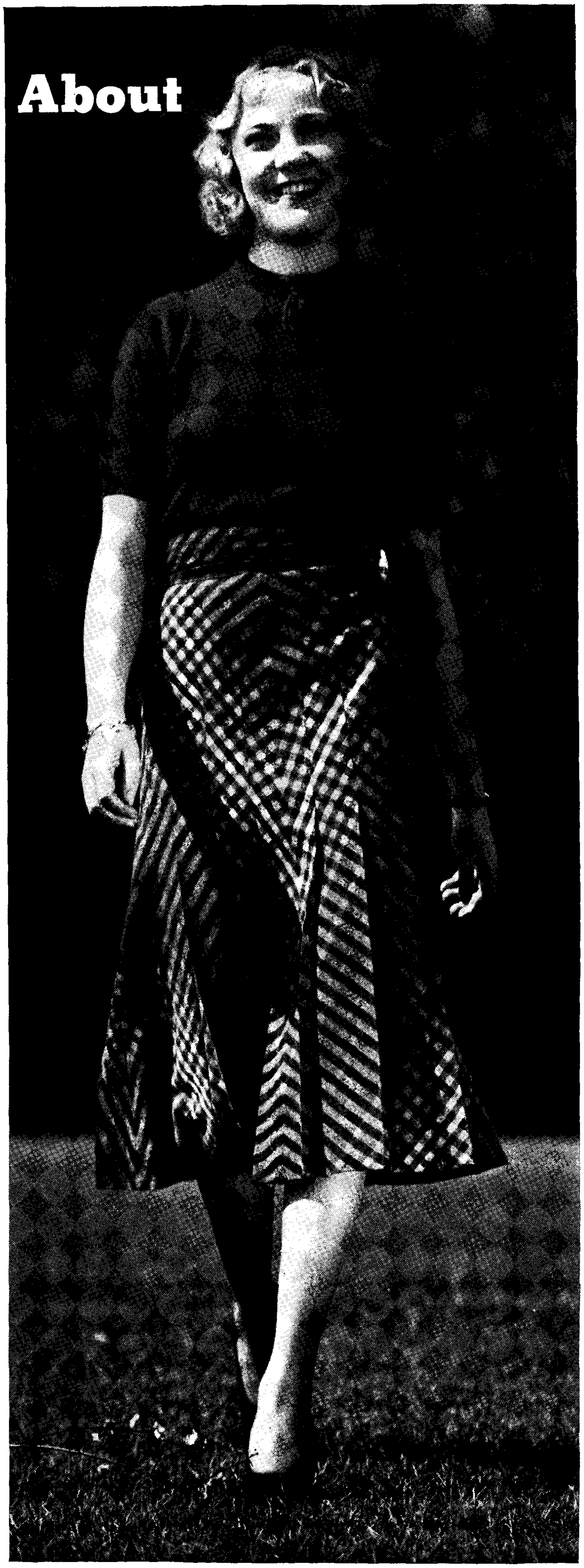
Jake spun as a new commotion exploded at the door. A couple of cops came in with a woman between them and terror was slashed across her face like a wound. She was lanky, with her hat batted over on one side of her blond head. Her mouth looked full of words

(Continued on page 52)

Something to Fight About

By Kyle Crichton

The serious plight of Una Merkel, a fine screen comedienne, who is being threatened with glamor



WILLINGER

UNA MERKEL is a comedienne but there is a plot on foot. A gang of beetle-browed gents carrying suitcases have been eluding inspectors on the California border. In the suitcases are pellets that are later dropped over Beverly Hills from airplanes. Despite all the police can do, these missives have reached the hands of Hollywood producers and there have been secret meetings in the cellar of the Trocadero.

Amid a fog of option talk and little figures crying yesyesyesyes, the conspirators have opened papers saying "Merkel is a blonde," "Merkel has looks," "Merkel has a shape," "Merkel has a cute voice." At this a momentary flash of intelligence suffuses the faces of the subversive forces in the cellar and they shout with one full-throated shout:

"Glamm-or!"

It is this way that America is undermined and Una Merkel made into a glamor girl. Or at least *will* be made unless the decent people of this nation take a stand.

The idea of turning one of the really funny persons of the world into a beauty is a public scandal. Things are bad, nations are at war, civilization is threatened—and we're to have what little relief remains ruined for another mascaraed menace. Una Merkel would no more think of sweeping into a room than she would of falling out of a truck. When she makes an entrance, she simply enters and a lot of people yell, "Hi, kid," and she goes over and sits down and says she guesses she'll have some of whatever it is they're having. Just a real good guy, see; and a lesson to American womanhood. Fewer beauty parlors and more knockabout comediennes and this country would get someplace.

Where being a knockabout comedienne got Una was to Hollywood but by a roundabout route. She began in Covington, Kentucky, in a family of newspaper people (one of them even got down to working on the New Orleans Picayune) but her own father was a traveling man selling calendars. Papa was a great family man, and where he went so went the outfit. They traveled through Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and Tennessee by train and horse and buggy. That lasted until Una was nine.

"Then the truant officers caught up with me," she says.

After the roving life of the past, school almost killed her and for the first two years she was constantly ill. In the course of that period she had measles, diphtheria, double pneumonia, whooping cough and scarlet fever, which is said to be par for the distance. She hung on grimly, hoping that education would somehow trickle in between the medicine bottles, but the last disease floored her.

"I got laryngitis and couldn't talk," says Una.

Her next period of education, and the final one, was in the Girls' Annex on Walnut Street, Philadelphia, where she lasted six months. Her trouble there was algebra. The family moved again just in time and came over to New York and that was the last of Una's great trek toward a Ph.D.

For the following six months she was at Alviene's, a dancing school on West 72d Street. When she was there she heard of a movie company called World Shadows, which was doing a picture with Lillian Gish at the old Biograph studios. The company rehearsed over Keen's Chop House, ran out of money and folded.

"Never even got the prologue finished," says Una.

Her next picture was for the Lee boys—Tom, Dick and Harry, who were making full-length pictures in a period of three days. In her first picture she had long hair and went about on crutches, being an orphan or something. When the cast wore out and couldn't work any more, the obliging Lee boys sent a cameraman home with them. On the fifth day (this one went over the three-day limit), the Lees came in to inform the director that if he wasn't done by midnight, they'd tear the sets down.

"I couldn't get away for meals," says Una, "so my father used to come over every noon with a bucket of something—soup, I think it was."

Broadway at Last

This was slightly different than the experiences Una has had in Hollywood, and particularly at Paramount last year when she was out on loan from M-G-M doing True Confession. She had a dressing room on the set and the chance of hearing John Barrymore discuss, in the order of their importance, (a) his daughter, (b) Ethel, (c) Lionel, (d) his boat.

When the Lee brothers had finished with her, Una went up on Broadway, hunting for a stage job. She copied the name of every Broadway producer out of the phone book ("I still have it here if you want to see it") and made the rounds of them endlessly. She got a little part in Two by Two, which lasted two weeks and then landed in the crowd scenes of The Poor Nut, written and acted by the Nugents. Sat in the grandstand and yelled "Come on, Wisconsin."

At this juncture of her life, Una had the nice stringy appearance of a frayed rope, but she always managed to get a job. John Golden asked her how old she was and whether she had experience and she broke down and told him the truth. She was sixteen and had practically no experience. The truth, being rare on such occasions, startled Golden and he put her in the road company of Pigs. While she was out with the company, she learned that Jed Harris wanted her for a part in Coquette. Golden also had plans for her appearance in the road

(Continued on page 58)

City at War

By Martha Gellhorn

AT THE end of the day the wind swooped down from the mountains into Madrid and blew the broken glass from the windows of the shelled houses. You could hear the glass tinkling, and the wind going narrow and strong through the dark streets. It rained all the time, and the streets were mustard-colored with mud. It rained and everyone waited for the offensive to begin. Then one day it would be gray and always cold and deadly quiet: even the machine guns in University City were quiet, and when there was no noise of any kind we talked about the offensive, wondering: when, when. . . . Someone said he knew that food and munitions were being moved; someone else said that Campesino's outfit was in the south or in the north; villages (forty of them, in this direction, in that direction) had been evacuated; the transport unit was ready to go; have you heard? All front passes have been recalled, leaves are canceled. Who told you, does he know? What, what did you say? So it went, and then the rain would start again. And everyone waited. Waiting is a big part of war and it is hard to do.

Finally it was someone's birthday, or a national holiday or something (and still cold and nothing happening and the rain and the rumors), so we decided to have a party. There were only three of us and we took the cans from the bottom drawer of the clothes chest: canned soup, canned sardines, canned spinach, canned corned beef and two bottles of new red wine, and planned to eat ourselves warm and talk about something else: not the war, not Spain, not even what England is going to do—"What do you think it means when Delbos says?—" not even about Japan and China. We would talk about movie stars and pretty places we had been and we would eat and drink the new red wine and get warm. It was just going to be a party. It went perfectly until the coffee (one tablespoonful in a cup of hot water, stir and pray for the best). Then the first shell drove into the building next door, brought a shower of glass down on the inner court and the typewriter rattled.

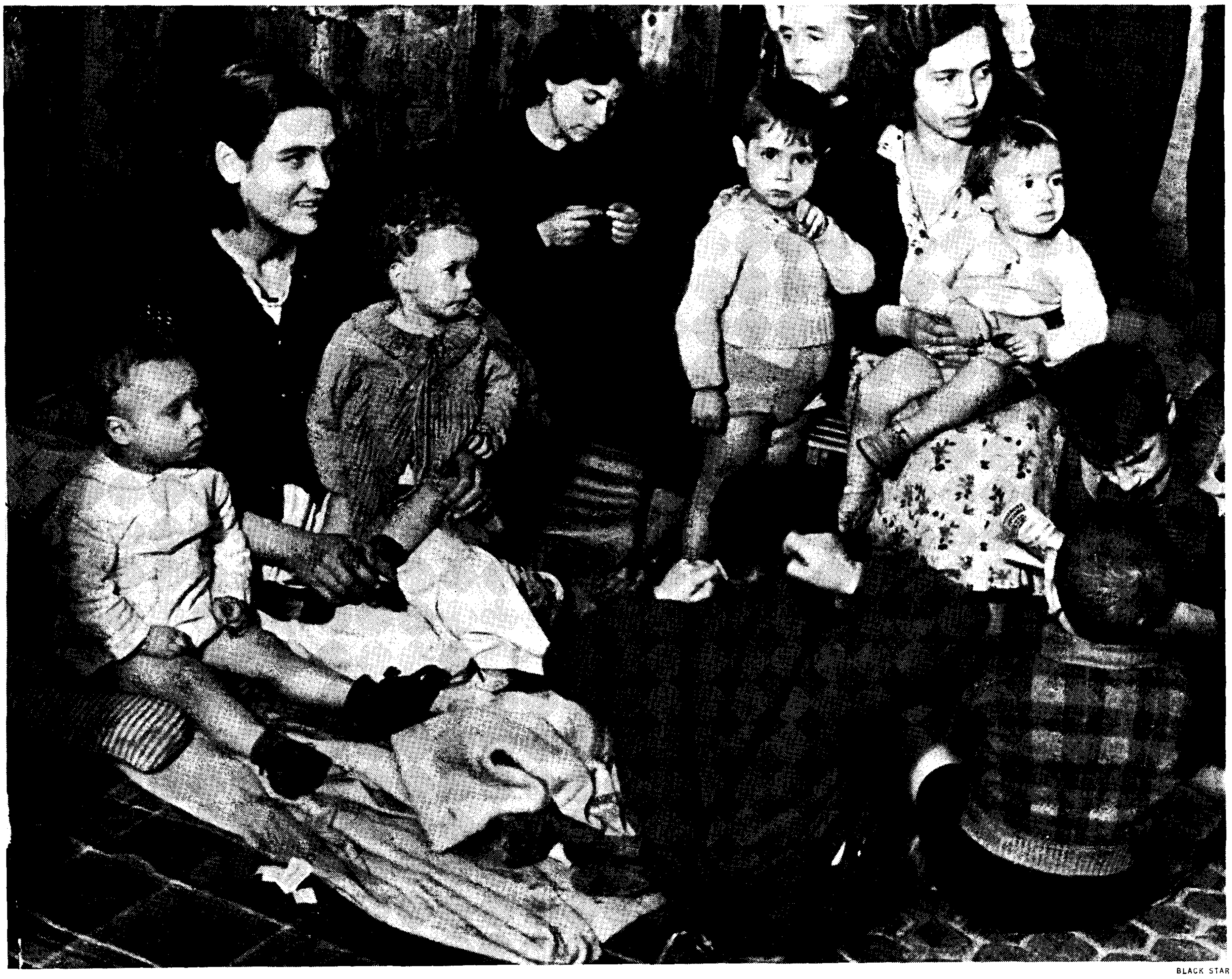
The boy with the splintered hip moved his heavy plaster-encased leg and said: "Anybody seen my crutches?" He found his crutches and shifted to the place between the windows and we opened the windows so we could hear better and so they wouldn't break, turned off the lights and waited.

"A Nice Little Shelling"

The shells were coming in now. We knew this well: the whirling scream as they came, the huge round roar as they hit, guessing where they went, where they came from, timing them with a stop watch, counting, betting on the size of the shells. The boy was sad: he belonged at the front, and now the war had come to him, and there were his crutches, and afterward when he did not need the crutches, his leg would be too short for going to war. He was sad but this was something he understood. There was smoke in the room, and the hotel had been hit several times, and finally we took our wineglasses next door, on the agreeable and traditional theory that if a shell came in the front room it would not bother to come as far as the back room, passing through the bathroom on its way.

We counted six hundred shells and got tired of it, and after an hour it was all over. We said to one another: "Well, that was a nice little shelling." And then we said: "Maybe that means the offensive will start." On the strength of this, we ate up the last bar of chocolate and called it a night.

The next day it rained again, and Madrid picked itself up as it had done before. Streetcars clanked slowly through the streets, collecting the fallen bricks, the broken glass, the odd bits of wood and furniture. People stopped on their way to work, looking at the new shell holes. The front of the hotel gaped a little more. The elevator man, who worked in bronze for his pleasure, hunted for unexploded shells in the rooms, to make lamps from them. His friend, the night concierge, painted warlike scenes on parchment for the lamp shades, and


BLACK STAR

Only in the long tunnels of Madrid's subway is there safety from shells, and whole families spend the day there

BLACK STAR

When the big shells come into the city, there is plenty of work for the clean-up squads

VIDAL

Above, shellhole, Hotel Florida. Below, what a single bomb does to a dwelling

they were both busy all the time. The maid said: "Come and see your old room" . . . and we went merrily in to disaster, where nothing at all remained except the dressing table, with the mirror uncracked, and I found the nosecap of the shell in the broken remains of the bureau. On the fourth floor, lying quiet and strange against the staircase railing, was a long heavy shell that had not exploded. It had only ripped out half a wall and chopped up the furniture of Room 409, pulled down the door, and come to rest there in the hall, where everyone admired it, because it had a new shape. Some friends telephoned pleasantly and remarked: Ah, so you aren't dead. It was just like before. Like the last time and the time before that. Everybody wondered why the Fascists shelled last night and not some other night; does it mean anything? What do you think?

In Madrid, there is not only first-aid service for wounded people, but there is also a first-aid service for wounded houses. The men who manage this are architects and engineers and bricklayers and electricians, and some workers are employed only to dig bodies from the collapsed houses. This staff is always active because when they are not propping up, repairing, plugging holes and cleaning off debris, they make plans for a beautiful new city, which they will build in place of what has been destroyed, when the war is over. So that morning in the rain, I went about with them to see what had happened during the night and what could be done.

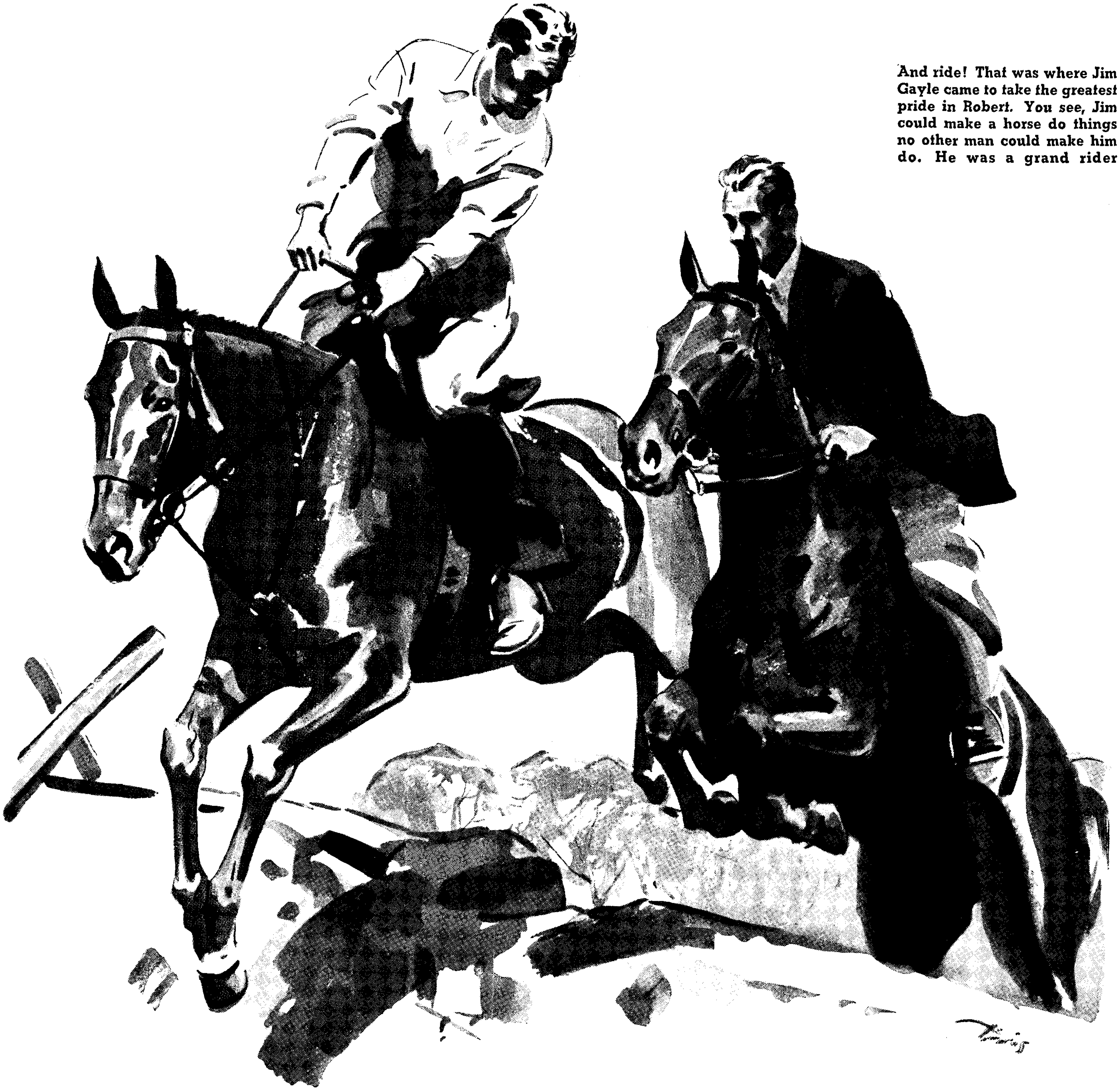
Half a Home is Still a Home

In the best residential section, at one street corner, police were telling the people not to crowd and to move on. A shell had burst through the top floor of a fine new apartment house, blown the iron balcony railing onto the roof of a house across the way, and now the top floor stood without support, ready to fall into the street. Farther up, a water main had been cracked by a shell and the street was rapidly flooding. One of the architects had with him, wrapped in a newspaper, his day's ration of bread. He was very careful, all morning, climbing through ruins, jumping flooded gutters, not to drop the bread: he had to take it home: there were two small children there, and come death and destruction and anything else, the bread mattered. So we climbed to the top floor, moving gently into a room where half the floor hung in space. We shook hands with all the friends and visitors who had come to see also. Two women lived here, an old woman and her daughter. They had been in the back of the apartment when the front of it blew out. They were picking up what they could save: a cup that had no saucer left, a sofa pillow, two pictures, with the glass broken. They were chatty and glad to be alive and they said everything was quite all right: look, the whole back of the apartment could still be lived in, three rooms, not as bright or as nice as the rooms that had been destroyed, but still, they were not without a home. If only the front part didn't fall into the street and hurt someone.

A mud road, behind the bull ring on the other side of Madrid, led into a square where there was a trough for the women of that place to wash clothes. There were ten little houses, huddled together, with cloth tacked over the windows, and newspaper stuck in the walls to keep the wind out. It was very quiet. Women with quiet, pale faces and quiet children stood by the trough and looked at one house, or what was left of it. They did not move and they did not speak. The men stood a little nearer. You felt they had all been standing here since dawn, saying nothing. A shell had landed directly on one flimsy shack, where five people were keeping warm, talking with one another for comfort and for gaiety, and now there was only a mound of clay and kindling wood, and they had dug out the five dead bodies as soon as there was light. The people standing there knew the dead. A woman reached down suddenly for her child and took it in her arms, and held it close to her.

You had a feeling of disaster, swinging like a compass needle, aimlessly, all over the city. We were not talking very much any more. Near the station, the architect asked a concierge if everyone was all right in her house. Four shells had come that way. Yes, she said, do you want to see it? Upstairs the family, and the husband's sister and mother, and the wife's niece, and the baby, were standing in their living room, getting used to what had happened. The front wall was gone. The china was broken and the chairs. The wife said to me: "What a shame for the sewing machine; it will never work again." The husband picked a thin, pale dead canary off the sideboard, showed it to me sadly, shrugged and said nothing. I asked where they would live now. (The wind coming in cold, looking down five flights into the street, the broken furniture and all of them crowded into one room and the kitchen. It is bad enough to be cold, never to eat quite enough, to wait for the sound of the shells, but at least one must have four walls, at least four solid walls, to keep the rain out.) The woman was surprised: "But we will live here," she said. "Where else shall we go? This is our home, we have always lived here." The architect said to me, miserably: "No, I cannot patch up the walls; we must save the wood for essentials. The walls are not going to fall out; there is no danger from them." "But the cold," I said. "Ah, the cold," he said, "what can we do?" He said to them, good luck, and they said to him, thank you, we are all right, and then we walked silently down the steep, unlighted stairs.

It was night now. Streetcars, with people sticking like ivy on the steps and bumpers, burned muffled blue lights. People hurried, with their heads down against the rain through the dark streets to their homes where they would cook whatever they had, and try to keep warm and wait for tomorrow and be surprised at nothing. A man walked along by himself, singing. Two children sat on a doorstep having a long serious conversation. A shop window showed a bargain in silk stockings. We were tired, but there was a house near here that the architect had to see. A man brought a candle and we found our way up the stairs. It was hardly worth while going inside the apartment. There was nothing left at all, nothing to save; the walls were gored and the ceiling and the floor: what had been a place to live was now a collection of old rags and paper, pieces of plaster and broken wood, twisted wires and slivers of glass. The man held the candle above his head so we could see, and the shadows crawled over chaos. An *(Continued on page 59)*



And ride! That was where Jim Gayle came to take the greatest pride in Robert. You see, Jim could make a horse do things no other man could make him do. He was a grand rider

Second Marriage

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Twice she married the worst man in town—once for love and once in fear

FOLKS in Karnak were busy talking this clear April day. Word had got around that Martha was marrying Jim Gayle, and everybody knew she hated him and was scared of him, too.

Of course, there wasn't man or woman, black or white, in that sleepy little Southern town who didn't know that it hadn't always been that way. Most of them remembered that when she had married Jim Gayle the first time, nineteen years ago, it had been a really romantic match, with her so deep in love that she couldn't hear folks warning her that Jim Gayle wasn't the kind of man to bring a girl anything but misery.

Yet today, after having been divorced from him for fifteen years, she was marrying him again. And it wasn't any secret why, either. Even the traveling men who made the town every so often and picked up their gossip at the Karnak Hotel or at Lefty Bragan's poolroom knew the answer. They knew she was marrying again on account of her boy. On account of Robert, who was seventeen years old and sprouting up to be the very image of his father.

Naturally, it wasn't going to be much of a wedding, and only a few of Martha's friends were supposed to be there, but it happened that there were more than forty sort of hanging around the little cottage on Cypress Street when Brother Tidball rambled up with his battered Bible under his arm, smiling warmly at everybody and trying to act as though he thought this was a festive occasion. Brother Tidball would, of course. You see, he wasn't an educated man, and he didn't have a church of his own. He called himself a Minister without Portfolio, without knowing exactly what the phrase meant . . . but everybody in Karnak loved him and sent for him when in trouble, and maybe it was something of that idea that prompted Martha to select him instead of her regular preacher.

The little cottage looked bright and pretty, in spite of the fact that it hadn't been fixed up much. Through the wisteria vines you could see the neat little sign that had been hanging there for twelve years: MARTHA GAYLE—MILLINERY. And looking from the porch through the window of what was supposed to be the parlor you could see some of her hats—very pretty ones—and her workbench, and two little tables, each with its mirror. That was how she had supported herself and Robert since his babyhood—following the day when Jim Gayle walked out of the house and got roaring drunk and wound up by half-killing two men in a barehanded fight.

FOLKS never knew exactly what led up to Jim's leaving that little cottage when Robert was just a baby, but they did know that Jim had been born worthless, had lived worthless, and most likely would die even more worthless. He was mean, all the way through. Poison mean. But handsome! The nicest ladies in Karnak used to shudder when they looked at Jim Gayle slouching down the street—but they looked. He had something, Jim Gayle did—something that fascinated women. The way birds can be fascinated by snakes, maybe.

Martha must have done a good deal of thinking about decorating her house for this unusual wedding; not wanting to make it too casual on account of Robert, but also not wanting to be a hypocrite and make it look as though it meant romance and happiness. It just happened that Eva and Mathilda Branham, nice old-maid sisters who ran Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, sort of took the decision out of her hands, and they fixed up the front hall and dining room very pretty with yellow jasmine and brilliant azalea and sprays of dogwood in floor vases and lots of different kinds of roses and some sweet shrub. The little cottage looked very nice . . . and so did Martha, in spite of that withered left hand of hers.

There were plenty who remembered Martha before her hand had gotten all gnarled and twisted up so she couldn't use it. They always said what a mercy it was that it was her left hand. She could still work, you see, and she made smart hats. Different from what you'd get at the Bon Marche Store . . . sort of Paris styles that she'd see pictures of in the magazines, adjusted to Karnak habits and customs. Dirt cheap, of course . . . and Martha was always willing to make over last year's hat, and wouldn't get mad because you weren't buying a new one.

WELL, just before the ceremony was due to begin, a big sedan drove up and Mrs. Quincy Morrow—she's the pudgy wife of the gentleman who owns the big Morrow Cotton Mills—got out and stomped up on the veranda, all set to express her opinion, which she did right away to Miss Mathilda Branham. Mrs. Morrow said, "I think it's a shame and a disgrace: Martha's marrying that worthless, no-'count, shiftless husband of hers."

"It's her business, isn't it?" asked Miss Mathilda mildly.

"It isn't. The town ought to stop it. Jim Gayle ought to be—he ought to be hung."

"You know why she's doing it, don't you, Lisbeth?"

"Of course I do. Everybody does. Because she's afraid of the influence Jim Gayle is having on young Robert."

"That's it." Miss Mathilda's eyes were shining. "I think she's wonderful."

"I think she's a fool!" snapped Lisbeth Morrow.

Well, there were lots of other folks who thought Martha was a fool, but there were many more who thought as Mathilda did—that Martha Gayle was the bravest, finest woman in Karnak. It's all according to how you look at things, and how warm your heart is.

It was a queer setup, all around—and you've got to understand Jim Gayle to know what was going on in Martha's mind. It's like Lisbeth Morrow said: He *was* worthless and no-'count, but there was no denying two facts: He was the handsomest man in Karnak County, and the most picturesque.

Jim Gayle was tall—better than six feet. His shoulders were broad and powerful, and his waist was still slim as a girl's, in spite of his forty-three years. He had jet-black hair—thick as when he was young—and black, flashing eyes, and a magnificent face if you didn't notice that the lips were thin and cruel. He had never held a job for more than a week in his life.

Jim Gayle was the best huntsman, the best fisherman and the best rider in three counties. But especially he was a magnificent rider. Rode like a madman—anywhere; any time. You'd see him in the winter tearing through the pine forests, jumping whatever was in his path, whirling around trees and ducking under branches; hoofs of his horse pounding like thunder; Jim's long black hair flying, his eyes shining, strong right hand holding the reins. . . .

Those hands of Jim's. Reckon the whole state had heard about them. Folks said he could take an ordinary poker in his two hands and bend it in half just as easy as that. They were scared of his hands, just as they were afraid of his insane temper. There were legends about fights Jim Gayle had been in. He was easygoing enough until he got mad. But after he passed a certain point, he was like a maniac. He didn't fight by rule. He fought to kill. And he was bitterly cruel. He had maimed men in fights, after he had them whipped.

But the worthless men of the town, the loafers that hung around Lefty Bragan's . . . well, they thought that Jim Gayle was the greatest man that ever lived. And so did all the boys who were growing up, and were just at the age where physical prowess and courage and daredeviltry looked like heroism. Robert Gayle idolized his father. And the whole town knew that that was why Martha was remarrying Jim this April day.

Robert Gayle was seventeen. Up to the time he was thirteen, he had been just like his mother: gentle, quiet, rather small. Sweet, you might say. He did well in school, and afternoons he ran errands for his mother and delivered hats—when he wasn't playing with the other kids—and he sort of protected her. Not exactly that, but it was sort of as if he were always conscious of the withered left hand that she never talked about.

Then young Robert began to sprout. You couldn't notice from day to day, but all of a sudden folks were saying: "Gosh! that Robert Gayle! How he's grown! He's the breathing image of his father!"

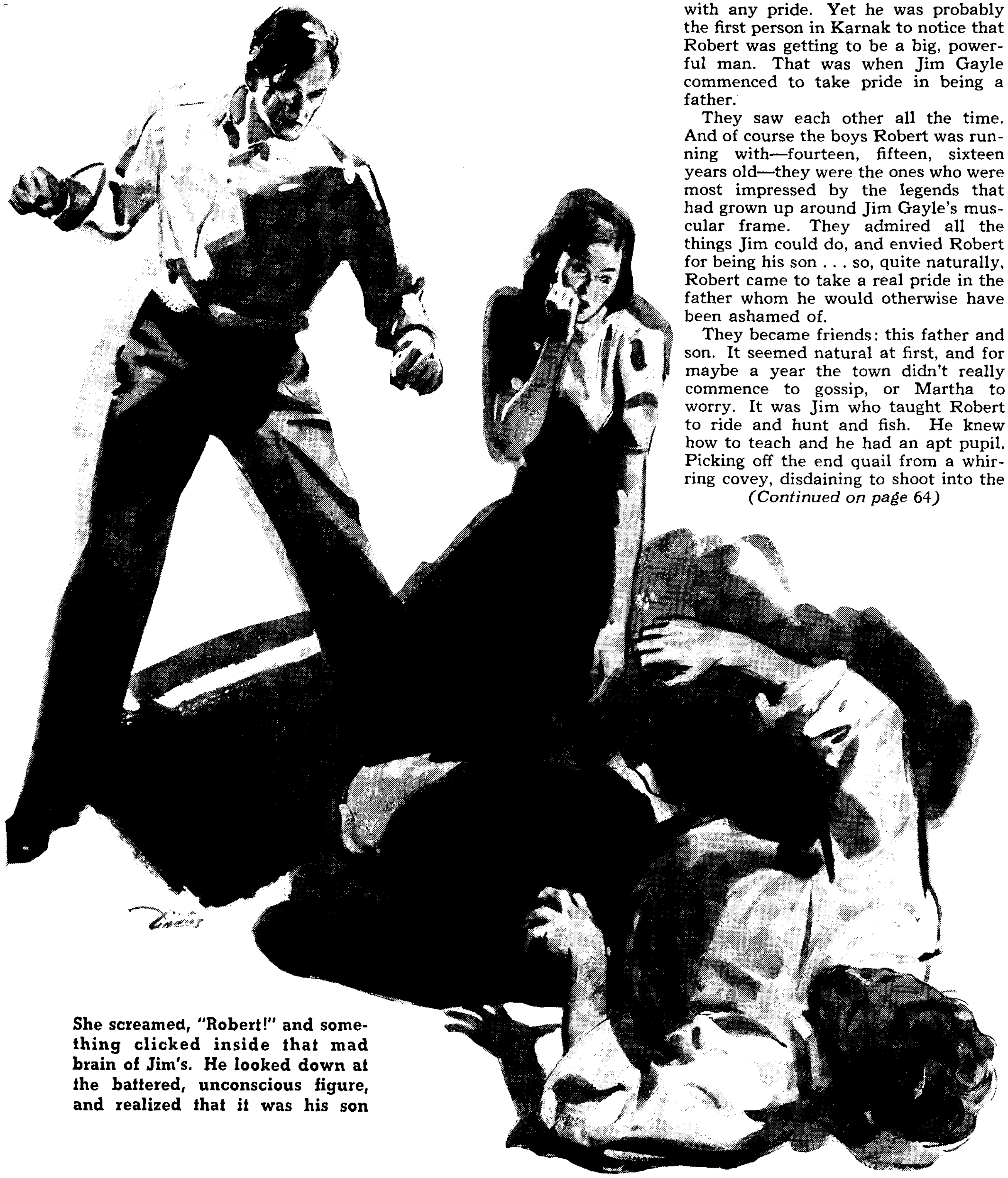
HE WAS, too. At seventeen, he was just as tall as Jim. Of course he was gangling and kind of awkward, not having filled out completely yet; but you couldn't help noticing those flashing black eyes, and the big, powerful hands.

There's no telling what Robert had thought of his father when he was little, but it's a certainty that if Jim had thought at all about his son, it wasn't with any pride. Yet he was probably the first person in Karnak to notice that Robert was getting to be a big, powerful man. That was when Jim Gayle commenced to take pride in being a father.

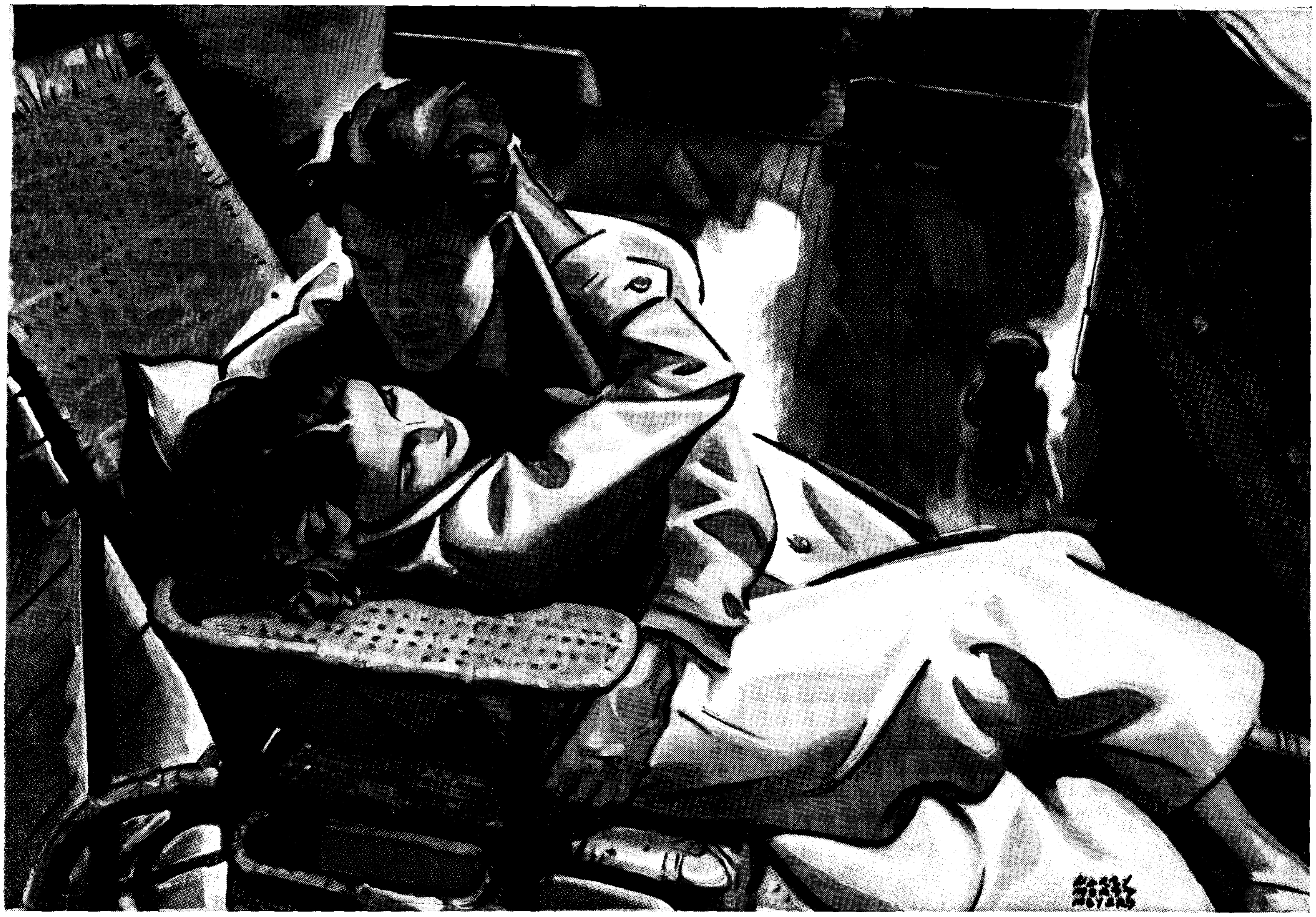
They saw each other all the time. And of course the boys Robert was running with—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years old—they were the ones who were most impressed by the legends that had grown up around Jim Gayle's muscular frame. They admired all the things Jim could do, and envied Robert for being his son . . . so, quite naturally, Robert came to take a real pride in the father whom he would otherwise have been ashamed of.

They became friends: this father and son. It seemed natural at first, and for maybe a year the town didn't really commence to gossip, or Martha to worry. It was Jim who taught Robert to ride and hunt and fish. He knew how to teach and he had an apt pupil. Picking off the end quail from a whirring covey, disdaining to shoot into the

(Continued on page 64)



She screamed, "Robert!" and something clicked inside that mad brain of Jim's. He looked down at the battered, unconscious figure, and realized that it was his son



"I know I'm in a complete dither about you," she said, "but that's really all I do know—about you"

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of her father—P. G. Bonner, who had been accused of being a Japanese agent—Dorothy Bonner sails secretly from San Francisco on a Japanese ship: the Kumo-maru. Among those on board is Glen Larkin, correspondent for a great news syndicate, who has orders to watch the girl and, if possible, weave a sensational "story" about her.

Larkin meets Dorothy, falls in love with her. He is a bit too late, however; she is on the verge of marrying Charles Frayle, a fellow passenger, who makes no effort to conceal his hostility toward the newspaperman.

Someone attacks Larkin's cabin-mate—General Rodriguez, a South American—and, after almost killing him, steals an important contract. Whereupon, Dorothy offers Larkin five thousand dollars if he will take charge of a sealed envelope and, upon his arrival in Japan, deliver it to the Naval Ministry. Larkin accepts the offer. Dorothy gives him the envelope. Larkin opens it later. It contains specifications for the construction of a remarkable new antiaircraft gun!

This, and a number of other adventures, convince Larkin that he is in the midst of a group of plotters. He suspects several persons—notably George Willowby, Jeremy Hood and William Cuttle (who claims to be a detective)—of being somehow involved. And he is not at all sure that Charles Frayle is not one of the ringleaders. . . .

On board the Kumo-maru is a stowaway: an ex-convict and drug addict. His name is Arthur Bonner and he is Dorothy's brother! Following a talk with Dorothy, Arthur is murdered. Putting two and two together, Larkin is certain that Millicent Greeve, a gay married woman with a taste for strong liquor, has witnessed the killing. But Mrs. Greeve, jittery and terror-stricken, will not reveal what she knows.

Searching for clues, Larkin goes to the cargo hold, where Arthur Bonner had been using a large oblong box (supposed to contain a coffin) as a hiding place. William Cuttle, the detective, accompanies him. The two men inspect the box. They prepare to leave. Cuttle reaches for the doorknob. The door is locked!

VI

CUTTLE wheeled and flashed his light into Larkin's eyes.

"What the hell kind of monkey business are you trying to pull?" he growled.

Larkin blinked. "Listen!" he said.

Cuttle listened. The faint tread of footsteps could be heard retreating down the corridor outside.

"Who the hell?" Cuttle demanded.

"You're the detective," said Larkin. "Who?"

In reply Cuttle began beating upon the door with the butt of his flashlight, his free fist, both feet. To the terrific drumming he added a profane obbligato of bellowed threats to kick the so-and-so bottom out of the such-and-such ship unless he was released immediately.

The roaring and pounding continued for nearly five minutes before an astonished seaman unlocked the door.

The seaman said something in Japanese.

"What's he saying, linguist?" Larkin asked.

"I dunno," said Cuttle, staring down at the key in the outside of the door, "but he's probably telling me that no detective ought to walk into a room, leaving a key in the lock outside."

"Let's call on the doc," said Larkin.

Three minutes later they were standing in the dining saloon, knocking at the ship's surgeon's stateroom. When they had knocked twice, the door behind them opened and George Willowby stuck his head out.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "Looking for Dr. Bioki?"

"Guess," said William Cuttle.

"I'm sure the doctor's there," said Willowby. "I saw Mr. Hood coming out of the cabin just a moment ago."

Cuttle knocked once more, then flung the door open.

Dr. Bioki was inside all right. He was sitting in his chair, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

The haft of a surgeon's bistoury protruded from his back.

"I'll be double damned!" said Cuttle. He put his hand under Dr. Bioki's chin, lifted the drooping head. The chubby face retained its Buddhalike serenity, but its bronze ruddiness had become the waxen pallor of death. There was a trickle of blood on the chin, and splashes of blood on the thick volume of *Handbuch der Physiologische Chemischen Analyse* which lay open on the little desk in front of the doctor. The crimson blots transformed the German text into a hand-illumined page from an old Gothic missal.

Cuttle's fingers were red when he withdrew them. The doctor's head dropped back limply.

"No doubt you've noticed," said Larkin, "that rigor mortis hasn't yet set in, and that therefore—"

"Get out of here!" Cuttle ordered.

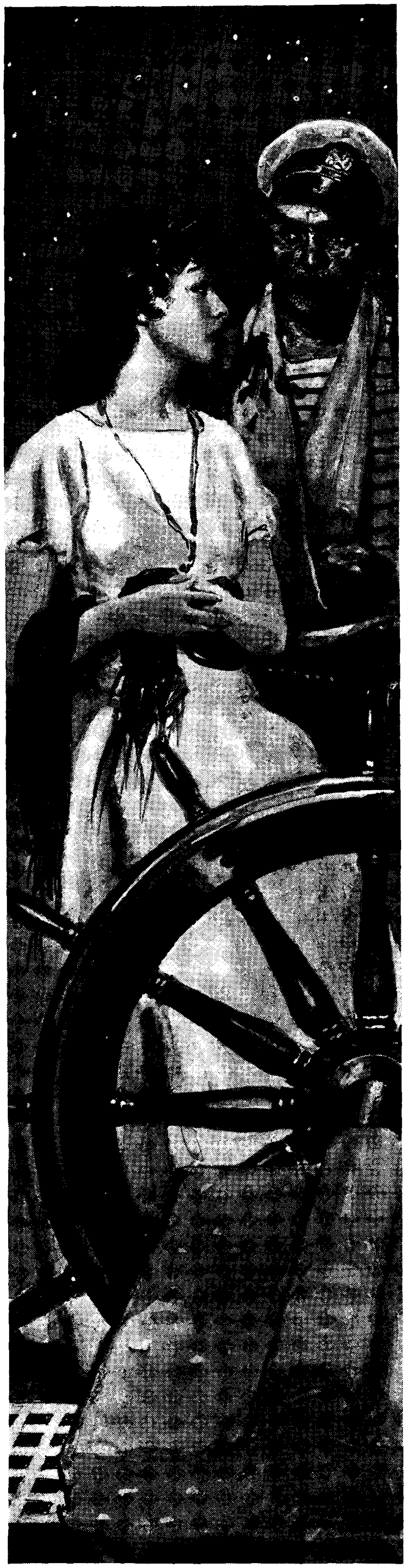
Larkin ignored him. He reached for the dead surgeon's hand.

"In fact," said Larkin, "the body is still warm, proving—"

"Get out!" snapped Cuttle. "This is one murder I'm going to handle my own way."

"I didn't know there was another murder you didn't handle your own way,"

(Continued on page 28)



"Blasing's doing fine," said Larsen. "Now get below!" The sudden sharpness of his tone startled her. She looked at him, puzzled

The Iron Touch

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Wherein that terror of the South Sea, Wallaby Jim, finds adventure again

IT WAS edging toward the hot tropic dusk when Wallaby Jim brought the Kestrel into Singapore. He maneuvered her neatly to within a few cables' lengths of the big full-rigger Siassi, and then signaled for'ard for his mate Bancroft to let go the anchor.

"You ought to stay out of this mess," Bancroft observed when he came aft. "If Tom Blasing signed with Breen aboard the Siassi it's a cinch he did so of his own accord, and it ain't policy to interfere."

Wallaby adjusted a shoulder holster and pulled on a white duck jacket.

"Get the gig away," he ordered shortly. "And you'd better come along. We'll see Breen and find out what it's all about anyway. I promised Maura. You know that."

He nodded along the deck where a tall, slender girl in white stood focusing glasses on the near-by Siassi, and Bancroft shrugged, resigned. Wallaby Jim had a very soft spot for Maura Barrett, for her father had once been partner to Jim Blasing and Wallaby, in the old, wild pearling days in the Paumotus; and when her father had been killed in a native raid there, it had been Wallaby and Blasing who had escaped to sea in the whaleboat with only little Maura saved of all of a brigantine's crew. Jim Blasing had raised her then with his son Tom, and Wallaby had been a sort of godfather to them both, until young Blasing developed strong penchants for spending money and getting into trouble, just as he seemed to be in trouble now.

"Shall I go too?" Maura asked in her low voice. The tall sailor drew hard on his cheroot and stared down at her, his gray eyes softening.

"You're better here," he said gently. "The Siassi's no ship for a girl. I'll be back soon anyway."

SHE laid a hand on his arm and pressed it understandingly. Wallaby looked at the pale, oval face, framed in her blue-black hair, with the fine brows and the warm lips, and the swimming hazel eyes, and he wondered how young Blasing could be such a fool as to leave her when all the islands knew she loved him; just as all the islands knew she was joint heir to Jim Blasing's immense holdings at Haoa Cove, on Strong's Island, in the great Bismarck Archipelago. He shook his head and dropped down to the waiting gig.

They pulled across to the Siassi, and, making fast, Wallaby and Bancroft climbed the pilot ladder to her main deck. There was no one in sight and they went quietly onto the poop and halted by the scuttle to the main cabin.

"Wait here," said Wallaby. "I don't want a shot in the back."

He dropped down the companion, stooping a little because of his height, and he made sure his shoulder gun was loose. At the foot of the companion he halted, feet spread a little, and then very carefully lighted a cheroot while his hard gray eyes took in the scene. No one noticed him at first.

Captain Breen sat at the head of the main-cabin table, moodily toying with a cigar and a glass of gin. He was a gaunt man, above medium height, dark-haired, dark-eyed, clean-shaven and vicious. His shark's mouth showed that, and he was notorious from Borneo to Yeddo Bay for his lack of humor, his passion for money, and his profitable general business of running cargoes of young Kanaka girls to the Chinese ports for the Mandarin trade.

His partner, Larsen, the Singapore trader, sat at his right—lean, swarthy and sullen—and Wing Song, the opium dealer, sat at his left. Breen's two hard-faced mates completed the party, all stripped down to singlets and duck pants, with the beaded sweat trickling down their foreheads and along the blue tattooings of their arms and chests, while the main cabin swam with tobacco smoke and reeked of liquor.

"He'll be worth half a million some day, when the old man croaks," Breen was saying to Larsen. "And I've got him sewed up tight." He started to raise his glass.

"Breen," said Wallaby Jim thinly.

THE main cabin grew suddenly very quiet and the men all turned. Larsen did more. There was an old feud between him and Wallaby. He stared as a man who sees a ghost. And then, with an oath, he reached for his hip, reared from his chair and drew his gun. There was the sudden hammer of an explosion and it was not Larsen who had fired. He spun, half fell forward on the table, and then collapsed back in his chair. His gun thudded to the deck and he stared fascinated at Wallaby Jim, holding a hand to the widening red stain on his shoulder. His face was ashen.

"Lost your mind?" said Wallaby coldly. Larsen licked his lips.

"Might I inquire just what this is all about?" Captain Breen broke in calmly. "And just who the hell are you?"

"Wallaby Jim," muttered Larsen and Breen's lips tightened a little. Otherwise he gave no sign that his first sight of a man who was a legend through all the islands, the fastest and straightest shot in the South, had disturbed him. He said instead, "I didn't know we were friends, Wallaby . . . or enemies for that matter."

"We're not. But there's something I want to know. Do I talk before the crowd?"

"It depends about what."

"Tom Blasing."

Little muscle knots appeared at each side of Breen's gaunt jaw.

"There's nothing to talk about there, as I see it," he said coldly. "But go ahead."

Wallaby nodded, let his icy eyes run deliberately from man to man, and drew hard on his cheroot.

"You took the Siassi into Haoa Cove at Strong's Island some three weeks back," he stated evenly. "Said you needed water and stores, which you probably didn't. Jim Blasing wanted nothing to do with you, so you made friends with his son, kept him drunk, got him into poker games, and took his I O U's for a thousand pounds. His father refused to pay and he and the boy had a big row. Not the first, I know. He swore he'd get out and you offered him a berth on the Siassi."

"Why not?" Breen said calmly. "I figured he'd have to work off the debt. So I signed him as supercargo. Twenty quid a month and a five-per-cent commission."

Wallaby's lips tightened.

"Supercargo? That young fool couldn't sell a can of salmon to a Fly River boy."

Breen shrugged. "Maybe I like teaching him."

"The whole setup wouldn't have anything to do with Tom Blasing's being heir to Haoa Cove, would it?" Wallaby demanded harshly. "Or better yet, a new bed of black-edged shell?"

Breen started, and then deliberately finished his drink. "Maybe," he said acidly, "you're trying to deal yourself in on this business." *(Continued on page 61)*

OREGONIAN

Gov. Charles H. Martin of Oregon, seated with President and Mrs. Roosevelt

ACME

Harry Bridges, rough-and-ready Pacific Coast leader of the C.I.O.

Goon Squads — Halt!

By Richard L. Neuberger

When labor pickets get in the white hair of Oregon's Governor Martin the state police know just what to do. The governor's order is: "Paddle them down the road—March!"

ACME

Dave Beck, A.F.L. contender for dominance in Western labor circles

THERE will be a bronze bust of Governor Charles Henry Martin's resolute features in the rotunda of the new capitol the state of Oregon is building in the timbered Willamette Valley. Grateful businessmen have seen to that. They esteem Oregon's seventy-four-year-old governor as the sternest champion of law and order ever to hold public office along the 1,500-mile sweep of western seaboard between British Columbia and the Mexican border. In fact, he's so stern a champion that his political strategists have pleaded with him not to make any more extemporaneous remarks on the subject!

"My state," Governor Martin militantly announced a few weeks ago, "is not going to become the battleground for two crowds of labor gangsters seeking the laboring man's favor. I am going to uphold law and order.

"And," he warned in conclusion, "don't forget there are 3,500 National Guardsmen in the state of Oregon and each of them knows how to use a rifle."

This bristling defiance was directed at the bitterest jurisdictional warfare in the history of the American labor movement—the grim battle between the rival timber workers of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. that has hushed the boom and thunder of logging camps in the forested Columbia River basin to a faint murmur.

Businessmen from chill Puget Sound to the balmy Gulf of California have greeted Governor Martin's martial resistance with thankful sighs. Mere thought of the chaos in lumber being extended to other industries has reacted on merchants and manufacturers about as thought of Chief Sitting Bull used to affect the early settlers. Their hair has stood on end as stiff as Nevada sagebrush, and they have longed for a plumed knight to ride to the rescue carrying the standard of law and order. Charles Henry Martin, who received his lieutenant's commission on the sunny parade grounds at West Point before the Great Northwest was carved out of the wilderness, seems to be that nick-of-time cavalier. Law and order are to him what trust-busting is to Senator Borah. Here's the way the governor puts it:

"I intend to end the power of 'goon squads' — union patrols — and racketeering labor leaders. I intend to maintain law and order."

Not so many days ago the governor gave the annual convention of Oregon sheriffs his formula for obtaining these results. That speech is still a bayonet point of controversy. Business executives hailed it as a new Emancipation Proclamation for the West, and several thousand miles away in Wisconsin the weekly Progressive published by Bob and Phil LaFollette said Charles H. Martin had revealed himself as a military dictator.

Let's see what the venerable governor set forth that so magnetized the opposite poles of opinion.

He began by informing Oregon's assembled constabulary that the Pacific Coast faced the greatest economic upheaval of all time. A few racketeer and gangster labor leaders with their ugly "goon squads" wanted to do away with capitalism. They had to be stopped. The time had come to uphold law and order. The governor would tell the sheriffs of his state how to do it. He asked them to listen attentively to what he had to say.

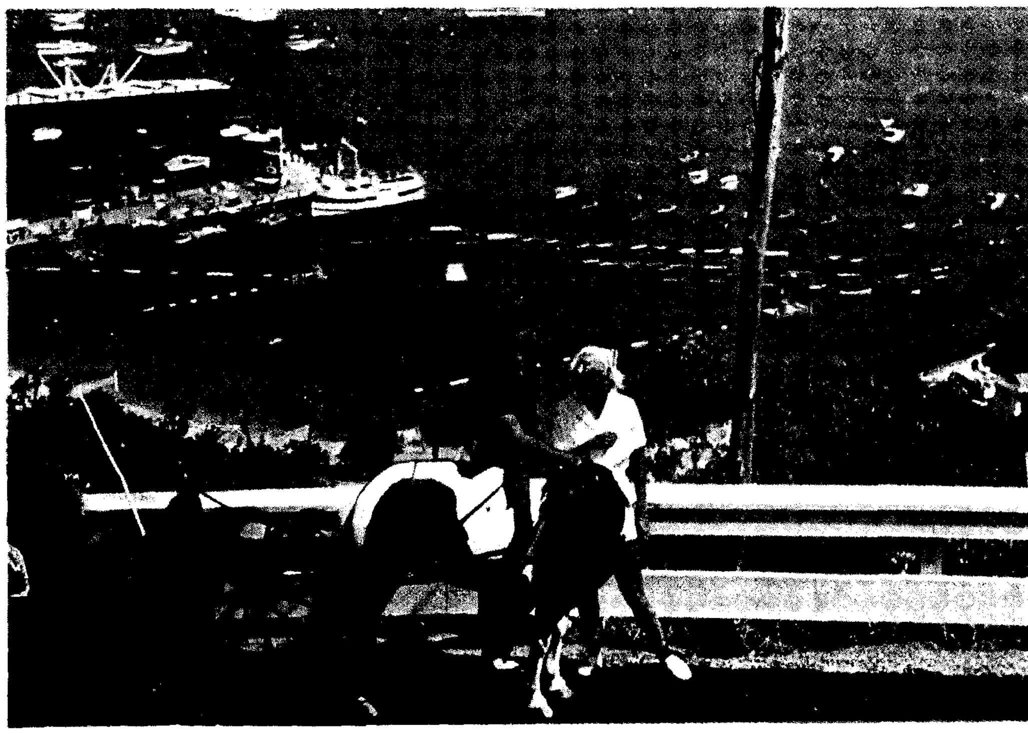
Court orders had been defied. Pickets of the embattled unions had closed up lumber mills as tight as a sprung bear trap. What could be done about this contempt for lawful authority? The governor had a remedy. He proposed to give the unruly pickets a little exercise:

"Those fellows shouldn't just be arrested or haled into court. They ought to be marched there—about twenty-five miles a day. That'd cure them!"

As for union gangs that rioted and destroyed property, the governor had even less patience. Strong-arm methods were the only way to make marauders and labor pirates respect law and order. The governor warned the sheriffs not to let their offices be surrounded and disarmed by union "goon squads." The thing to do, he counseled, was to read the state riot act "in a loud, clear

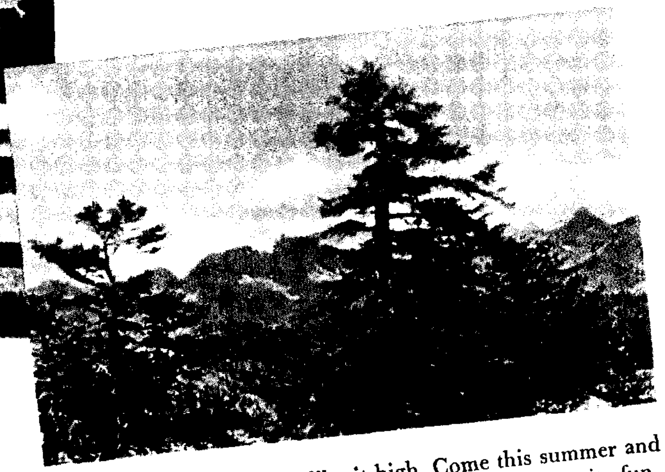
(Continued on page 44)

You Expect this of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



YOU'RE familiar with much of this playground's summer charm—how the breeze blows cool off the sparkling sea and down from the white Sierra peaks—how skyline trails vie with surf and sand and palm-fringed isles, Missions, orange groves, broad boulevards and every sport, to win your playtime favor...

TWELVE million visitors have thrilled to life in scenes like this; and in storied resorts like Pasadena, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Glendale, Pomona and a score of others in Los Angeles County and its neighbors. Here summer days are *rainless,* nights so *cool* you'll use blankets.



SOME like it low, some like it high. Come this summer and explore this many-sided vacationland to find *your* favorite fun.

Now here's all this too!

TO DAYTIME play, Southern California now adds a new, exciting world of "mikes" and kliegs, Hollywood's "sneak" previews and next year's fashions, writers, stars, composers, extras—artists, critics, savants, wits—cafes, night clubs, dances, world premieres. Exciting things are happening here; you can be part of it. America's new entertainment capital invites you!

SEE IT ALL IN TWO WEEKS AT LOW COST

Even from New York, Southern California is just overnight by plane, 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or stage. And vacation costs here average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U.S. resorts.

FREE: Automatic Trip Planner. This 80-page Official Guide Book—widely acclaimed by travel experts—plans your trip for you from start to finish: what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules, plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc.... authentic facts available only through this non-profit community organization. Coupon brings it FREE.

When you arrive, be sure to visit our new Official Information Bureau, 505 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, for expert help, in getting the most enjoyment out of your stay here. FREE, of course.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

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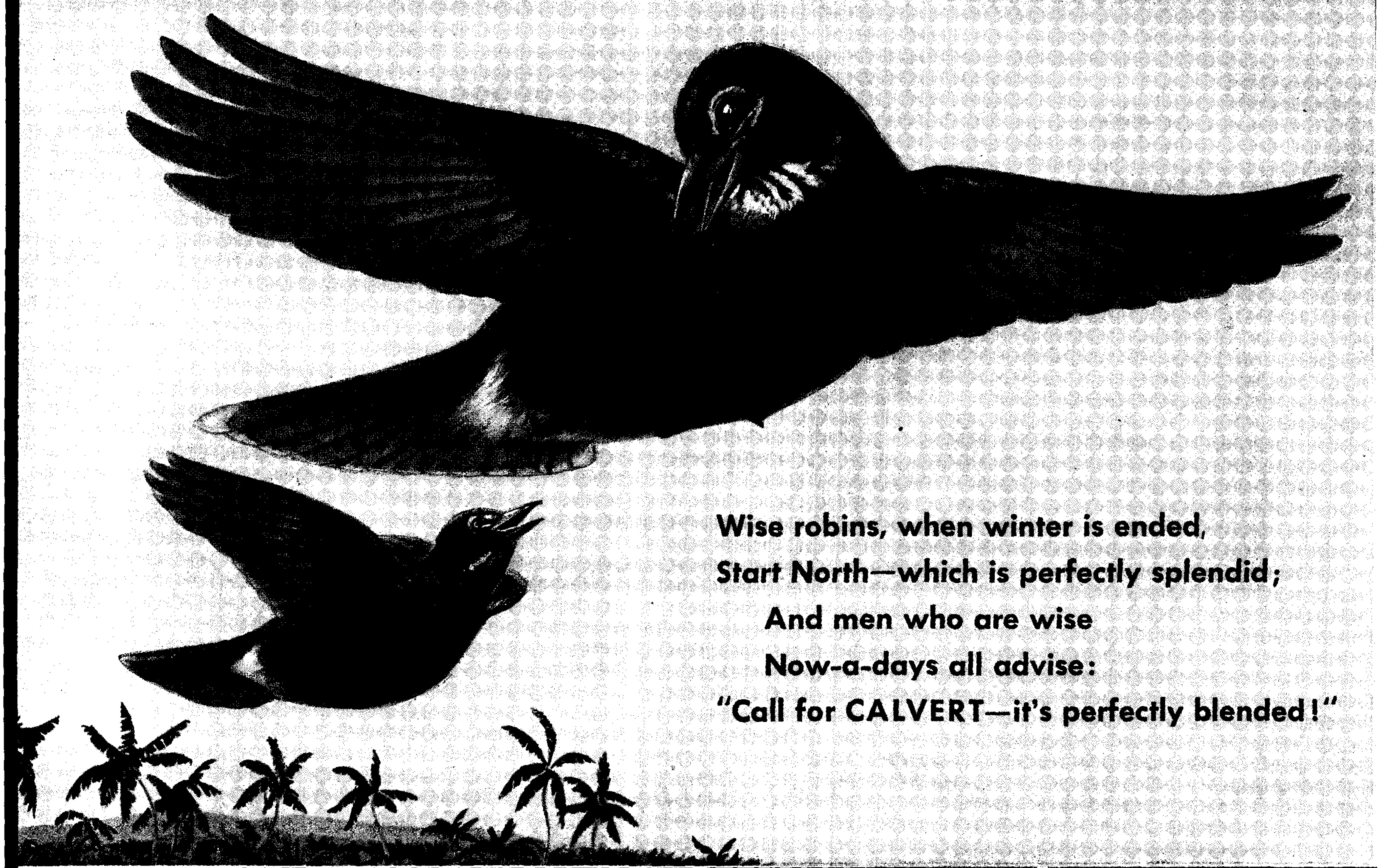
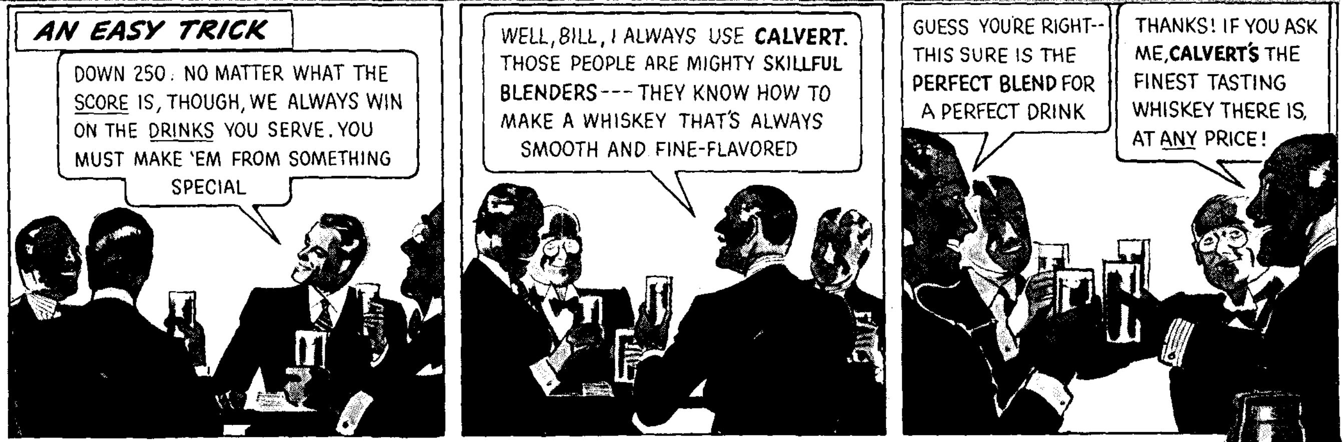
*City*____________________
*State*____________________
(Please print name and address)

SOMETHING GOOD ON THE WAY!



Wise robins, when winter is ended,
Start North—which is perfectly splendid;
And men who are wise
Now-a-days all advise:
"Call for CALVERT—it's perfectly blended!"


AN EASY TRICK
DOWN 250. NO MATTER WHAT THE SCORE IS, THOUGH, WE ALWAYS WIN ON THE DRINKS YOU SERVE. YOU MUST MAKE 'EM FROM SOMETHING SPECIAL
WELL, BILL, I ALWAYS USE CALVERT. THOSE PEOPLE ARE MIGHTY SKILLFUL BLENDERS--- THEY KNOW HOW TO MAKE A WHISKEY THAT'S ALWAYS SMOOTH AND FINE-FLAVORED
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT-- THIS SURE IS THE PERFECT BLEND FOR A PERFECT DRINK
THANKS! IF YOU ASK ME, CALVERT'S THE FINEST TASTING WHISKEY THERE IS, AT ANY PRICE!

TODAY'S WHISKEY FACT: Calvert's master blenders are brought together from the great whiskey blending centers of the world—from Scotland, from Canada, and the United States. It is the skilled touch of these expert blenders that gives you the extra smoothness and fine flavor you find in Calvert.

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First Ten in Contract

By Shepard Barclay

1. Oswald Jacoby
2. Merwin D. Maier
3. David Burnstine
4. Howard Schenken
5. Waldemar von Zedtwitz
6. B. Jay Becker
7. Charles H. Goren, Philadelphia
8. Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia
9. Charles S. Lochridge
10. Henry Chanin, Atlanta

All New Yorkers except where residence is named.

WHEN Oswald Jacoby raked in the final trick needed to make an ordinary three no-trump contract one evening almost a year ago, nobody at the table realized he was writing bridge history. But the completion of that simple game proved a vital factor in compiling a record unlikely ever to be approached—his fourth consecutive year as the top-ranking contestant in national championship play.

Other games have had Babe Ruths, Bill Tildens, Bobby Joneses and Willie Hoppes, but each of their competitions also produced other repeaters, whereas Jacoby is the only player who has landed first place for more than one season of contract bridge. During the game's first four years, the leaders in turn were Waldemar von Zedtwitz, Willard S. Karn, P. Hal Sims and David Burnstine. It had become a tradition that nobody could ever repeat. Then Jacoby demolished the jinx completely. His uninterrupted reign is now as long as those of all the others put together.

The first four places in the national ranking this season belong to the members of the powerful New York team known as The Four Aces—Jacoby, David Burnstine, Howard Schenken and Merwin D. Maier. They won three of the eighteen national championships decided and, since nobody else won more than two, they monopolize the top positions. Jacoby raised his own total to four victories by his triumph in that event of last April, the pair championship of the United States Bridge Association, with Lester Bachner of New York as his partner. This lifted him above his teammates into first place, and second went to Maier, who was the runner-up in that same event with Waldemar von Zedtwitz of New York opposite him. Burnstine gained third position by finishing fifth in the individual masters' championship, which Schenken did not enter.

There is no mystery about the success of these aptly-christened Four Aces. To begin with, each is a fine individual player, skillful at either rubber or tournament bridge. Equally important, they have congenial temperaments and enjoy one another's company either at or away from the bridge table. They have developed a simple, natural method of bidding without any artificial bids of any kind. Each call conveys the exact meaning it seems to, and they therefore avoid difficulty from partnership misunderstandings. All of them are devotees of what might be called "constructive post-mortems" and enjoy discussing the fine points of difficult hands, especially after a session of tournament play. It is in these that they figure out their best contributions to sound tactics.

All four are near enough together in age and tastes to make natural companions, ranging from Maier, who is twenty-nine, to Jacoby, who is now thirty-five. The latter, who is a consulting insurance actuary, moved to Dallas, Texas, a year ago and averred that he did not expect to take part in enough events to have a chance to repeat. In effect, he was retiring and leaving the field to others, but the old lure of the game got him and he could not resist playing in most of the national contests. He is the tallest of the foursome, well over six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds, with immense shoulders and chest and looking more like a fullback or heavyweight champion than like the conventional bridge player. Schenken and Maier are six feet tall, the former weighing 180 pounds and the latter around 160. Burnstine is of medium height and build. He and Maier wear glasses at the bridge table and the others do not. Maier is an attorney, specializing in the writing of briefs and pleas.

Two seasons ago Michael T. Gottlieb, another fine player, was a member of the Four Aces. When he left Jacoby, Burnstine and Schenken, they tried to fill the gap with one player after another, but they had a bad season as a team. Finally Maier was tried and fitted perfectly. Since his advent, they have been a compact combination that seems likely to stick together and continue to be the outstanding team in the game. If they do, it will be a considerable task for any other player to crash through.

After the Aces

Just below the Aces in fifth place, for the season now ended, comes Waldemar von Zedtwitz, who made a magnificent effort to outdo them. With two victories and two second places, he was so close that a victory for his team in the Vanderbilt Cup contest instead of a second would have tied him with Jacoby for the lead, each with three victories and one second. B. Jay Becker, formerly a Philadelphian but now a New Yorker, earned sixth place with two victories, which included the hardest of all contests for an individual, the national individual masters' championship.

Two Philadelphians are seventh and eighth—Charles H. Goren, who had two victories in open championships, and Mrs. Ralph C. Young, who won in one open event and in the women's team championship. Ninth goes to Charles S. Lochridge of New York, with one win in the masters' pairs and also the mixed pair championship of the U. S. B. A. That event also determined the mixed team championship. Henry Chanin, of Atlanta, Georgia, scored in both ends of it and also had a second place in the American Bridge League Open Knockout Fours, earning tenth place for him.

IFC

[illegible]ntract bridge's [illegible] The Four Aces. From left to right: Merwin D. Maier, [illegible] Schenken, Oswald Jacoby, David Burnstine

Five other players were so close to Mr. Chanin that they almost [illegible] leading ten—Mrs. Robert B. Fuller, Mrs. Emory B. Clement, Philip Abramsohn, Harry Fishbein and Morrie Elis, all of New York.

In the eighteen national events the winning was done by forty different players, and thirty-one others gained second places, making a distribution of championships and runner-up honors among seventy-one people. Of these, thirty-six were New Yorkers and thirty-five from other cities and towns. Twenty-one of the winners, a majority, were people who never before had won a national event and nineteen were familiar names on the honor roll. Seven of those in the first ten were there a year ago, and three are newcomers: Messrs. Goren, Lochridge and Chanin.

This annual review presenting the First Ten has never been offered as an expression of opinion or as pretending to prove that the players chosen are the best in the game. It is a dispassionate record of achievement and has its baseball equivalent in the standing of the clubs at the end of a season. If opinion were counted, and a player's habitual success in informal rubber bridge considered too, the list might be somewhat different, especially since some of the best-known players, such as Sidney Lenz, Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson, Harold Vanderbilt, Theodore A. Lightner and Michael T. Gottlieb have played little or none in national events in the season.

Westerners will notice that no player from their section made the First Ten this season. This is due mainly to the fact that not one of the tournaments with a large number of events was played in their section this time. The year before, when the fall nationals of the American Bridge League were held in Chicago, contestants from west of the Alleghenies made a splendid showing.

One of the outstanding features of the season just closed was the consolidation of the formerly hostile national organizations into one. The American Bridge League and United States Bridge Association went out of existence when they joined to create the American Contract Bridge League. The jurisdiction of the new body has been formally accepted also for the contract events of the old American Whist League and the two big independent events, the Vanderbilt Cup and the Eastern Championships.

Extending the influence of the now universally recognized national body, a plan has been instituted which gives a duplicate contract player in any city or town his own direct part in the national scheme. It is by means of "rating points." A winner in any local duplicate game can earn a number of these, dependent on the number of tables in play. Then, when he wins "master points" awarded in various local and state events in addition to national ones, he can exchange enough of his "rating points" for extra "master points" on a predetermined scale. When he thus has accumulated sufficient "master points," he is eligible for the masters' events.

Just what will the year ahead bring forth for the competing stars of our bridge firmament? Will the Four Aces dominate the scene as they did during the season just closed? Or will some of their leading rivals get together and acquire by staying together teamwork smooth enough to make it more of an open competition? That seems to be the leading question in bridge at this time.

WINNERS OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1937-1938 SEASON

American Contract Bridge League Events—Open Pairs: A. Mitchell Barnes and Waldemar von Zedtwitz, New York. Open Match Point Fours: Charles H. Goren, Charles J. Solomon, John Crawford and Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia. Women's Fours: Mrs. James H. Lemon, Mrs. A. Philip Stockvis, Mrs. Martin West, Washington, and Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia. Mixed Pairs: Harry Fishbein and Mrs. Sam Rush, New York.

American Bridge League Events—Masters' Individual: B. Jay Becker, New York. Masters' Pairs: Charles S. Lochridge, New York, and S. Garton Churchill, Great Neck, New York. Masters' Fours: Waldemar von Zedtwitz, Edward Hymes, Jr., Samuel Fry, Jr., and Theodore A. Lightner, New York. Open Knockout Fours: David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby, Merwin D. Maier and Howard Schenken, New York, and Charles H. Goren, Philadelphia. Women's Pairs: Mrs. Robert B. Fuller and Mrs. Mabel Ervin, New York. Men's Pairs: John C. Kunkel, Harrisburg, Pa., and Edward M. Cook, Jr., Upper Darby, Pa. Mixed Fours: Philip Abramsohn, Morrie Elis, Mrs. Anne Naiman and Mrs. Estelle Drescher, New York.

United States Bridge Association Events—Open Pairs: Oswald Jacoby and Lester Bachner. Open Fours: B. Jay Becker, David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby, Merwin D. Maier and Howard Schenken, New York. Mixed Event (Pair and Four Titles Decided in One Contest): Pairs, Henry Chanin, Atlanta, and Mrs. Emory B. Clement, New York; Fours, Mr. Chanin, Mrs. Clement, Charles S. Lochridge and Mrs. Melva Demarest, New York.

American Whist League—Open Pairs: Arthur Glatt and Albert Weiss, Chicago. Open Fours: Robert W. Halpin, Harry Kempner, Max S. Becker, Jr., and M. N. Besser, Chicago.

The Harold S. Vanderbilt Cup—Fours: David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby, Merwin D. Maier, Howard Schenken and Sherman Stearns, New York.

Non-Winners Who Earned Second Places—Edward Burns, Len Reiter, Stanley Sanders and Morris Schanfield, Minneapolis; Mrs. L. G. Quigley, Paul Smith and Elmer Berkenfield, Chicago; Lawrence J. Welch, F. Raleigh Buck, Edson T. Wood and Walter J. Pray, Indianapolis; Lewis Bernard, Cincinnati; Miss Florence J. Stratford, Cleveland; A. L. Roth and Joseph Brotman, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Dorothy Roberts, Mrs. John C. Gardner and Travers J. LeGros, Brooklyn; Robert Appleyard, Raymond J. Balfe, Herman H. Goldberg, Mrs. S. A. Herzog, Fred D. Kaplan, William Perry, Jack Shore, Mrs. A. M. Sobel, Mrs. Donald B. Tansill, George Unger, Harold S. Vanderbilt, Dr. Henry J. Vogel and Sigmund Vorzimer, New York.

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commands respect and admiration!

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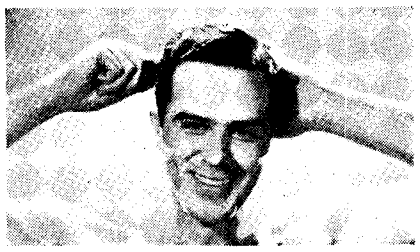


2. **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 22

said Larkin innocently. "In fact, Gumshoe, this is probably just an accident, too. That surgical knife probably just dropped—"

"Out!" Cuttle roared.

"Listen, Gumshoe, I—"

Cuttle flung a straight left that caught Larkin just below the Adam's apple. Larkin reeled backward through the door. Before he could regain his balance he had crashed into the steward who was on his way from the galley pantry to the bridge with a tray of food for the officers on watch.

Larkin went down in a shower of rich brown soy sauce, broken crockery, green tea, pickled seaweed, *daikon,* rice, and thin pink slices of raw fish. He was up instantly, a rather ludicrous figure as he combed the rice grains from his hair with indignant, sticky fingers. But no one laughed — not Cuttle, who had drawn his gun, nor the terrified steward, nor George Willowby, who continued to stare wide-eyed from the door of his stateroom.

"Close that door, you!" Cuttle commanded. Willowby's door shut with a bang. "Lock it, steward. Lock all the doors, whether there's anybody behind 'em or not. Then lock the door to the outside deck—after Mr. Larkin has gone out. And get the captain, steward."

Larkin glanced again at Cuttle's gun. Then he saluted the detective gravely with extended thumb and upright fingers.

"Nice work, Gumshoe," he said. "I hope you can crack this case with your knuckles. If not, I'll lend you my brains later."

Cuttle glowered in silence as Larkin turned and walked out.

The Kumo-maru was rocking like a tired old lady as she plodded on into the last florid vestiges of the sunset. It would soon be dark—too late to catch the evening papers with a radio bulletin, and plenty of time before the night wire opened. He would wait, therefore, to see if Cuttle produced anything with his private investigation. Meanwhile, Larkin reflected as he wiped the soy sauce from one ear with his handkerchief, he might do something to make himself less pungently reminiscent of an Oriental restaurant. He might take a bath, for instance.

WITH great misgivings Larkin approached the intricate and mysterious plumbing of the single bathroom that served all first-cabin passengers. The installation was a compromise between Occidental and Oriental bathing customs, complicated by the exigencies of shipboard, the advanced age of the Kumo-maru, and the horticultural bent of Captain Fujiwara. Besides, the door didn't close very well.

The entrance to the bathroom was at the after side of the superstructure, near the galley. The tub was a high, ponderous porcelain affair of Early Victorian architecture, raised on four cast-iron pedestals with lions' claws.

As Larkin was undressing, the door swung inward with a roll of the ship. Larkin kicked it closed. There was a hook on the door, but the staple was gone from the jamb. On second thought, Larkin opened the door again, wadded his handkerchief against the frame, slammed the door shut. The wadding would keep it shut.

Larkin filled the tub and opened the steam valve. The steam roared and belched and gurgled from the lead pipe. The air was filled with warm, billowing vapor, and a loud, constant snapping, as bubbles of steam condensed and collapsed on contact with the sea water.

Larkin hung the last of his clothes on a hook, groped his way through the steam-filled room, and got into the tub.

Possibly the death of Bioki might be a definite handle to the whole growing mystery, Larkin thought as he furiously scrubbed his neck. Someone had turned the key on Larkin and Cuttle in the coffin room between decks. This might have been merely the automatic action of a watchman making his rounds, true; or the prank of some steerage passenger eager to laugh at the discomfiture of the European toffs from first cabin. On the other hand, they might very well have been locked in by someone whose footsteps Larkin had heard, by someone who had been listening to their conversation, listening to Larkin say, "I'll let Dr. Bioki convince you"—and who had hurried to forestall the interview. It fitted very neatly, very logically. Who could have been listening outside that door between decks?

WELL, there was Jeremy Hood, for instance. Willowby said Hood had left Dr. Bioki's cabin just before they found the doctor murdered. Hood fitted into Larkin's theory, too. Since Arthur Bonner had come aboard the ship at San Francisco, it was probable that the murderer was also someone who had come aboard at San Francisco. That would limit the suspects to Larkin, Dorothy Bonner, Charles Frayle, Jeremy Hood, and Cuttle. Cuttle was with Larkin when they found the body, but was he eliminated completely? After all, the doctor may have been dead half an hour, and Cuttle might have already killed him before he began drinking beer with Larkin.

Still, Jeremy Hood looked like a good bet. Millie Greeve had not actually said that Hood was the man she had seen standing over Arthur Bonner's body with a flashlight, but she gave a pretty strong impression that he was. Hood had insisted that he had not left his cabin, but he would lie about it, naturally, if he had killed Bonner. Moreover, there was a flashlight in the pocket of Hood's raincoat and Millie had been pretty definite about the flashlight. However, there were certainly other flashlights aboard—Cuttle's for instance—and the loquacious Millie had been both squiffed and frightened when she came upon the scene she had described. He couldn't accuse Hood of murder simply because the art dealer owned a flashlight—not, at least, until he could discover what Arthur Bonner had in his pockets that Jeremy Hood might have wanted.

Damn this salt-water soap! No more lather than skimmed milk. And the water was getting cold. Larkin opened the valve; more steam came whistling and drumming into the tub. . . .

And how do the blueprints of the antiaircraft gun fit into all this? There was no doubt that the Bonner family was in some way connected with their disappearance from the Navy Department since the photostats had been in Dorothy's possession before she passed them on to him, damn her pretty eyes. And if someone thought that Dorothy still had those photostats . . .

At the back of Larkin's mind there was fear that there might be a grain of truth in the oracular third line of his dispatch to Beasley—that the fate pursuing the Bonners might next strike at Dorothy. Fear? Yes, he might as well admit it—it was fear. He didn't want anything to happen to the girl. He was getting damned fond of her. In fact, she—

Larkin's train of thought was halted suddenly by a gust of cold air on his bare back. He twisted himself half around. The door was open. Through the swirling clouds of steam he thought he saw the shadowy figure of a man.

"Hey, you!"

Larkin splashed upright, hurdled the porcelain parapet of the tub. His wet feet slid out from under him and he landed on his back with a moist plop! When he got to his knees, the shadow in the doorway had vanished.

Snatching a towel around his middle, he made his dripping way toward the door. His clothes had fallen from the hook and were lying in a heap. He picked them up and saw his wallet and fountain pen still lying on the floor.

A chill of apprehension crawled down his spine. He plunged his hand into his breast pocket, then successively into all his other pockets. He looked again on the floor. Gone. No doubt about it.

The envelope Dorothy had committed to him was gone. The antiaircraft photostats he was to deliver to the Naval Ministry in Tokyo in the fond and trusting belief that they constituted some mysterious agreement with the Pan-American Vanadium Corporation had been stolen.

Larkin poked his head out the door. The deck was deserted except for the steward who sauntered by with a bugle pressed to his lips. The steward pointed the bugle at Larkin, blew a series of quavering notes. Then, lowering his instrument, he announced:

"Dinnah now ready, prease."

Larkin slammed the door, started feverishly to dress.

SHIPBOARD routine, like a chain letter, carries on under its own momentum. To the steward's department, murder is no more cause than a storm at sea for interrupting the schedule of meals. Dinner is served at dinner hour, whether the passengers are in an eating mood or not. And tonight the passengers were definitely not in the mood, Larkin observed as he entered the dining saloon.

A tense, almost tangible silence hung suspended over the long table. The atmosphere was heavy with hostility and suspicion. The passengers watched one another from under lowered eyelids as they went through the motions of dining.

Larkin was aware of taut nerves, dread-filled hearts, unexpressed accusations on all sides of him as he sat down. Even Captain Fujiwara had barely touched the bowl of rice before him. His tiny eyes glittered with cold fire.

Only William Cuttle was actually eating with relish; Cuttle and Charles Frayle. What was Frayle doing at the first-cabin table?

"Hello, Frayle," said Larkin. "I see the class barriers are down this evening."

"I hope you're not too put out," said Frayle.

"I brought Frayle here," said Cuttle. "I been giving him the Q. and A."

"You mean you haven't cracked the case yet, Gumshoe?" demanded Larkin in mock surprise. "That's fine. I was getting ready to feel slighted because you hadn't questioned me."

"I got plenty to ask you," Cuttle said. "Where've you been the last twenty minutes since the chow call?"

Larkin made a mysterious gesture with his left forefinger.

"Mr. Larkin has been bathing," announced Mr. Shima, patting his lips daintily with the tip of his napkin.

"Glad you can notice the improvement," said Larkin.

"We heard your steam pipes, Mr. Larkin," Willowby volunteered. "No one has any secrets aboard this ship."

"Except the gentleman who killed Dr. Bioki," said Mr. Shima.

"And the chef," Larkin amended as he stared at the plate the steward set in front of him. "What's this, steward? Apple dumplings?"

"Veeru cattoretsu," said the steward.

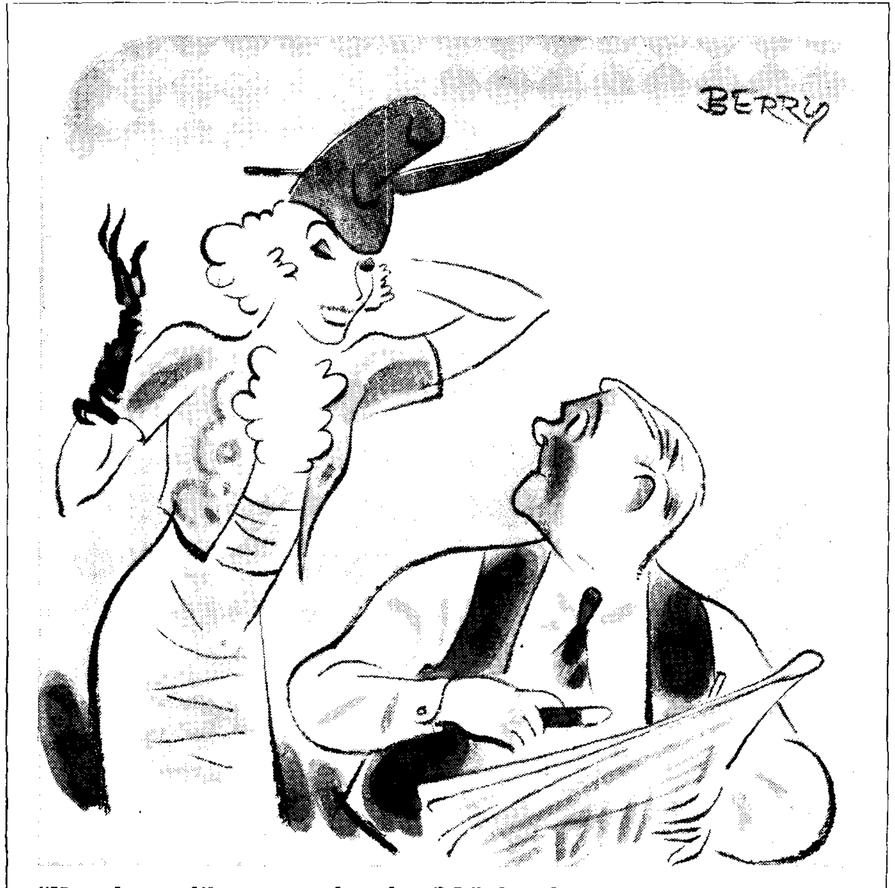
"And in English?"

"Yes," said the steward. "Japanese say: '*Nikku-yaki.*' "

"They're veal cutlets, breaded," explained Dorothy Bonner from across the table.

Larkin made a slight incision with knife and fork.

"Doubtless an approximation known



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MICHAEL BERRY

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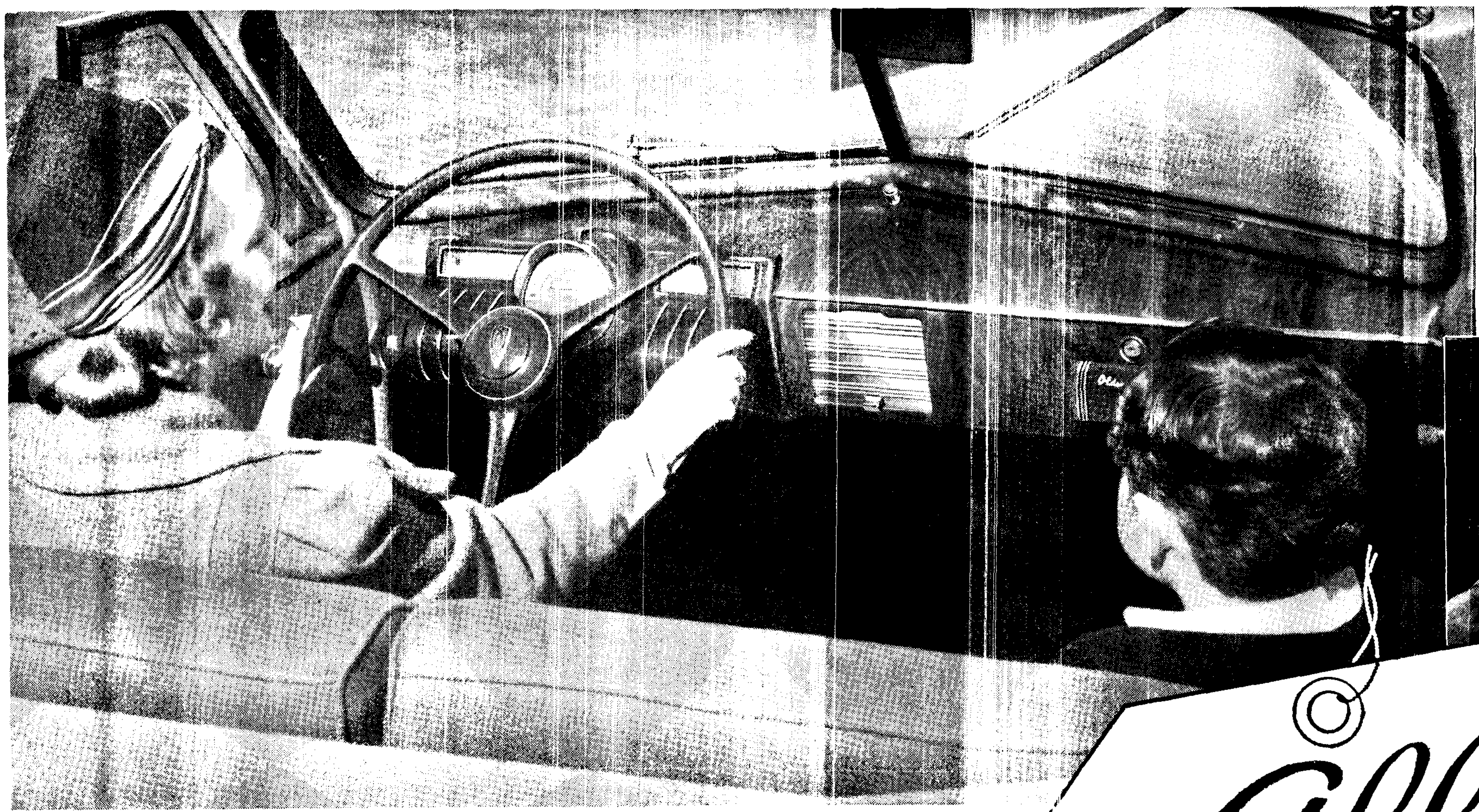

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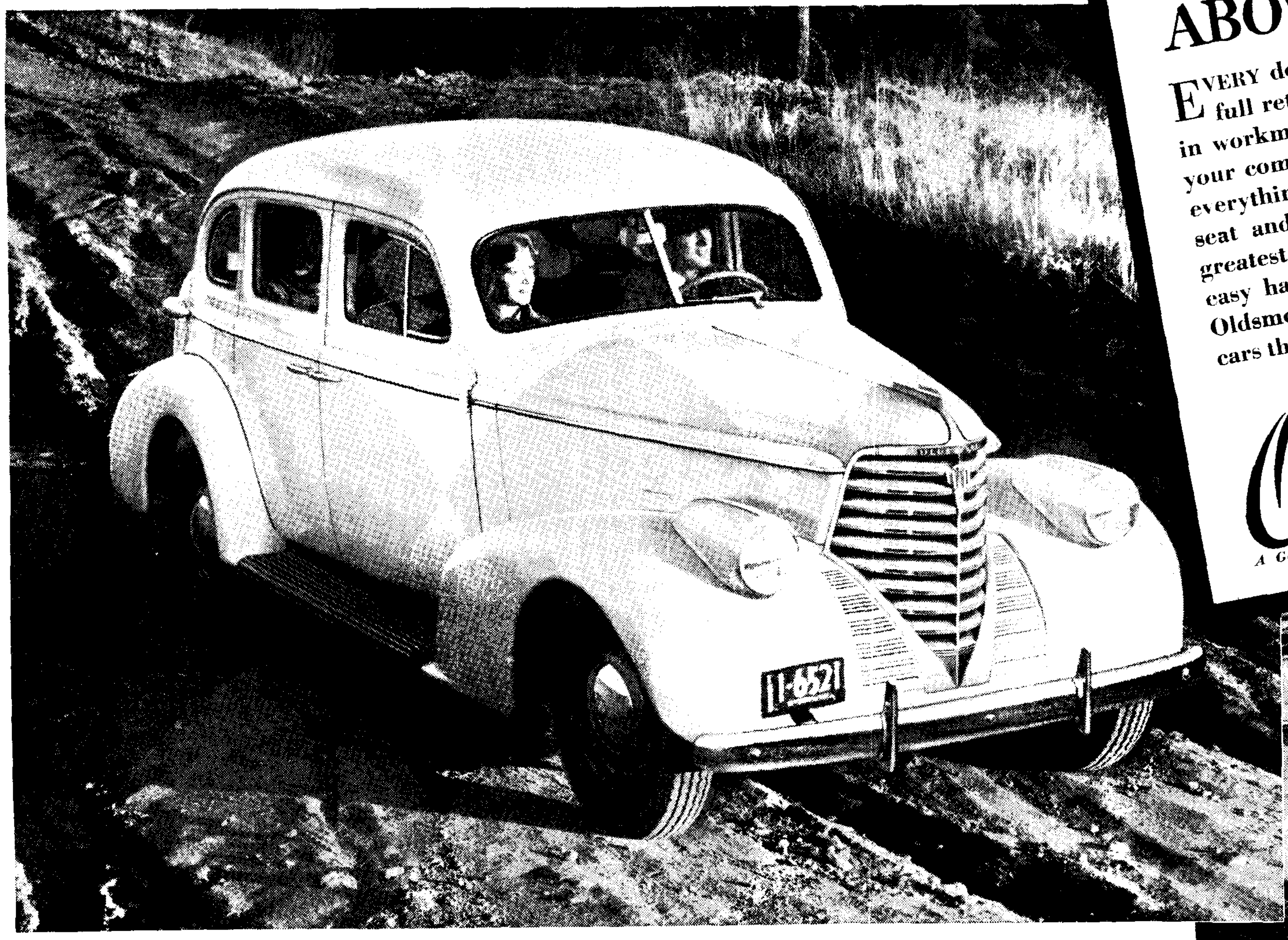

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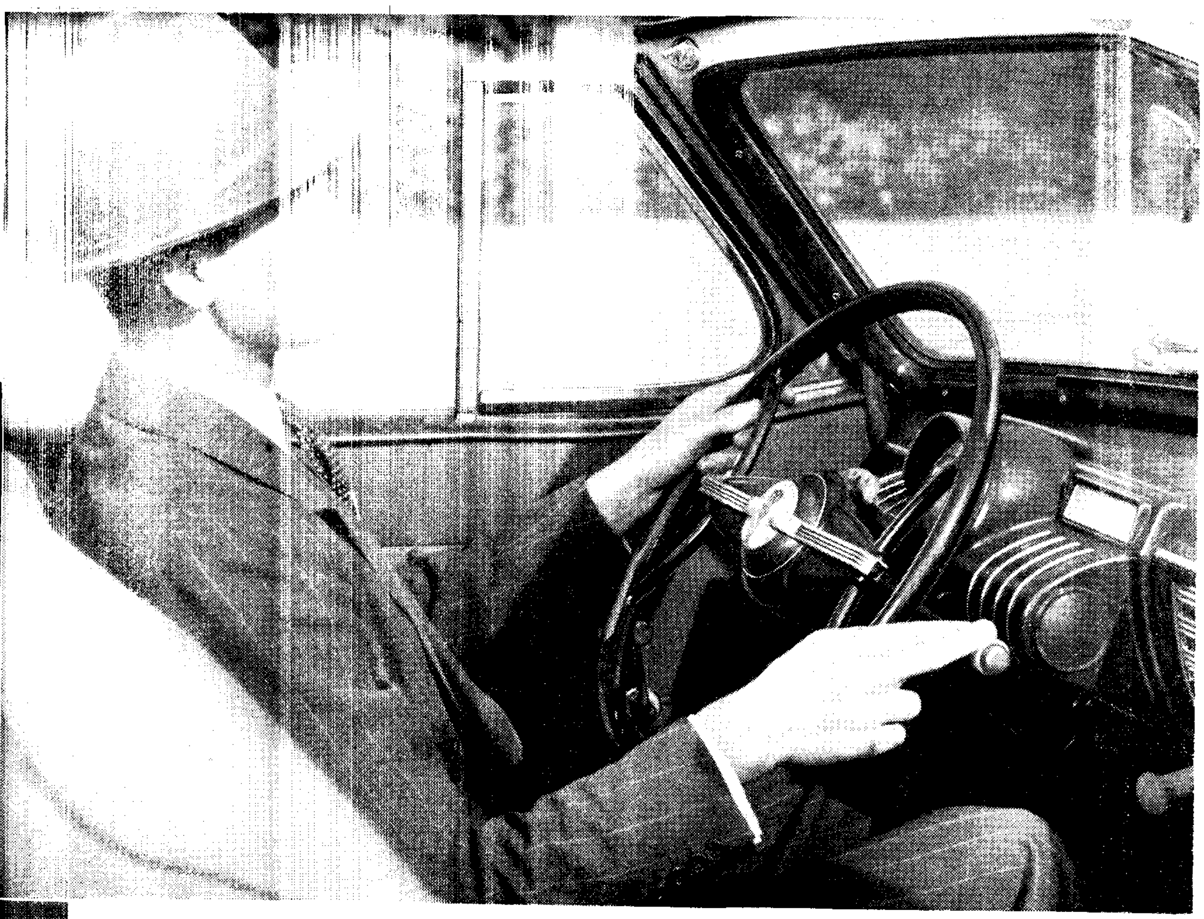

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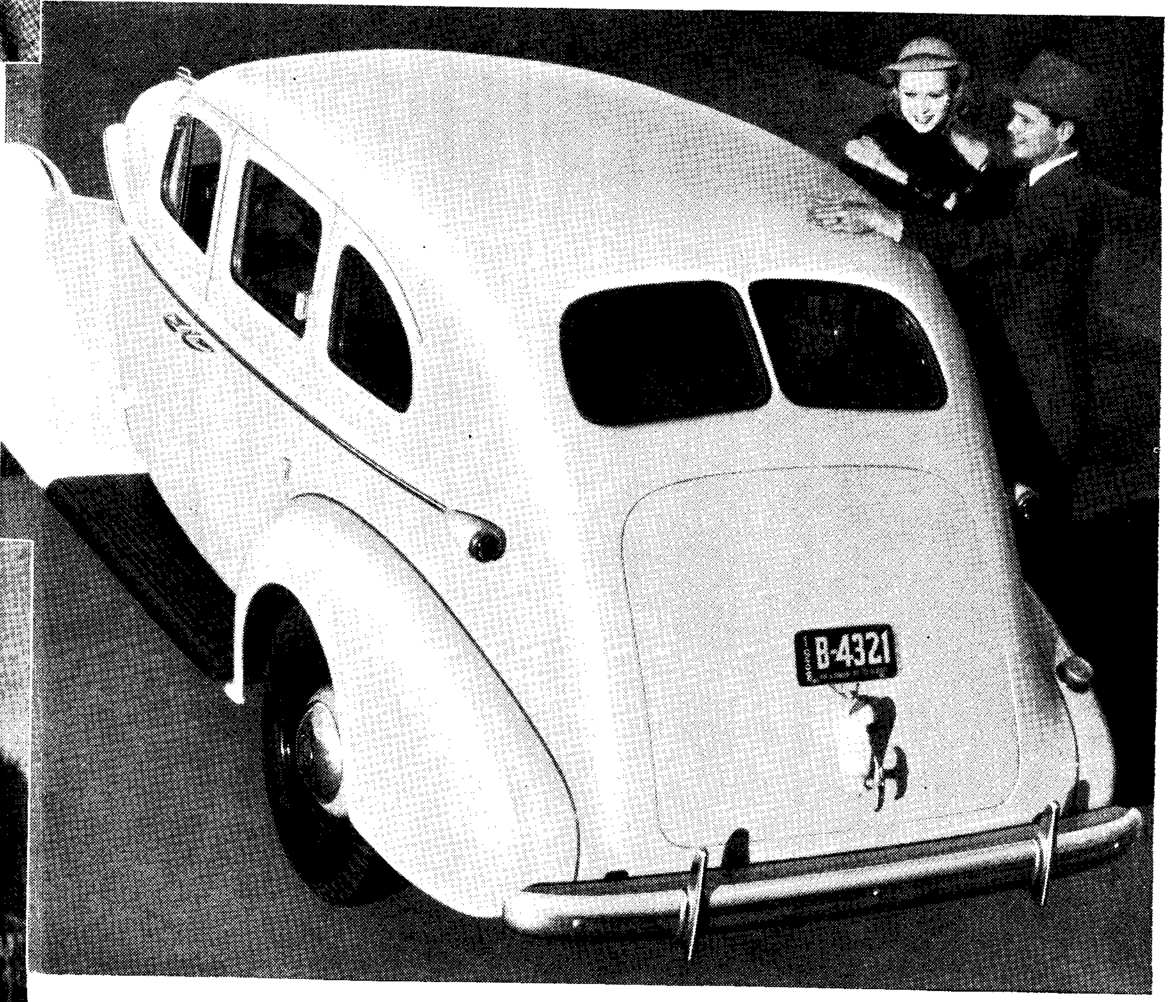

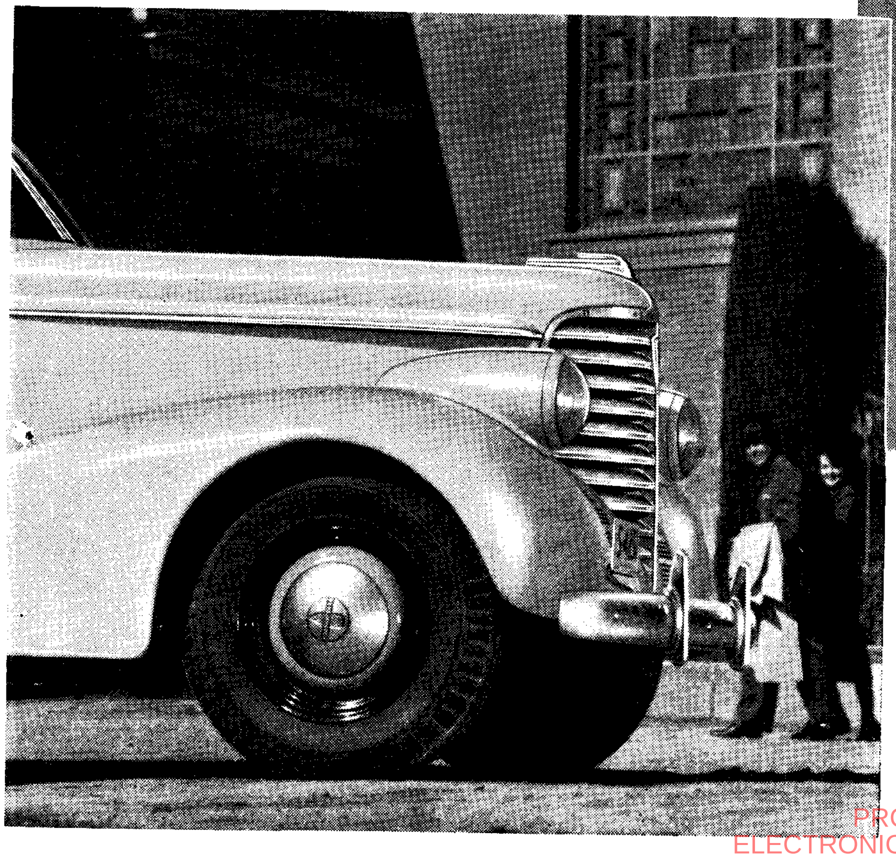

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as Mock Ingesta," he said, "or Tokyo Schnitzel."

Dorothy did not smile. No one smiled. Dorothy's glance went right through him like a shaft of lightning. He gave up trying to be funny. It was no effort, because he had just noticed that Mrs. Greeve's seat was vacant.

"Where's Millie?" he asked. "Sleeping it off?"

"I don't know," was all Dorothy said, but her intonation said much more.

"She's not in her stateroom?"

"No."

"I think," said Larkin, "that Dr. Cuttle over there might be wanting to ask Millie some questions."

"Plenty of time," said Cuttle, shoveling up a spoonful of bright lavender cornstarch pudding. "I don't guess Mrs. Greeve got off the boat."

"I wonder," said Larkin. "How long has she been missing, Dorothy?"

"She got up and went out about half an hour after you left," the girl said. "She said she was going out for a sedative."

"Was she going to see Dr. Bioki?"

"I don't know. She didn't say."

"Maybe Mr. Willowby can tell us," Larkin said. "He's been playing concierge outside of Dr. Bioki's door all afternoon."

"See here, Larkin." Willowby's small dark mustache bristled with grave concern. "Your joking exaggerations are in extremely bad taste, considering the circumstances. It was quite by accident that I saw Mr. Hood coming out of the doctor's cabin, and if I'd known what—"

"But you didn't see me come out of the doctor's cabin!" protested Jeremy Hood shrilly. "I wasn't in the cabin!"

"I distinctly saw you closing the door," Willowby insisted.

"Yes, I closed the door, but I wasn't inside. I told Mr. Cuttle I wasn't inside!" Hood's lower jaw was quivering. His gray wrinkled face was even grayer than before. "I told Mr. Cuttle that I knocked on the doctor's door, but that I didn't go in because someone else was in there with Dr. Bioki. So I closed the door and went away."

"WHO was in there?" Larkin asked.

"I don't know. I couldn't see. I only wish I had taken the trouble to look."

"It probably doesn't matter," said Larkin. "Mr. Cuttle, being a detective, very likely has the information already. No doubt he has discovered the man's identity by examining footprints, cigarette ash, and a lock of hair."

"Sure I know who it was," Cuttle's dessertspoon clattered against his plate as he pursued the last shivering remnants of his purple pudding. "It was either Rodriguez or Frayle. The general says he was having his bandage changed so he didn't see nobody. And Frayle here is standing on his constitutional rights. He ain't saying nothing."

"Of course not." Frayle laughed softly as his gaze sought out Dorothy Bonner. He continued to look at her with sly laughter in his eyes as he said: "I've had nothing to do with all this and I refuse to be badgered by any self-appointed investigator. The only man on this ship with any authority over me is the captain, and I'll be glad to give him any information I can—if he asks for it."

"He'll ask," said Cuttle.

Captain Fujiwara gave a preoccupied nod. He said something in Japanese to the purser.

"Did you mention the hypodermic to the captain, Gumshoe?" Larkin asked.

"I got other things to think about," Cuttle replied.

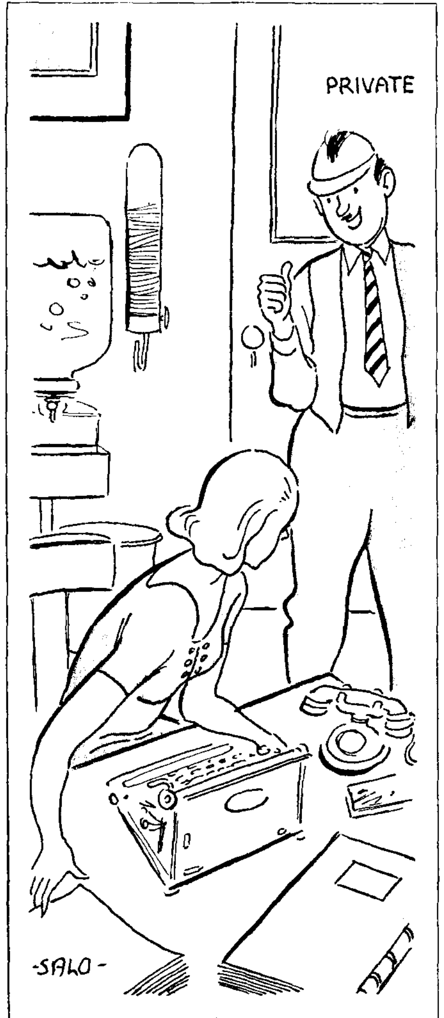
"You didn't find it in Dr. Bioki's cabin, of course."

"I didn't see none," said Cuttle. "There was a tray of instruments on the desk. That's where the knife come from. But there wasn't any needle."

"I say, Larkin." A frown creased George Willowby's bulging forehead and the outer corners of his eyes slanted downward intently as he leaned across the table. "What hypodermic is this you're talking about? A clue of some sort?"

"It might be," said Larkin. "The man we buried this afternoon was a morphine addict, but he had no hypodermic, apparently. Mr. Cuttle suggests that the man was robbed by some of the steerage passengers while lying dead on the deck. So, to settle the argument, I'm offering a hundred dollars reward, and no questions asked, to anyone who can produce the syringe. Would you broadcast my offer in Japanese to the steerage passengers and the crew, Captain?"

Captain Fujiwara was listening attentively. He pointed his quill toothpick at Larkin and said: "Quite good idea. Mr. Yamata will make bulletin, posting same tonight."



"Boy, am I lucky! I just asked the boss for a raise and he didn't fire me!"

SALO

"But what's the purpose of this, Mr. Larkin?" was Jeremy Hood's vibrato question. His birdlike glance hopped nervously from face to face as he continued: "What will you prove by the hypodermic, Mr. Larkin?"

"Mr. Larkin's studying up to be a detective," said Cuttle with a broad wink intended for the entire passenger list.

A CHAIR pivot squealed as Jeremy Hood turned from the table and got to his feet. "You will excuse me, please?"

"Where's the fire, Hood?" Cuttle demanded. "I ain't through talking to you yet."

"If it doesn't inconvenience you too much, Mr. Cuttle, I should like to be allowed to take a little bicarbonate of soda . . ."

"Well, okay," said Cuttle, biting off the end of a cigar. "I'll take you later, then. Frayle's next. Me and the skipper will talk to you, Frayle. The rest of you clear out of here."

Larkin joined the exodus. He caught Dorothy Bonner at the entrance to her cabin.

"Get your things, Heavenly One," he said. "You and I have a heavy date. It's important."

"Millie?"

"More important than that. You."

"Where?"

"There are two chairs in a secluded corner of the promenade deck, if I'm not mistaken."

Dorothy hesitated only a second. Then she said: "All right. I'll get a steamer rug. Meet you topside in five minutes."

"Right."

The door closed. The steward came by and handed Larkin an envelope. Larkin tore it open. The radiogram read:

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CONGRATULATIONS ART BONNER MURDER
YARN BROKE NEW YORK PM FINALS GRAB-
BING EIGHT BANNERS COAST TO COAST FILE
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BEFORE HONOLULU FEDERALS BOARDING
QUARANTINE ARREST GIRL BEASLEY

LARKIN was leaning against the rail smoking a cigarette when Dorothy came past on her way to the upper deck. He was standing in the shadow and she did not see him. He had a terrific urge to leap up the stairs after that—but he didn't. His pulse beat lyrically at the thought of the twosome to which she had agreed so readily, yet he knew he ought to dread the interview. He did dread it, in a way. There was a showdown coming, and whatever the issue, he was bound to lose. If he opened his heart to her, poured out his real feelings, he would go on playing the blind stooge until he stuck his neck into the same noose that was waiting for the girl at Honolulu. If he quit playing the meek fall guy and hoisted his true colors, they would seem like enemy colors; he would probably never kiss her again. And at this moment he wanted very much to kiss her, wanted to hold her in his arms more than he had ever wanted any woman in all his life.

He stood a long time looking at the sea, until his cigarette burned down to his lips. At last he tossed the stub away and climbed to the little promenade deck.

Dorothy was stretched out in a rattan steamer chair with a Hudson Bay blanket tucked about her knees.

"You've kept me waiting, darling," she said.

It was a light and casual "darling," probably without significance, but to Larkin it had a warm, melodious sound. Her hand, too, was warm as he grasped it.

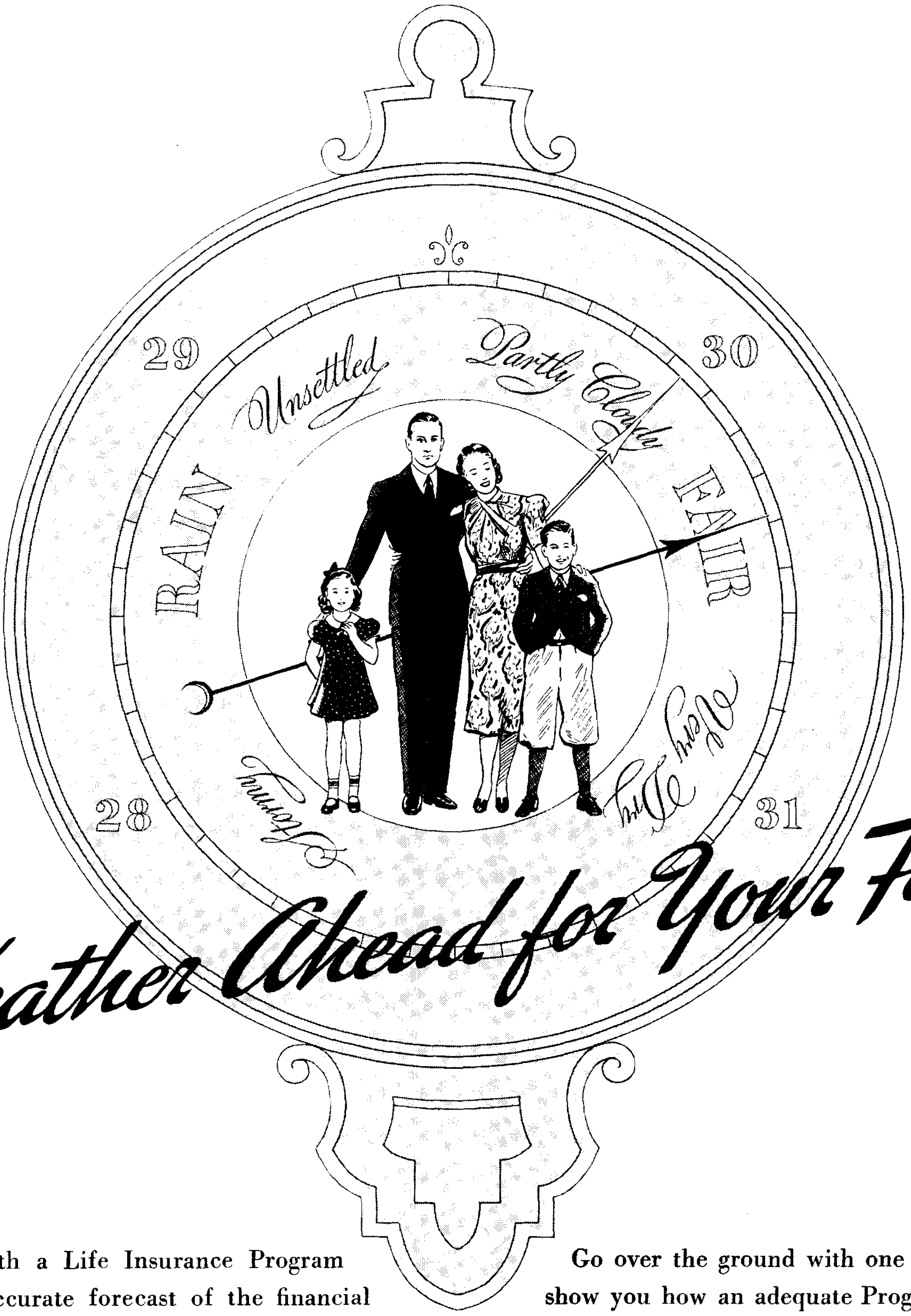
"Then I hope you're furious with me," he said. "It will set the mood for what I've got to say."

He still held her hand as he sat down beside her.

"Of course I'm not furious." Her voice was deep and exciting tonight. "I wanted to be by myself for a while. I've been lying here and thinking. I've been thinking a lot. Too much. So much that it frightens me. So I was just going to stop thinking. I was going to lie here, watch the stars come out, and wait. Wait for you, darling, because I want to talk. Do you mind being father confessor, darling?"

Larkin squeezed her hand. "I'm a born listener," he said. "Do you—?"

"Don't ask questions, darling. Not yet. I want to answer my own questions first. I can't go on feeling like a huge



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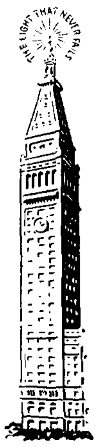
THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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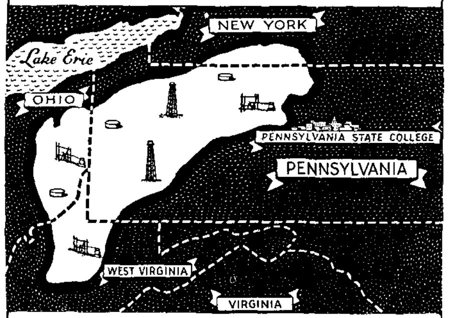

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"And you didn't?"

"I didn't even know the questions. I'd been drifting along in a pleasant haze of dumb contentment. I didn't even know I wasn't happy. I hadn't thought about it. It took the brutal end of another life to make me question my own. I was horrified at first to think the shock of father's death might be responsible for my happiness . . ."

She paused.

"How did your father make you unhappy?" Larkin asked.

"He didn't. Oh, he didn't. It wasn't his fault. He thought he was making me very happy, and I thought so too. Father was just like everybody else, I guess. He struggled and schemed and built all his life on the idea that having money and spending it was all anybody needed to be happy. And he was convinced that he was making me happy because he gave me everything I wanted, everything that money could buy. He would have bought me the best husband in the market. It was just an accident that I didn't happen to want any man badly enough to let father buy him. I get cold all over when I think I might have—only a year ago."

"So he bought you Mr. Charles Frayle, all wrapped in cellophane?" Larkin tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice.

THE girl turned her head quickly. She seemed to be studying Larkin's face in the darkness for a long time before she said slowly:

"I'm glad you asked that question, darling. I wanted you to ask it. I owe you an explanation."

"You don't owe me an explanation."

"Then I owe myself one. Are you tired of listening already?"

"No, go ahead. Tell me all about dear Mr. Frayle."

"First may I have a cigarette, darling?"

The flame from Larkin's lighter molded the girl's face in soft, mobile contours. Her eyes were watching him from deep shadows as her fingers steadied his hand, then curled about his thumb as the light went out.

"I met Charlie Frayle," she said, "about five years ago in Japan. I was in Yokohama with Father for the spring and summer. Charlie came down from Mukden. He was a mining engineer, and had been surveying iron deposits near Kirin for some British interests when the Japanese moved into Manchuria and took over the British concessions. So Charlie was out of a job.

"He made a big impression on Father. He knew all about silk and the trend of the market—more than you'd expect of a mining man. He told Father he'd better hedge on silk and brought him a proposition that interested Dad a lot.

"The Disarmament Conference had just gone to pieces in Geneva, and the whole world—particularly Japan—was getting ready to build more battleships and guns. Charlie pointed out that there was going to be a tremendous demand for vanadium, because vanadium increases toughness and elasticity and tensile strength of steel for armor plate, and what not. For a relatively small investment, Charlie said, Dad could tie up half the world's available supply of vanadium.

"Dad took him with us when we came back to the States a month later. There was a conference in San Francisco. I wasn't in on it, naturally, so I can't tell you the details. But I think General Rodriguez was there. Anyhow, Dad's investment apparently consisted in backing the general's *coup d'état*."

"So the *coup d'état* was successful and P. G. Bonner was given concessions to vast vanadium deposits in Peru?" Larkin prompted.

"Yes. Charlie was in South America most of the time during the next few years, but I saw him now and then in Washington and New York. Once he flew up just to spend a week end—because it was my birthday . . ."

"So you fell in love with him."

"Not exactly, darling. I don't think I've ever been in love with him. In fact, I'm sure I wasn't. I was intrigued. I still am. Charlie's a fascinating person. He's fun to be with and to listen to. He's like no man I'd ever known before. I admired his way of looking at life, and I respected his independence. I still do. Father wanted to make him a sort of partner, in charge of the New York office, but he refused. He said, 'I'm going to marry Dorothy, but I'm not going to be tied to anybody's purse strings. I want a wife, not an endowment policy. She'll share the kind of life I lead, and she'll become accustomed to the manner in which I can support her.'

"I didn't really decide to marry him, until after . . . after Father died. I was converted to his philosophy then. If happiness didn't consist in just having money and spending it, it must lie in the making of money. Father was happy in making money. I'd be like him. I'd make my own happiness, my own money, my own life. I'd string along with Charlie . . ."

"When *do* you marry him?" Larkin broke in.

"Never." The girl threw away her cigarette.

Larkin sat up. He said: "That sounds like a mighty long engagement. Does Frayle approve?"

"He doesn't know yet," Dorothy replied. "I've just found out myself."

"I get it. Antigone, vindictively faithful to the dead Polynices."

"My Sophocles is a little hazy, darling," the girl said. "But if you mean that I've been shocked out of the idea of marriage because I suspect Charlie might have killed Arthur, you're wrong. At least partly wrong."

"Then . . . what changed your mind?"

"The realization," the girl said softly, "that if I married Charlie I probably wouldn't be faithful to him. Charlie loves me, and I thought that was enough to make a marriage work. I'd never been really in love before, and I thought being loved was a strong-enough bond—as much as I could hope for. But it isn't. I know now that it isn't."

"When," asked Larkin, "did you make this discovery?"

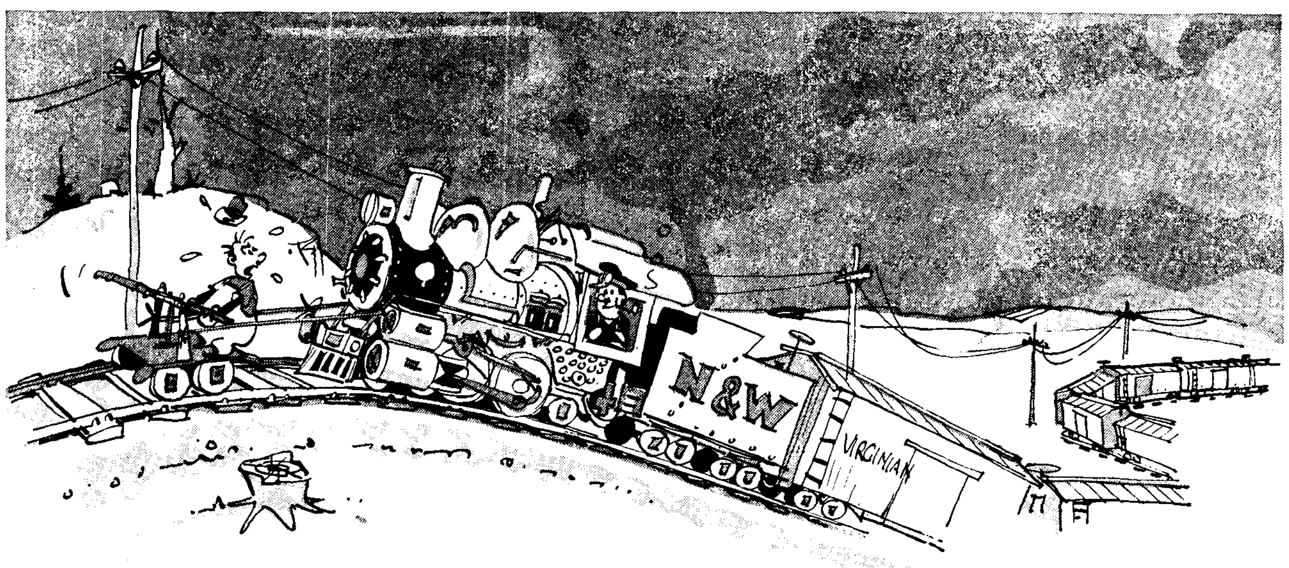
"Last night—when you kissed me. And this morning . . . when I saw Arthur lying on the deck—and you came over to me. Why is it, darling, that death makes life so suddenly distinct and real and important? Because in that moment this morning the thing I could see most clearly was not that Arthur was dead, but that I was alive and that I wanted terribly to be near you and—"

She stopped, her words smothered under the turbulent suddenness of Larkin's kiss, her breath crushed out by the vehemence of his embrace. His arms swept around her, lifted her body to him with a primitive, inexorable force like the surge of the sea. Her lips burned against his for a long, hungry moment. Then she was limp in his arms, deliciously faint as the storm of his kisses rose with fierce tenderness. He was kissing her cheeks, her eyelids, her hair . . . Time stood still, then came flooding back from eternity, slowly, gently, indistinctly . . .

THE Hudson Bay blanket had fallen to the deck. Larkin was lying in the girl's chair, and Dorothy was twisted into a happy knot close against him. Her lips, under the angle of his rugged jaw, whispered, "Darling. Darling." The tone was no longer light and casual.

Larkin said: "Has it occurred to you, adorable, that I love you so much that I can't even think straight?"

The girl made a small contented sound that hummed against Larkin's throat. Then there was a long silence. Larkin was aware of an exquisite sense of calm; of the fragrance of the girl's hair blowing softly against his cheek; of the masthead light sketching slow, gentle circles against the stars; of the



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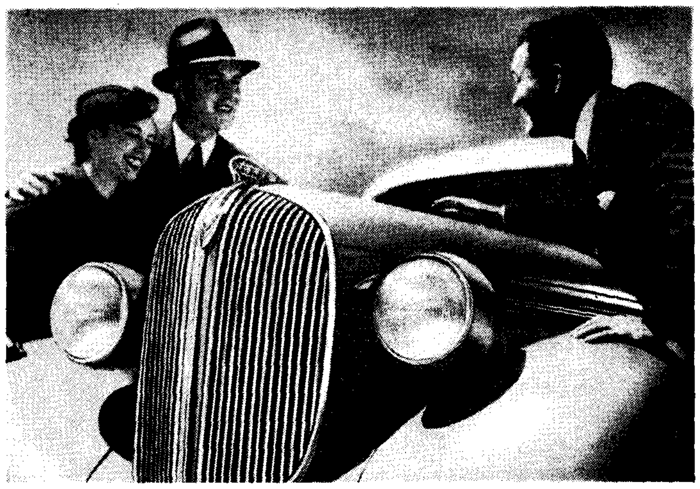

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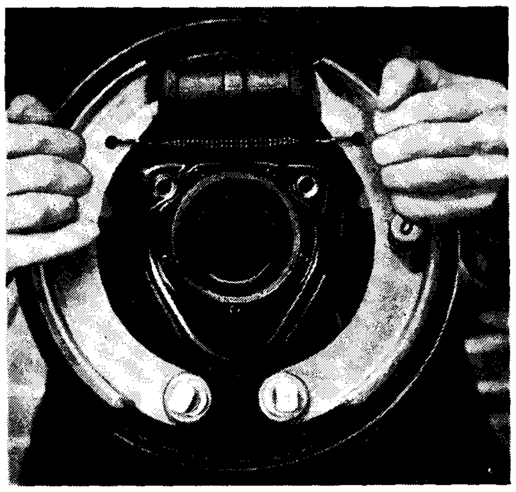

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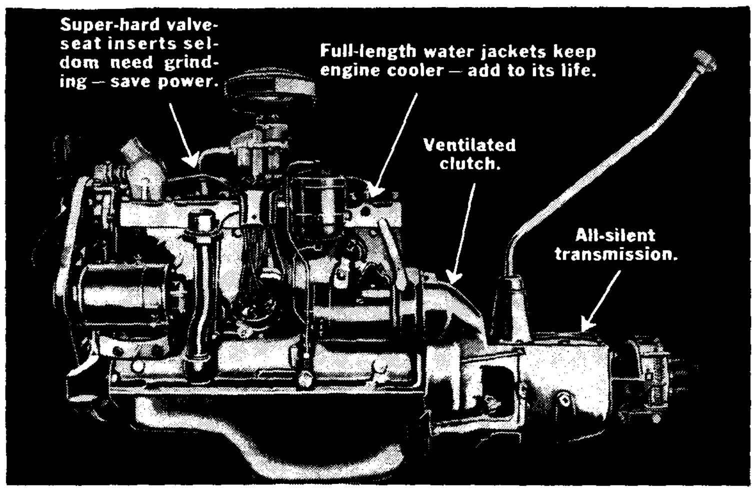
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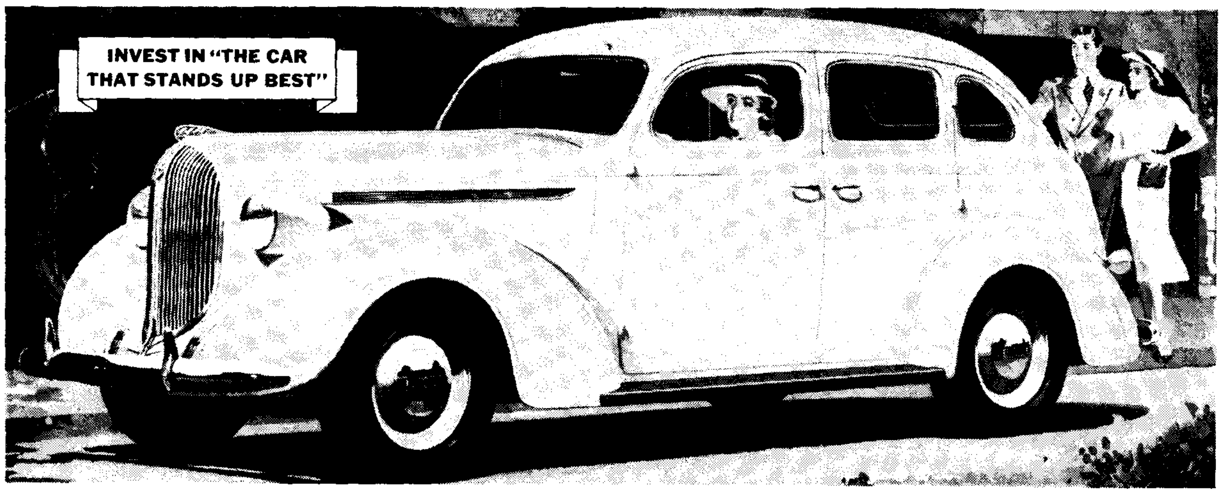
INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

8 **The 1938 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with trunk** delivers in Detroit for only $815—other models as low as $645—including Federal taxes. State, local taxes not included. See this big Plymouth at your nearest Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer today! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

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GET THE MOST FOR LOW PRICE

WITHOUT THIS MODER
NO ONE IS COMPLETEL

All America is demanding greater highway safety. Goodyear's answer is a radically different kind of tire designed to meet 1938 driving conditions. This modern tire is no longer merely a casing and a tube. It is, instead, a casing and a Goodyear LifeGuard— the only infallible protection against the peril of blowouts! It completes the safety of your car—finishes the job begun by four-wheel brakes, safety glass and all-steel bodies. LifeGuard's original cost is somewhat higher. But no other tire equipment can save you so much!*

FIRST CHOICE OF THE WORLD—PLUS

The finest casing you can buy wears the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. *For 23 years it has been the world's first choice:* more people ride on Goodyears than on any other kind.

In this finest casing Goodyear gives you the **ALL-WEATHER TREAD**, most popular non-skid design ever developed, **CENTER TRACTION**, with grip where you need it most, **MAXIMUM CARCASS DURABILITY**, with Supertwist cord in every ply, *the closest thing to blowout prevention that can be built in any casing.*

Now, by adding the matchless blowout protection of LifeGuards to these other Goodyear advantages, we provide in the really *modern* tire a combination of *utility* and *safety* not to be had elsewhere at any price!

THREE times in the past Goodyear has answered a great public demand with a new tire development so basic that it has revolutionized the whole industry.

Successively it met the cry for greater *convenience*, greater *mileage*, greater *comfort* and *economy* with the straight-side tire, the multiple-cord tire, the pneumatic truck tire—*all three pioneered by Goodyear!*

Today the terrible toll of dead and injured on America's highways has united the whole nation in demanding one thing more —SAFETY! Safety that meets the challenge of faster cars and swifter, denser traffic. *Positive, continuous, infallible* SAFETY that functions as long as the tire remains in use!

LONG experience proves that no such *unfailing* safety can be built into *any* casing—not even Goodyears which are so markedly superior in stamina and durability that they outsell any other make in the world!

That is because the farther any casing runs, the thinner its tread wears, the weaker its carcass becomes — *increasing the danger of a violent tire failure with every mile!*

Obviously, the solution lies in some new principle of tire design—some *sure* means of retaining air in even the most mileage-worn casing.

NOW Goodyear meets this vital need with its fourth historic advance in tire engineering. Now Goodyear pioneers the first *completely* safe tire—one in which the conventional inner tube is replaced by an invulnerable safety member that provides absolute protection against any tire failure—the Goodyear LifeGuard.

Like an inner tube the LifeGuard is mounted inside the casing.

But utterly unlike any other tire-inflation unit in the world, LifeGuards contain a floating unpuncturable reserve inner air chamber that acts as a spare tire—always

Quality tells, the world o
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOOD
TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KI

in place on your rims—always ready t safeguard your life when a casing suddenl fails!

Even if a casing is ripped wide open th LifeGuard retains enough air to keep you car under perfect control without th slightest lurch or sidesway — *enough ai to hold the casing on the wheel, hol the car on the road until you can slo down to a safe, easy, straight-ahea stop!*

LifeGuards make the most violent blow

GOODYEA

TIRE SAFE!

*LIFEGUARD consists of a reserve two-ply inner tire *inside* a regular tube, both inflated by the same valve. When the casing blows out, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car without lurching until you can come to a safe stop.

Available for
CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES,
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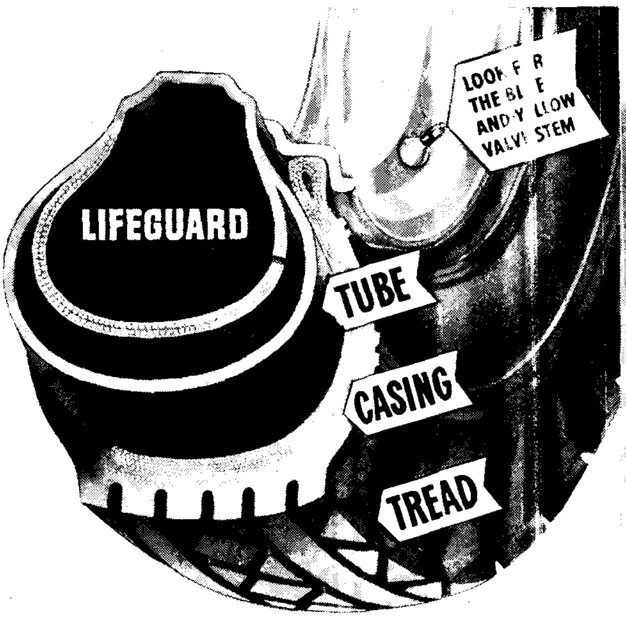
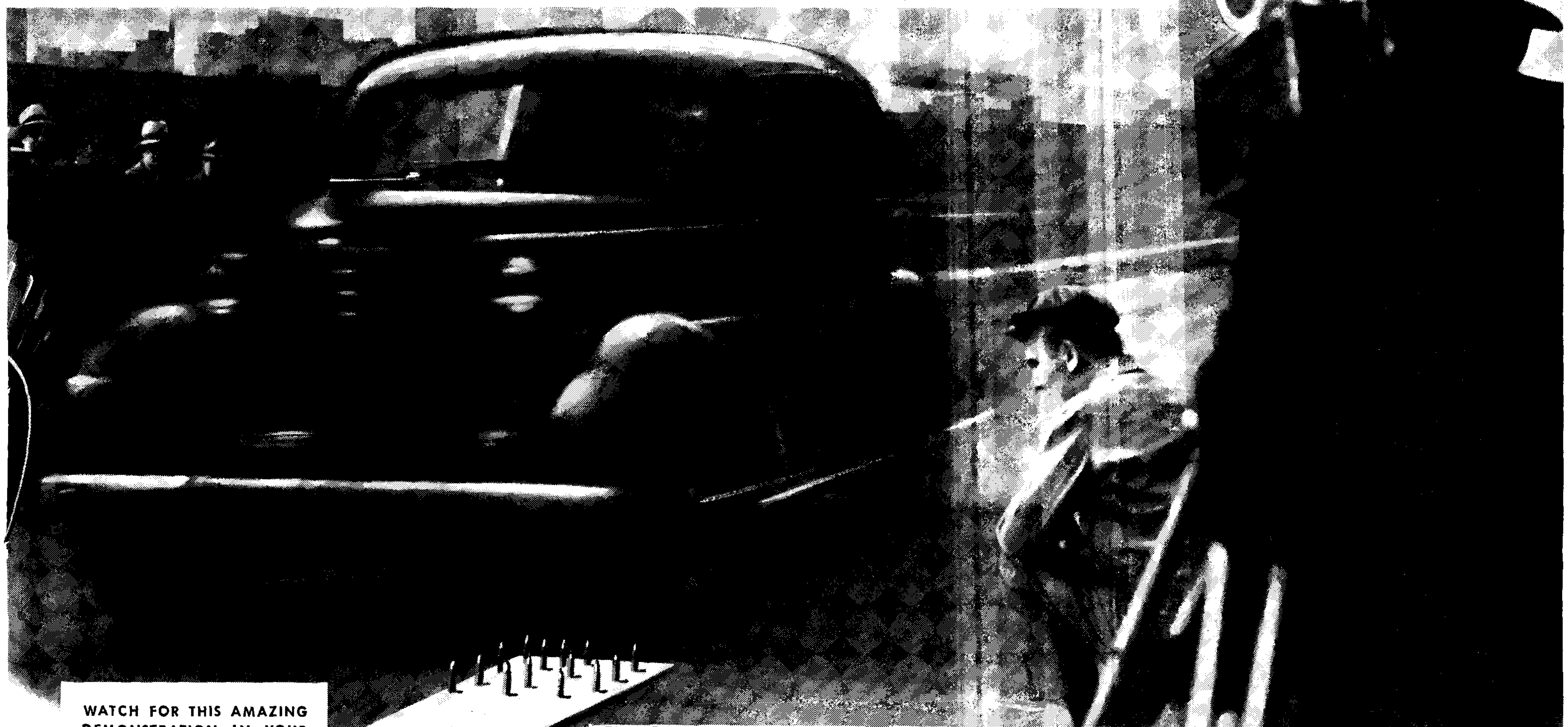
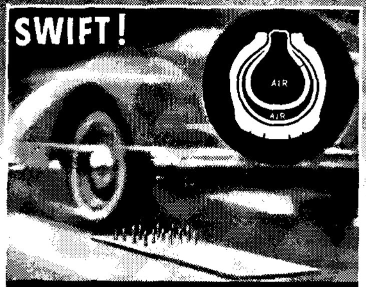
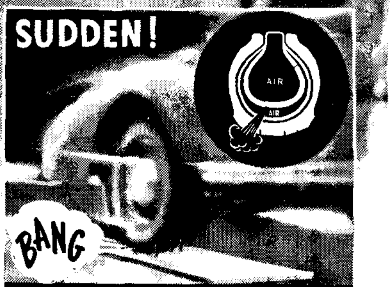




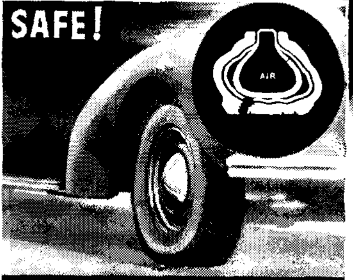
WATCH FOR THIS AMAZING DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR VICINITY. See Goodyear test drivers speed over giant spikes at 60—rip huge holes in their casings—and safely stop with LifeGuards still inflated.



Today's cars and today's traffic pace are faster than ever before



Blowouts come without warning, and the danger increases with speed



LifeGuards give you time to bring the car to a safe straightline stop

out as harmless as a slow leak—as countless letters from thankful motorists testify.

How long do LifeGuards give you this sure safety? As long as you run your tires! The floating inner spare is not exposed to wear—it does not weaken or grow thin with use. It cannot be punctured by the biggest spike that pierces through the casing; it just "floats" around it.

After 30 miles or 30,000 LifeGuard tires are ready to save you from disaster. And they cut your tire expense by enabling you to drive the last mile out of your casings—*with absolute safety!*

That is why we say no tire is *truly* modern that lacks this infallible safety feature; why no one is *completely* safe without it. Even in Goodyears, the world's first-choice tires, we say: install LifeGuards—*because you can't buy better protection to save your life!*

LIFEGUARD

LIFEGUARD, *a registered trade-mark of* The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, *fully protected by patents.*

ship's lone funnel far aft, flinging up a galaxy of sparks.

"Sweetheart?" Larkin was first to speak.

"Yes, darling."

"You do love me a little?"

"No, darling." The girl shook her head. "Lots."

"Do you know how much I love you?"

"No, darling. I know that I'm in a complete dither over you. And that's all I know. It's funny," she went on, "but that's really all I do know—about you." She sat up suddenly, looked at him long and intently. "And yet I must have loved you pretty much from the first time I saw you, from the very moment of our midnight sailing, because I've been so ready to let my instincts lead me right to you, and so quick to trust you. After all, even knowing practically nothing about you, I did hand over my fate and my future to you when I gave you that envelope last night."

Damn that envelope, thought Larkin. She would have to bring that up now. He was beginning to be glad someone had stolen it from him, glad that it no longer stood between them. But there was no escaping it, apparently. May as well face it now.

"That envelope," he began.

"That envelope," the girl interrupted, "is my career and my new life. It's the daughter of Pongee Bonner emerging as a person in her own right. It's my reason for being on this ship, going back to the East."

"But why," Larkin demanded, "are you so set on doubling the Bonner fortune?"

Dorothy reached up and caressed Larkin's cheek. She laughed—a little wistfully.

"There isn't any fortune, darling," she said.

"None?"

"Not a cent. That's why Father killed himself."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positive. So now you won't love me any more?"

"More than ever," Larkin said. But there was doubt in his voice. What about the charred blueprints that the police had found in the Bonner incinerator in Washington? . . .

"YOU see," Dorothy explained, "Pongee Bonner, the silk king, had his throne shot out from under him. Silk was worth five dollars a pound in 1929. The quotation was one dollar and sixty-eight cents the day Dad died. The old empire had been crumbling steadily, and there was nothing left but ruins—and debts. He wrote me a letter. 'Your only legacy, my dearest girl, is my love and my insurance. My only comfort is that I am worth more dead than alive . . .' "

"What happened to the letter?" Larkin demanded.

"I tore it up, of course."

"Why 'of course'? You might have spared yourself a lot of unpleasantness if you'd made it public."

"How, darling?" the girl countered. "It would have done nobody any good—except those ghoulish newspaper reporters. It was nobody's business but mine. And I didn't want another pack of gigolos around me, baying after the insurance money—not even for the pleasure of telling them that it's all gone to pay Father's debts."

"All?"

"All but just enough to finance the contracts of the Pan-American Vanadium Corporation."

"Now listen, adorable." Larkin sat up. There was no getting around those naval ordnance photostats. The mood was gone anyhow, the intoxication of the past half hour destroyed by the sober conflict of facts. He was coldly, deplorably rational again. "I thought you told me you trusted me," he said.

"I can't tell you now, Louise—she's right in the next room"

KIRK STILES

"Of course I trust you, darling."

"Not completely. Not enough to tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

"So help me God, I have."

"You skipped the part about the blueprints," Larkin said.

"What . . . what blueprints?"

"The U. S. Navy blueprints of the new antiaircraft gun," said Larkin. "The ones that were burned in your father's Washington apartment the day he shot himself."

THERE was a stunned silence. The girl's hands were cold as she eagerly, fearfully, grasped his. She asked: "How did you know about that?"

"Sweetheart, I love you," Larkin said, "but I'm not a downright simpleton. Even a man in love can't ignore his fiancée traveling second class, obviously for the purpose of escaping notice; your ex-convict brother coming aboard in a coffin; your brother murdered—"

"How did you know we burned the blueprints . . . ?"

"The police lab analyzed the ashes. It was on the press wires the night we sailed," said Larkin.

"But surely, darling, you can't think Father had anything to do with taking those blueprints. It's ridiculous. Father was too big a man to engage in petty espionage like that!" The girl spoke rapidly, desperately.

"Then how did the blueprints get into his apartment?"

"I can't imagine how. They may have been planted there—to frame him—to make that senator's story seem true!"

"It's not likely," said Larkin, "that those plans would be left lying around so carelessly, if they are as important as the Navy seems to think. Were they destroyed before or after your father was killed?"

"After. They were beside him on his desk when . . . when we found him."

"In that case, doesn't it occur to you that he might have been trying deliberately to create the impression that he was guilty?"

"Why would he do that?"

"To protect someone he thought was involved. Someone he loved. You, for instance."

"But that's ridiculous!"

"Is it? Isn't it true that you're a friend of the Japanese naval attaché in Washington?"

"Yes, of course I know him. His sister was a classmate of mine at Vassar."

"Then it's not so impossible that someone might have convinced Pongee Bonner that his daughter was caught up in the very intrigue that he himself was blamed for."

"It does seem possible, darling, now that you point it out. . . . But why—"

"Who burned the blueprints?"

"I did."

"Who made the photostats?"

"What photostats, darling?"

"You know that as well as I do," Larkin said.

"DARLING, I don't know what you're talking about."

"All right, skip it. But tell me this: When you gave me that envelope last night, who were you hiding it from and why?"

"From General Rodriguez. I'd been warned that the general might try to freeze me out of the Vanadium combination. I suspected that his story of being robbed of his agreement was just a ruse to try to locate mine. He'd claim it was his—the one he reported stolen—then destroy it. He was anxious to appear as sole concessionaire."

Larkin thought for a while. Then he asked: "What did your brother have in his pockets that might have interested the man Millie Greeve saw bending over the body?"

Dorothy shuddered. Larkin could feel the tremor run through her body. She said: "I don't know. Do . . . do you really think it was Charlie Frayle that Millie saw?"

"I got the impression that it was Hood she saw," Larkin said. "I had a long talk with Hood before dinner. He says your father owned a valuable collection of Japanese color prints."

"That's true," Dorothy said. "Oriental art was a hobby of Dad's and he spent a good deal of money on it. But apparently his collection of prints was not as valuable as he thought."

"Meaning what?"

"Well, I guess Father wasn't quite the connoisseur that he fancied himself. He used to say he had invested more than a hundred thousand dollars in his collection of color prints and that they were actually worth double that. Just before I left for the Pacific Coast, Mr. Pendenning, Father's attorney, had the collection appraised by an expert. The appraiser set the outside figure at thirty thousand."

"THAT'S enlightening," said Larkin. "Perhaps . . ." He paused, lit a cigarette, puffed thoughtfully for several seconds. Then he asked. "Was the print collection in New York?"

"Yes."

"You don't know whether Jeremy Hood ever came to your place in New York?"

"No, I don't."

"Was your brother ever there—since his graduation from Ossining, I mean?"

"Arthur . . . Well, yes. Arthur wouldn't come when Father was there, of course, because he knew Father wouldn't let him in. But he came to see me several times when Father was out of town."

"The servants let him in when he came to see you?" Larkin asked.

"The butler would let him in," the girl said. "Omori has been with us since Arthur was a little boy, and I think he liked him. At least he was sorry for him."

Larkin exhaled a slow, pensive cloud of smoke.

"Now that," he said, "sounds as though we might be going somewhere."

"Where, darling?"

"Where?" Larkin seemed startled out of a reverie by the echo of his own question. "Why, to Japan, I suppose—with Jeremy Hood's chromo-xylographs."

"Mr. Hood isn't taking color prints *to* Japan?"

"He is. And I think tomorrow morning you and I might call and have a look at them. You won't mind—will you?—going with me to see Mr. Hood's prints. After all, they're not etchings . . ."

"Of course I'll go with you. But why?"

"Maybe for no reason at all," Larkin said. "But I would like to watch the old man's expression when I tell him that P. G. Bonner's daughter wants to see his Ten Chinese Poets by Hokusai."

Larkin flicked his cigarette away into the darkness. He was startled to see the luminous curve of the trajectory suddenly explode in mid-air, showering sparks to the deck. Shuffling feet scraped the planks.

Dorothy Bonner gasped: "Who's that?"

Larkin saw movement in the night, thought he recognized a familiar form.

"I imagine," he said, "that it's our ubiquitous Mr. Frayle."

(To be continued next week)

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"COMPTOMETER" does master job for Zenith

THE YOUNG LADY (right) probably doesn't realize that behind the golden tones of her new 1938 Zenith Radio there's an intricate organization . . . with intricate figure-work problems. Behind every figure on Zenith Radio dials, there are thousands of figures on production costs, sales, etc. And all these figures are handled on the "Comptometer"!

22 YEARS AGO the Zenith Radio Corporation started using "Comptometers." Pictured below is one of Zenith's present "Comptometer" batteries — well-lighted, pleasant and efficient. Mr. Samuel Kaplan, Assistant Treasurer, says, "All of our figure work is handled on the 'Comptometer.' This includes costs, payroll, expense distribution, sales analysis, general accounting and statistical work. Our experience over 22 years convinces us that we can turn out our figure work quicker and at less expense with the 'Comptometer.' "

IF YOUR BUSINESS is in need of more economical, fast-moving and flexible methods of handling figure work, a "Comptometer" representative can show you (in your own office, on your own job) how modern "Comptometer" methods save precious minutes and dollars. Telephone your local "Comptometer" office . . . or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE MODEL K "COMPTOMETER"

COMPTOMETER

Trade-Mark of Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Winds of Freedom Blow

Continued from page 15

said reproachfully. "She is in the library. She is making a memorandum of what she wishes upon her tombstone."

Horace and the Misses Pomsby looked as if they wanted to run, but Maud stood firm.

"We will all go in together," she announced. "It's better for us to tell her ourselves than to have him walk in upon her alone. Come, Tookie."

They filed in. When they entered, Lavinia put down her pen and stood up. She said, "Well-l-l-l, what is it? Don't stand there, all of you—what is it?"

Maud said, "Now, Mother, sit down."

Sarah said, "Lavinia, try to take this calmly. Promise us you won't faint."

"Have I ever fainted? Ridiculous! Hayes—what is the meaning of this absurd performance?"

Hayes said, "Jim's coming home after all these years. His wire arrived only an hour ago. He's coming this afternoon. He asked me to tell you that he would come to see you at once."

LAVINIA sat down suddenly. For a moment she looked as if she would crumble away. Then she picked up her cane and banged it on the floor for Collins.

"Collins," she told him, "if an impostor calling himself Jim Pomsby comes to the door, you will tell him that I am well informed of the fact that the Jim Pomsby who was my brother is dead."

"But, Lavinia," Hayes said, "are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I have never communicated with Jim, nor he with me, but I asked my agent in London to inform me if Jim should ever get into such difficulty as to find it impossible to extricate himself."

She looked at them belligerently.

"Well—" she said dryly, "he did. He got himself killed in Spain some months ago in a war that was distinctly none of his business. Sit down. Now that you're here, we shall have tea."

They sat down, Hayes weak as a kitten. If Lavinia said Jim was dead, he was dead. Hayes wished he hadn't sent that cable. He felt sorry for the impostor who had answered it.

So did the rest of the family. They balanced their tea cups, ears cocked for the doorbell. At last it rang.

There was a moment of utter silence. Then the Pomsbys heard Collins go to the door and open it. They heard a big voice—a man's voice—say, "I'm Jim Pomsby."

They heard Collins answer, "Your sister, Lavinia, wishes me to inform you, sir, that you are dead."

They heard then an awful sound—a laugh, big and long. Then Jim Pomsby strode into the room.

Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. It was Jim, all right, but Jim of twenty-five years ago. The same big frame. The same red hair. The same stubborn jaw.

He walked straight to Lavinia. He said, "Madam, my father presents his compliments."

Lavinia said, "That's like James. Always dilatory. Did he send me a message?"

"He said to tell you that he was sorry . . ."

"Yes," said Lavinia hopefully.

"That you were such stubborn old fools neither one of you would give in."

"Stubborn old fools indeed!" said Lavinia. "Well-l-l-l, he was right. Tell me—how did he die?"

"Just as he wished. He came to a beautiful end. Standing up, he was, and no doubt swearing."

Lavinia chuckled. "Jim was always one to fight," she said. "If you saw dust flying three blocks down the street, you knew he was in the middle of it. And your mother?"

"My mother was English. She died when I was a little boy."

"Hmmmm . . . and why did he not send you home to be educated?"

"He said he did not wish to expose me to the Pomsbys until I was old enough to stand up to them."

"He said that?"

"And sure, old lady, but he did."

"Don't call me old lady, and where did you get that brogue?"

"I have no brogue."

"And I say you have."

"And I say I haven't. I am well educated. My father saw to that. He sent me a year to the university in Spain, and another in Germany and another in France, and a fourth in Dublin—for the languages."

"A year in Dublin for the languages?"

Jim laughed. "No, my darlin'," he said. "That year was for the blarney and the fight, two things my father esteemed highly."

Lavinia stood up.

"Now that you have come, you must meet the family. They are all here."

"It will be a pleasure. They are all known to me. Even this house is familiar. I have heard so much about it."

He took her arm, and they walked forward prepared to make the rounds of the Pomsbys. First his eyes fixed themselves on the pictures above the mantel. It was a large painting of a woman reclining on a sofa.

"There," he said with triumph, "you see? I even know her. That's the oil Old Sam bought in Paris the time he bought the stag."

Lavinia leaned on his arm, and did an awful thing. She giggled. No, she didn't laugh. She giggled.

"I remember it well," she said. "When she came, she hadn't a stitch on her. People came for miles to see her, but when the Purity League began to reform San Francisco, it raised such a rumpus Sam had to hire an artist to paint on a dress."

IT WAS an awful moment for the Pomsbys. They were being unsmugged. They were being shaken to the roots, and here was Lavinia helping to do it. She took Jim to each of them now, explaining the relationship.

"And this girl?" Jim asked, when they came to Tookie. "Big Jim did not mention her. It must be that he did not know her. He was not a man to overlook one so lovely."

Tookie flushed. Lavinia said, "She is Hayes' and Maud's daughter, my grandchild, Tookie."

"Then she is my cousin."

"Your half cousin, once removed."

"A situation calling for a kiss. Yes, distinctly for a kiss."

"Well, kiss her," said Lavinia brusquely, "and stop talking about it."

He kissed her.

"And this is Paul Hodgins," said Lavinia. "The man Tookie will marry."

Jim looked at Hodgins' son, and then at Tookie.

"Why don't you say 'the man Tookie loves'?" he asked.

"And why should I?"

"It sounds better." He stood looking down at her. "Lavinia," he said slowly, "have you been up to your old tricks?"

"Nonsense. I have no tricks."

"Look at me. Hmmmm—it is true. I can see it in your eyes."

"I haven't the slightest notion of what you are talking."

"Then I will remind you. I will remind you of the time you tried to pick Big Jim's wife, and made him so mad he walked out and never came back."

So that was why Lavinia and Big Jim had fought so bitterly. The lesser Pomsbys knew at last. They stared at Lavinia. How would she take this? What would she do?

Up went Lavinia's head, and bang went her cane as a signal for Collins to come quickly. He must have been waiting in the hall for just such an emergency, because he bobbed in like a jack from its box.

"Collins. You will show this insolent young man out."

Jim followed Collins to the hall door, and turned.

"I sailed over from Honolulu in a boat I built myself. It is moored at the yacht harbor. I shall be pleased to welcome any of you aboard." He addressed the family, but his eyes were for Tookie. Then he went out. The door closed behind him. There was a calm, the more dreadful for the preceding storm.

Sarah recovered first.

"Lavinia, my dear," she said, "you mustn't let yourself be upset. You mustn't let Jim's son spoil the life that is left you."

"Sarah," said Lavinia, "I don't wish to disappoint you, but I haven't the slightest intention of dying. Not now. You understand, each of you, that I shall consider any courtesy extended to this—this relative of ours a personal affront to me."

Horace said, "But, Lavinia—do you think that's fair? I—I rather liked him. He's got spunk."

"And, Lavinia," said Amelia, "I don't think he really meant to be impudent. I agree with Horace."

Hayes couldn't believe his ears. Well, the family had always been one to rush to the help of the unjustly treated. Lavinia ought to know that.

Only Maud stood firm. She said, "Mother is quite right. He is an impossible young upstart, and I for one shall not permit him in my house."

"And you, Tookie?" asked Lavinia.

They all looked at Tookie. Her eyes were bright. Her color was high.

"Well—" she said with a shaky laugh, "you have to admit one thing, Gram. He certainly knows how to kiss a girl."

Maud said, "Tookie, don't be vulgar."

Hayes watched Tookie closely.

The Pomsbys had been on a rampage for a month. For once it looked as if Lavinia had outdone herself. She had lost her subtle touch, and been so outrageously unfair to young Jim that the family had rushed to his aid.

Right in broad daylight Horace marched down to see him. When she heard about that Lavinia marched down to see Horace. What ensued, nobody quite knew. It was said that Horace had told her to take her money and go sit on it. Anyway, he had not touched a drop in a month.

Thus encouraged, Sarah and Amelia had scuttled down in a taxi like a couple of frightened mice to see Jim also. And when Lavinia came right out and asked them if they had seen him, they had said yes. It was said that Lavinia had done some super cane-banging, but for once Sarah and Amelia did not wilt.

Hayes stood back and watched all this with pleasure. The winds of freedom had worked themselves into a typhoon all right, except for Maud. Maud was as smug as ever. Lavinia herself looked remarkably spry. She focused all her attention upon Tookie. She and Maud held consultations upon Tookie's trousseau, her furniture, her house, and her life. They decided them all with some slight assistance from young Hodgins.

WHAT Tookie thought of all this, Hayes could not guess. He knew that she, too, had been down to Jim's boat, because once he saw her initialed compact lying in the galley. She did not mention his name, and when Hayes tried to question Jim, that young man shut up like a clam. Tookie seemed detached.

Hayes watched her quietly, and sometimes he found her watching him.

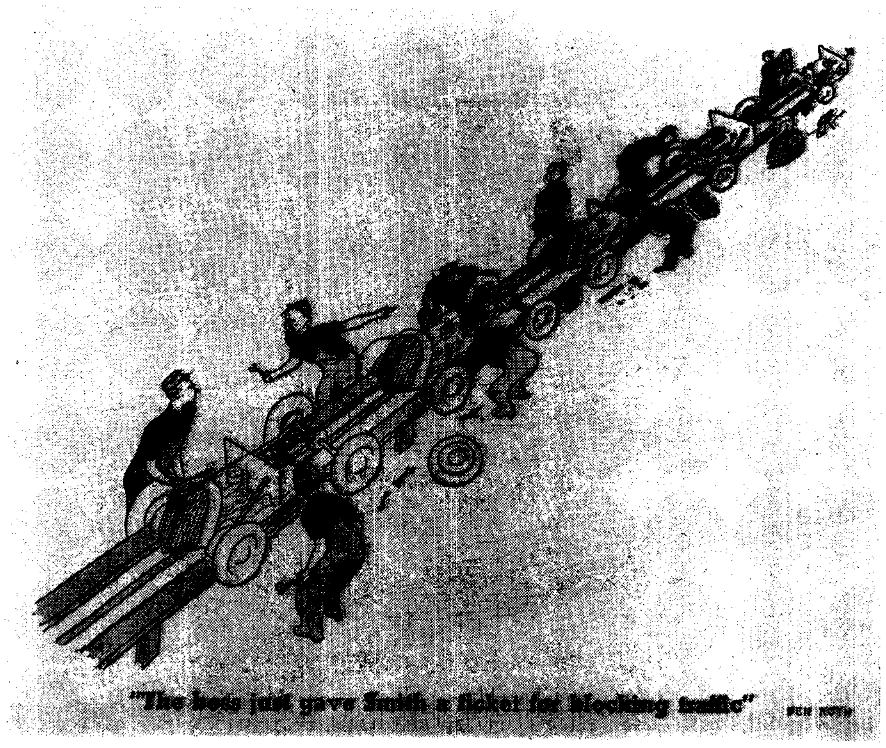
Then one afternoon, Jim called Hayes and told him he was sailing in the morning. Hayes went down to tell him goodby. Horace had been there, and so had Sarah and Amelia. Lavinia had not. She had not seen him since that first meeting. When he called her house, he was told she was not at home.

That night Hayes couldn't sleep. He kept thinking of Jim sailing away in the early morning. The family would go back to being smug again now. Lavinia would make her peace. Tookie would marry young Hodgins and grow more like Maud every day. Yes—and Horace would hide again in dark corners, where the old girl couldn't see his eyes.

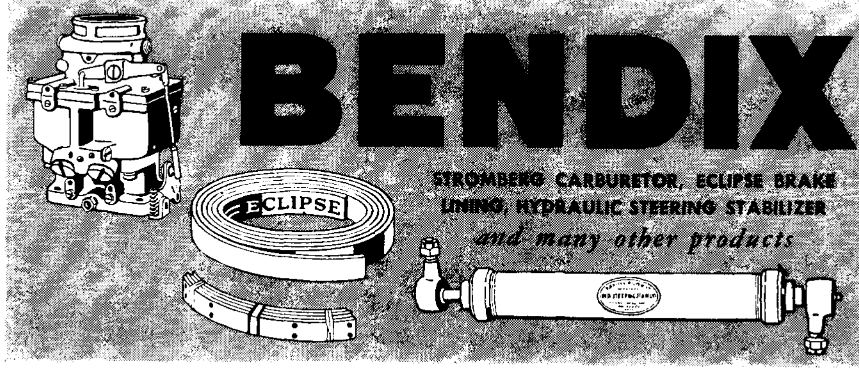
Hayes couldn't sleep. Finally he got up and started downstairs for his pipe. In the hall opposite Tookie's door, he stopped. She was crying. There, in the dark, she was crying her heart out.

He rapped on the door softly and entered. He hadn't done a thing like this for years. Tookie turned on the bed light.

"You don't need to ask what's the



"The boss just gave Smith a ticket for blocking traffic"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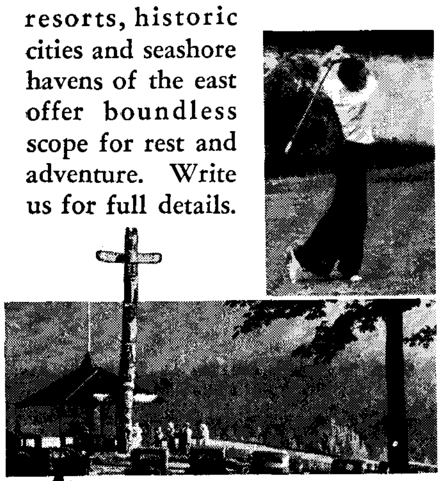


CANADIAN
TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA - CANADA

matter," she said. "I'll tell you. I'm in love with Jim Pomsby. Here I have a nice secure life all mapped out for me, and I don't want it. Can't you just see Gram's face, if she knew that—and Mother's?"

Hayes said, "Does he love you, Tookie?"

"Yes, but I sent him away. After all, I'm a Pomsby, and when a Pomsby gives her word, she keeps it."

"Even if she's been pushed into it?"

"Then you think Gram did push me into it?"

"Of course I do. Listen to me, Tookie. I don't want you to have a complacent marriage. There's more to it than that. I want you to keep the doors open on your life so the air can get in—if you're big enough to take it."

"Oh, Dad . . ."

"I always wanted a son, Tookie, who would go out into life and do the things I've only dreamed of doing. You'll have to take his place. If you get hurt too much, you can come back to me."

"Oh, darling," she said, "it was you who made me see it. Gram and Mother talked so much, but you said nothing. You just kept looking at me so sadly, and even then I didn't know. . . . I wasn't sure you'd understand."

"Look," Hayes said. The first early light was coming through the windows.

"We'll have to hurry— Oh, Dad—"

"Steady. You get dressed. Don't put on any more light than you have to. Don't take any more clothes than you'll need for a day or so. I'll send the rest. You and Jim can sail over to Belvedere and stay with some of my family until you can get a license. They're not Pomsbys, but they'll be kind to you. Hurry. I'll meet you at the top of the stairs."

She was there waiting for him.

"DAD," she whispered, "do you remember the time you bought me a bicycle and Mother was so furious and told you to take it away? Do you remember how you left it with some friends across town, and Sunday mornings you'd drive me over, and I'd ride and ride? That's the way I feel now."

Hayes said, "You go on down, Tookie. Here's the key. You get the car out of the garage. I'll follow."

He waited until her steps reached the lower hall, then turned. He had seen the light go on under Maud's door. It opened, and she came out.

She said, "Hayes, what's the meaning of this? I thought I heard Tookie."

He said, "Come in here, Maud. I have something to tell you."

She followed him into her room.

"I'm taking Tookie to Jim Pomsby," he said. "They're going to elope."

"Hayes, have you lost your mind?"

"No, I've found it."

"You're mad."

"No, Maud. I'm sane."

Her voice grew shriller. "I forbid it. I'll call Mother. She'll stop this nonsense."

Hayes did not stop to argue. He did his first act of violence in an overpatient life. He pushed Maud into her dressing room and locked the door.

Tookie was waiting in the car.

"There! I've killed the engine again."

"Move over. I'll drive."

"Darling," Tookie said, "do you know what you're doing for me?"

"A wedding present," Hayes told her.

"They'll never forgive you."

"They certainly won't, Tookie."

"But it's right."

"It's all of that."

"And Paul. I didn't plan to hurt him."

"I'll tell him, Tookie. I'll do it as well as I can. I have a hunch he'll know."

When they reached the yacht harbor, they saw Jim standing by his boat, waiting. When Hayes saw his face as he ran up to meet Tookie, he knew he need have no doubt, no doubt at all.

HAYES marched up the walk to Lavinia's door. He hoped Maud had not managed to get out of the dressing room. He wanted the pleasure of breaking the news himself.

He enjoyed Collins' look of surprise at seeing him at this early hour, and his reproachful "She is having breakfast, sir—in the library by the fire."

Hayes went right in. When she saw him, Lavinia set her coffee cup firmly on its saucer.

"Well, Hayes," she said, "I must say this is a peculiar time for you to pay me a visit."

"Isn't it? Have you heard from Maud yet this morning?" Hayes asked.

"Maud awake at this hour? What would she be doing up at this hour?"

"I don't know," Hayes said, "but I imagine she is somewhat upset. As a matter of fact, Lavinia, I locked Maud in her bedroom closet two hours ago."

"Hayes," said Lavinia slowly, "I have always found you a sensible man. I am sure if you have locked Maud in a closet, it must have been for good and sufficient reason."

"It was. She was interfering in Tookie's marriage."

"Nonsense! Maud is very eager for Tookie to marry young Hodgins."

"Exactly. But, you see, Lavinia, Tookie is not marrying young Hodgins. She is marrying her cousin Jim."

There! Let the winds blow! But there were no winds. Not a breeze.

Lavinia just said, "Half cousin, once removed, Hayes. I do wish you would learn to be accurate in these things."

Hayes was a little uncertain now, a little unsure of his own bearings.

"Ah, Hayes, he's a bonny lad. I liked him the first time I laid eyes on him."

"You had a queer way of showing it," Hayes told her weakly.

"Queer? Nonsense. I consider it very smart of me to treat him so badly. I don't mind telling you, Hayes, that I had myself in something of a dilemma. You see, I thought they were all hopeless. Yes—even Tookie. There's one thing you can say for Westerners, Hayes. They're great under hardship. But give them ease and security, and they grow soft and fat. An abominable trait."

Lavinia chuckled.

"For years I tried to browbeat Sarah and Amelia and poor Horace into some sort of independence, and I failed. Yes, Hayes, I failed. When I heard that Big Jim had died, I thought it was time for me, too, to give up. I thought there was nothing to do but leave Tookie most of my fortune and marry her off to some decently smug young man who wouldn't dissipate it. And then I saw that boy—Jim's boy."

She laughed—louder this time.

"Hayes," she said. "I'll tell you something. If I had been a man, I think I would have been very much like Jim. You'll never know how hard I've worked to be mean to him. You see, I remembered one thing just in time. I remembered that a Pomsby will fight for another quicker than for himself."

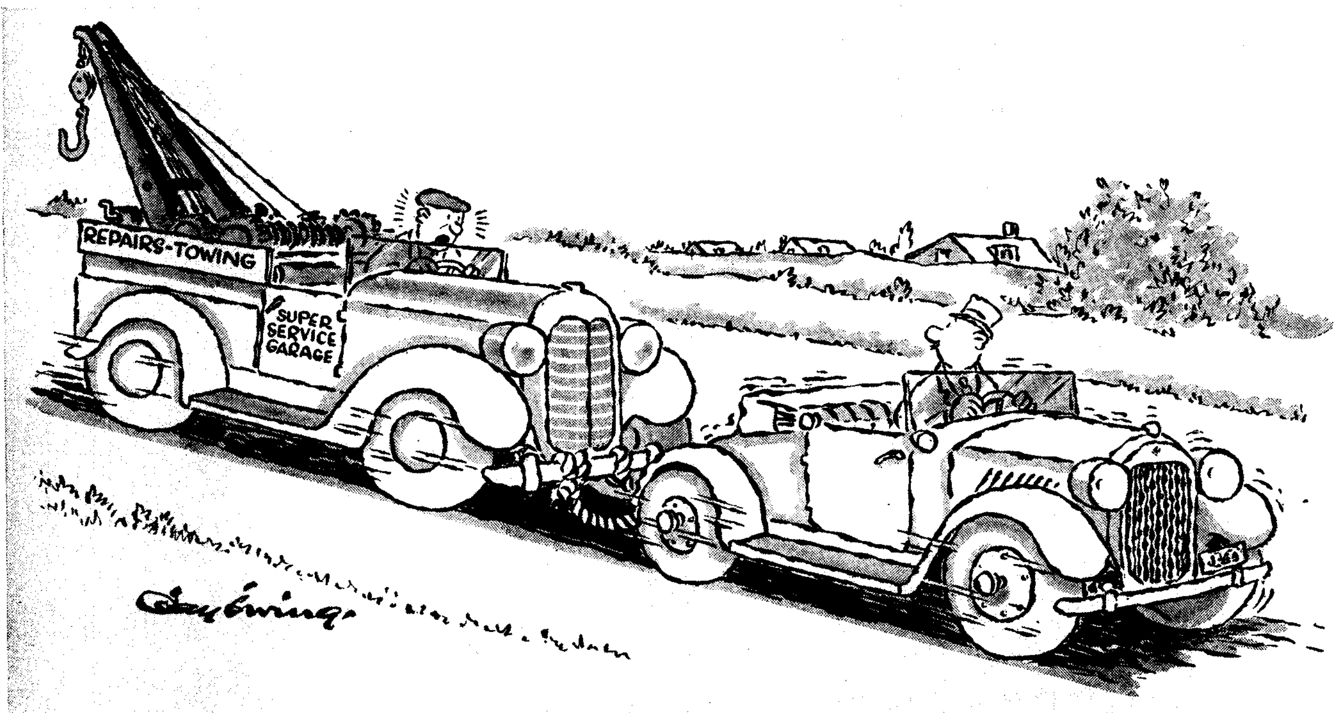
THE telephone rang. Collins brought it in and set it on the table. Lavinia picked up the receiver.

"Hello—yes, Maud—yes, I know all about it—he's here now. . . . What? Nonsense! I'll do no such thing, and you won't either. . . . What? . . . Of course I'm pleased. It's just what I wanted. Nonsense! Maud, you're old-fashioned. Maud, you're stuffy." She put down the receiver with a bang.

"Well, Hayes, what is it? Why are you looking at me like that? Collins—Collins—bring me a bottle of sherry and two glasses."

"But, madam," Collins said, "the doctor . . ."

"*Two* glasses, Collins. Poor Hayes has had a shock."



"Er—look, Mister, do yuh mind goin' up th' back alleys instead of up Main Street?"

JAY IRVING

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A MILE OF STOP-AND-GO DRIVING may be two miles or more to your engine. In "low" gear, your engine makes about 12 turns for each turn of your wheels. In "second," about 8 . . . in "high," only about 4.

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SAVES ON **STOP** AND **GO**

Goon Squads—Halt!

Continued from page 24

voice." Then—if the labor gangs refused to move on:

"Go into 'em and beat hell out of 'em!"

The sheriffs began to applaud. Some of them cheered. Stern-visaged deputies from the Oregon woodland fastnesses hollered like Shoshones on the warpath. The noise and din bulged the hall. Above the tumult Governor Martin shouted:

"Crack their damn' heads! Those fellows are there for nothing but trouble. Give it to them!"

The hurrahs that these fiery statements inspired in Oregon's hinterland police had scarcely died down before even louder whoops of satisfaction were coming from most of the businessmen on the sundown side of the Mississippi River. The whoops continue to resound —and in an ever-rising crescendo. They echo from the jagged peaks of the Rockies to the snowy ramparts of the Cascades and back again.

The business people of the Far West, harassed by some of the fiercest labor hostilities ever waged in this country, offer up thanks that Charles H. Martin, upon his retirement a few years ago as military commander of the Panama Canal Zone, preferred the political hurly-burly of his home state to an idyllic life on a major general's pension at Miami or Palm Springs.

What is Governor Martin's significance in the hectic events taking place out West? Why has business greeted with such thunderous approval his "Beat hell out of 'em" orders to the state constabulary? To answer these questions, we should know something about the current bedlam in the Pacific Coast lumber industry that has made the old days of the I.W.W. wobblies seem like a seminary lawn party.

Let's take a brief look. At a labor-board election approximately six months ago, the lumberjacks in the fir-quilted Columbia River basin voted for the newly organized International Woodworkers of America—and the West's basic industry was on its way into the C.I.O.

All over the country A.F.L. leaders had accepted such occurrences with not much more than oratorical resistance. The secession in lumber changed this strategy. A showdown had to come sooner or later. Why not in the fir and pine groves of the Northwest? Just let the C.I.O. try to find drivers to move that lumber and carpenters to hammer nails into it! The A.F.L. would slap on a boycott as impenetrable as a stone battlement.

A Grim Stalemate

From his office in the heart of the greatest timber area in the United States, Governor Martin watched the principal industry of Oregon slowly grind to a standstill. The loggers could fell and saw the trees, but there the process stopped. The A.F.L. blockade was taut and solid. Teamsters would not truck the C.I.O. lumber and carpenters would not use it. The industry gradually folded up. Axes and saws rusted in the autumn rain.

This grim stalemate began nearly half a year ago. It still continues today. The timber business in the Pacific Northwest is as snarled as hurricane-twisted telephone wires. Thousands of men have been thrown out of work and onto relief. Valuable orders that may never be recaptured have gone to the Canadian market. The loss in wages and production has been estimated at $10,000,000. Fist fights and other direct-action combats occur frequently. Both sides have had long hospital lists. President Roosevelt recently cited the breakdown in lumber as one of the worst examples of "abuse" of power by labor unions.

Now here is where white-crested Charles H. Martin figures so conspicuously in this troubled scene. Some of the politicians out west have scolded the A.F.L. Others have denounced the C.I.O. But Oregon's venerable governor, with what John L. Lewis would call "equal impartiality," has torn into both of them. A lot of businessmen, even those who are A.F.L. sympathizers, think this is the only possible way of opening the lumber mills again. As long as the loggers maintain their C.I.O. preference, the teamsters and carpenters will turn the screws on the embargo vise. Should the lumberjacks go back to the A.F.L. there would be a steel-stockade boycott of C.I.O. longshoremen along the water front—and timber must go to sea.

What's the answer? How can the chaos in lumber be kept out of other Western industries? Get hard-boiled with both labor outfits, the businessmen advise.

That's what Governor Martin has done. He calls the union patrols "goon squads" and says, "'Goon squads' are all alike, whether they're C.I.O. or A.F.L."

One day he added: "These 'goon squads' have complained of brutal treatment by the state police. I hope they do get some brutal treatment! I'd like to see them get some of their own medicine. I'm going to stop their violence, and I intend to talk until a beat-up gang beats me up!"

Dave Beck and Harry Bridges, the rough-and-ready Pacific Coast labor titans under whose rival leadership the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. are fighting for supremacy in lumber, are two of a kind to Governor Martin. He refers to both of them as "labor gangsters."

A few weeks ago Governor Martin transmuted some of his bristling talk into bristling action. State troopers arrested Al Rosser, the right-hand handyman of Dave Beck himself. They handcuffed the teamster boss, hustled him down the Willamette Valley and held him under $100,000 bail in connection with the alleged burning of two sawmills. They also seized the books and records of Beck's union in Portland. And when that had been done, both labor and its enemies knew that Governor Charles Henry Martin was prepared to put his threats into hard realities.

The Governor's Battle Cry

Not long ago this blunt-spoken old man, whose West Point appointment bears the faded signature of side-whiskered President Chester Alan Arthur, contributed a new ingredient to the bubbling Western political hodgepodge. Although a Democrat, Governor Martin began a series of attacks on the National Labor Relations Board that made most Republicans' opinions of that body seem like honeyed flattery.

The board, said the governor, had not helped at all to unravel the timber tangle. In fact, he thought it had botched up things a lot worse. He said so in as many words. He also claimed the board had saddled a whole cavalry of "labor royalists" on the backs of the workingmen of the West. Why didn't the meddlers on the board stay out of Oregon and let the state run its own affairs?

What is the sense, Governor Martin continually demands to know, of a government board that holds a labor election and then cannot prevent a boycott by the losers from making the election as useful as a toothache? Why not merely protect the workers from "racketeer union leaders and their 'goon squads?'" Oregon's governor thinks that would be a much simpler method of solving labor difficulties. Just maintain law and order—that's all. He wishes the board would get out of the way and leave him unhindered to do it.

"He won a medal or the Nobel Prize or the sweepstakes or something"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

Law and order! That cry is an old story to Charles Henry Martin. Half a century ago he was a twenty-four-year-old second lieutenant in the 14th Infantry at Vancouver Barracks, within a stone's throw of where now the embattled lumberjack unions struggle for dominance in the mills. Only it wasn't "goon squads" that troubled Martin then, and the lumber industry was yet to be built. Hostile Indians were the objects of law and order in 1888, and war drums and pounding pony hoofs still occasionally sounded in the great canyon the Columbia carved through the mountains.

Ten years later the fighting 14th was across the world in Manila, and Commodore Dewey had just steamed victoriously up the bay. At a rickety table in a whitewashed room, an American infantry officer was giving orders to a subordinate. "You have a hard job before you, Lieutenant," he said. "Fighting continues in the street and the Philippine insurrectionists are hammering at the gates. It will not be easy to establish law and order in this city."

Lieut. Charles H. Martin saluted and strode from the room out into the tropic night. Within a year he had cleaned up Manila. The disorderliness that rocked the city was ended. As the military police commissioner in charge of streets and sanitation, he did a job still gratefully remembered in the Philippines.

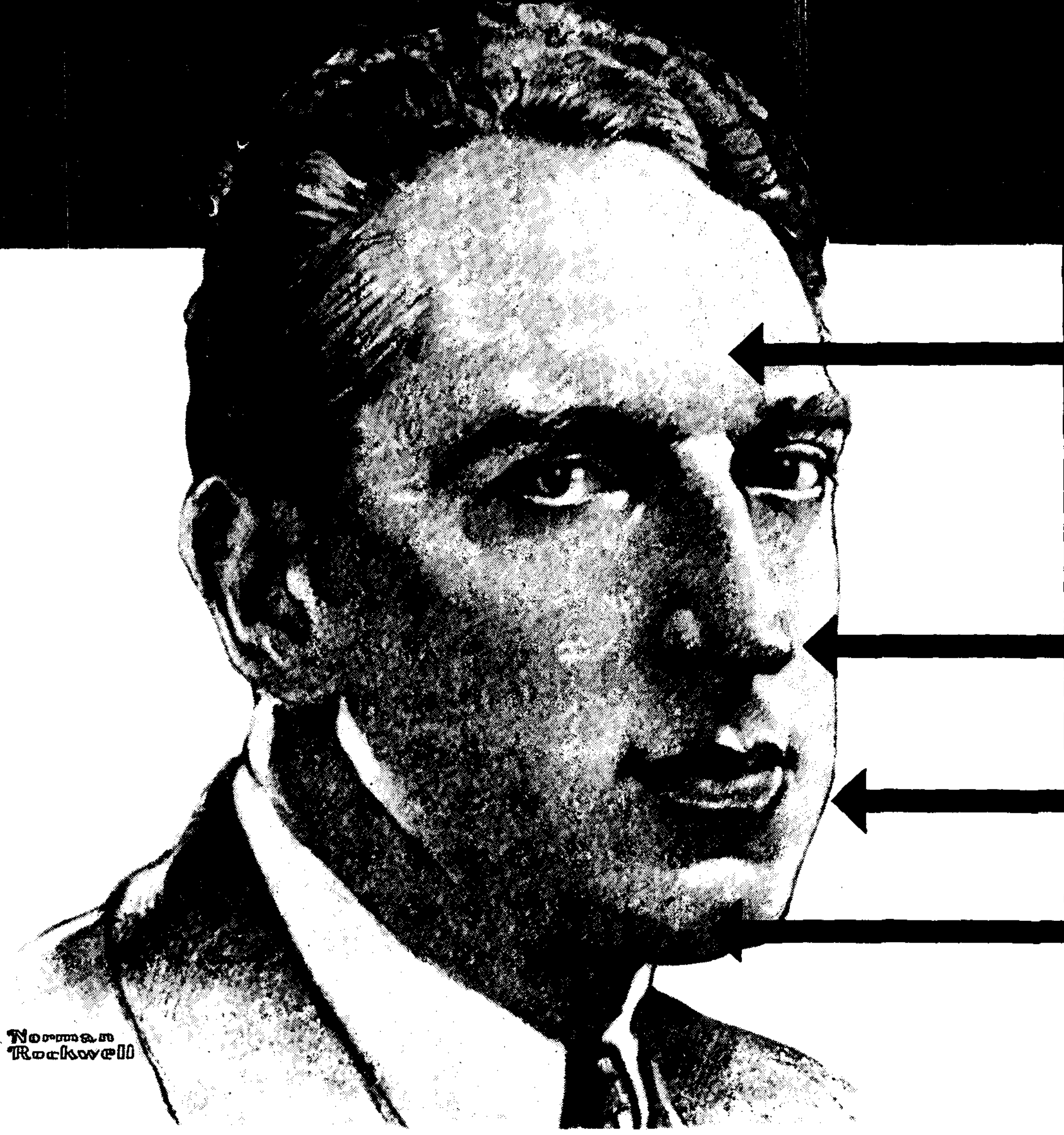
Home from the Wars

In 1900 the Boxer Rebellion broke out in China. Company M of the 14th Infantry, led by Captain Charles H. Martin, was the first American unit to breach the walls of Peking and help restore law and order to the stricken city. His were the men who rescued the foreigners beleaguered in the British legation. One of the refugees they saved was a young engineer named Herbert Hoover.

In this fashion Charles Henry Martin served out his Army career. He defended law and order in two hemispheres and on three continents. In 1915 he was a colonel seeing to it there was no monkey business along the Mexican border, and two years later he was a major general overseas. He commanded the famous Blackhawk Division and received the Distinguished Service Medal for the efficiency with which his troops impressed the principles of law and order upon the Imperial German army.

After the war General Martin was assistant chief of staff under an old West Point classmate, John J. Pershing. For a while he had charge of recruiting, but became so militant and fiery about it that he was haled before Congress for overdoing the job. His superiors apparently approved of this zeal, for in 1924 he got the prize post of the Army.

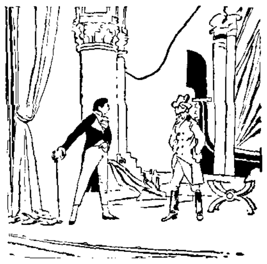
TALENT


Norman Rockwell

The Face of
WATSON BARRATT

Talented scenic designer and theatrical producer

He has designed the scenery for over 200 Broadway stage successes—the gorgeous settings of "The Student Prince", "Blossom Time", the sumptuous Winter-garden shows, and the hit operetta "Three Waltzes". He is the producer of the brilliant new show "The Lady has a Heart".



FEATURES INDICATING TALENT

Broad *forehead* with prominent knotty bulges above the eyes. Long, pointed *nose* with decided "hump" at the bone ridge a trifle below the bridge. Long-winged nostrils. *Jaw* strong and well developed. *Chin* pointed—with deep depression beneath lower lip.

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IT'S "DOUBLE-RICH"
A Mark of Merit straight Kentucky whiskey—90 proof. The record—over 100 million bottles sold!

He was put in military command of the Panama Canal Zone. For three years General Martin upheld law and order in the most salient 549 square miles belonging to the United States. Then he retired at the Army age limit of sixty-four.

Civilian life seemed as humdrum as a dish of boiled potatoes, and on November 30, 1929, Charles Henry Martin decided that if Andrew Jackson could be both major general and politician, there was no reason why the feat couldn't be duplicated a hundred years later. He trudged down to the courthouse in Portland, Oregon, and changed his registration from Republican to Democratic; the thunderous stock market crash had not made the Grand Old Party a particularly promising place in which to imitate Old Hickory's success.

In 1930 General Martin was elected to Congress. In the clamor and turmoil of the House he distinguished himself mainly for his soldierly disgust with the undignified antics of the progressive bloc. He was especially irked by an ebullient liberal from New York City, and one day made the mistake of contemptuously confiding to the House that Mr. Fiorello H. La Guardia was nothing but a Socialist. Mr. La Guardia catapulted out of his seat. If Mr. Martin was so piously patriotic, the gentleman from New York would like to know why, when people were standing in bread lines, he continued to draw two salaries from the government each year—$10,000 for being a congressman and $6,000 for having been a major general.

An Insidious Joker

The left-wingers were too snappy on the comeback. Representative Martin stayed off them after that. His other headline hour came when he was the solitary Democratic congressman to sustain President Hoover's veto of the bill granting independence to the Philippines. Who would defend the coasts over there and who would guard law and order, if America moved out?

After two terms in the House, Major-General Charles H. Martin, U.S.A., retired, made up his mind that the great sovereign commonwealth of Oregon could well use an application of the law-and-order poultice that had so quieted things down in the Indian Territory, Manila, Peking and a few other places. With "the maintenance of law and order" as his No. 1 pledge, he was elected governor by a slight plurality over the Independent and Republican candidates.

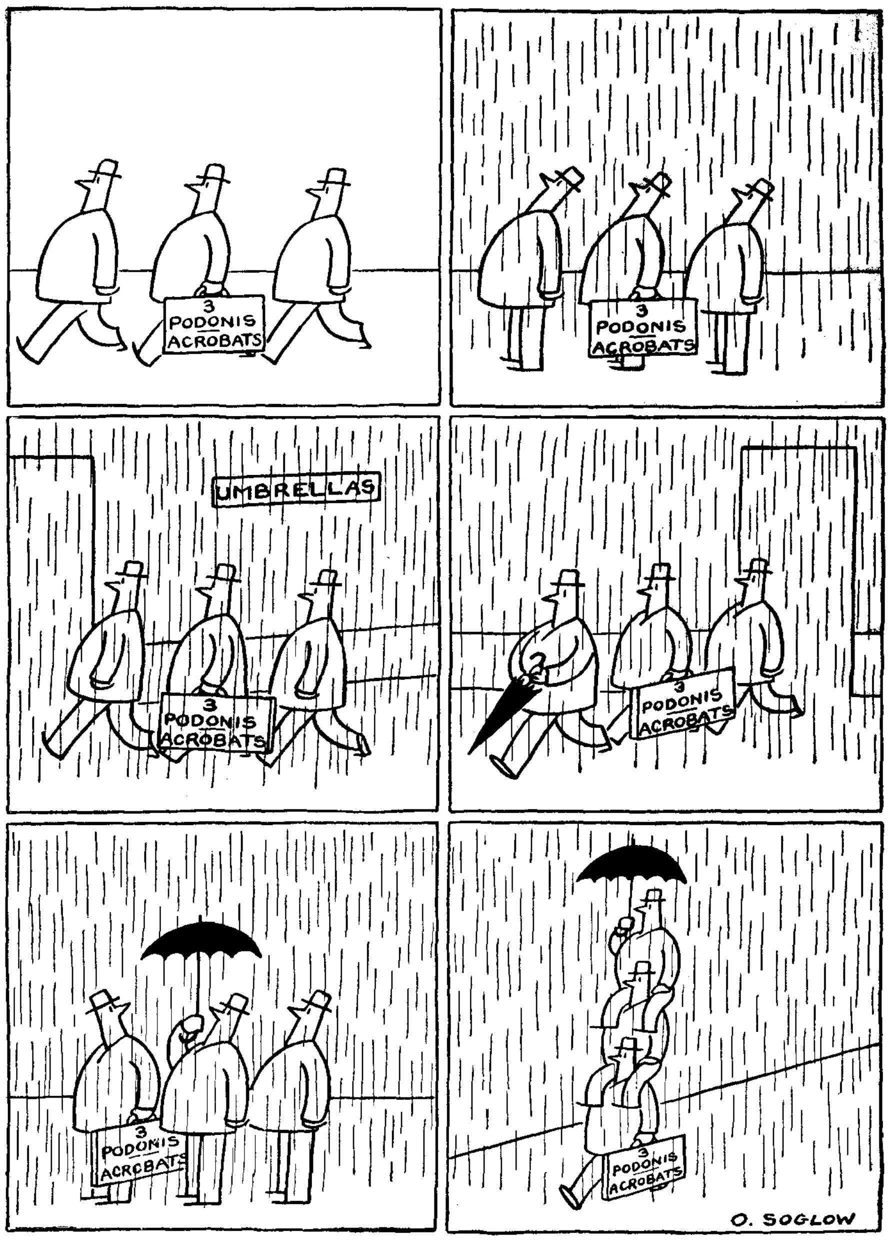
This was the beginning of what since has become the most controversial state administration ever to hold sway in the Far West. Businessmen and conservatives praise it as a Gibraltar in a sea of troubled times. Laborites and liberals denounce it as fascistic and dictatorial.

Where the cheers come from tells how Governor Martin stands. At commercial clubs and merchants' banquets, he is greeted like a Caesar home from Gaul. His appearance invariably brings standing ovations and prolonged hurrahs. There are no cheers on the other side of the economic fence. The Oregon Federation of Labor passed a whole batch of resolutions calling the governor a military despot, and the annual convention of the State Grange belligerently voted down an invitation asking him to speak.

A review of the background of these events is in order. Governor Martin started his term in the statehouse by getting his Democratic legislative followers to repeal an insidious joker that had been put in the state police law by those nefarious radicals, the Republicans. This clause prevented the police from being used in labor disputes. Once it had been shunted into limbo, the governor was ready for America's sternest defense of law and order.

He decided the Grange executive board was working hand-in-glove with the labor unions. "Get back out in the fields where the birdies sing," he advised the startled agriculturists. For the rank and file of the Grange the governor had a stronger but different message. When striking maritime workers held up farm equipment needed at seeding time, there was only one course of action to follow. Grab pitchforks and head for the docks! That, he said, would settle things soon enough.

Some of the drought refugees from the scorched Dust Bowl began to demand relief. Governor Martin didn't like that. He called them "alien paupers" and told them to sell their rattletrap automobiles. The governor got even more peeved at the regular relief recipients. "I believe in taking care of the old folks," he said, "but I'll be damned if I'll feed the young ones. Are we going to feed them for the rest of their lives? Hell! Let them work!"



These fighting words were sheer sycophancy compared to what the governor thought of World War veterans who failed to repay money they had borrowed from the state. There was only one word for such people: "Skunks!"

The governor felt the churches weren't doing anything about the multitude of strikes harassing the West. He told them so. He said they were getting soft. "Talk about living the beautiful life, talk about no more wars, isn't going to help," he said. "You have to face the realities, become militant, become fighting Christians!"

As these remarks would imply, Charles Henry Martin—despite his recent Democratic registration—is bothered by no fanatical love of the New Deal. He had been in office only a few months when Secretary Ickes sent one of his public power bills to Oregon. The governor used a lusty veto on it to show he didn't intend to submit to any of that newfangled monkey business from Washington, D. C.

Winning Over the Republicans

But the big break with the Roosevelt administration did not come until President Roosevelt crossed the continent last autumn to deliver his famous dedication address at Bonneville Dam. For nearly ten years prior to that sunny September morning on the banks of the Columbia River, white-crested General, Congressman and Governor Martin had preached the doctrine of cheap power for industry. New electricity for new factories! An industrial empire in the West! Next to law and order, this had been the theme closest to his heart.

While the President spoke to the thousands massed near the big dam, the governor's face was as grim as the granite crags that looked down on the scene. In one breath, Mr. Roosevelt swept away the possibility of "Pittsburghs" in the wilderness and said the power from Bonneville should be used for farms and homes rather than for factories and industrial plants.

Well, Governor Martin hoped he could still salvage something from the wreckage of his plans. Maybe at least the Columbia River Administrator might be mildly favorable to his views. That day the governor rode with the President far into the upland fastnesses of Oregon for a Chinook salmon dinner below the pinnacle of Mount Hood. On that long and picturesque drive, he begged Mr. Roosevelt over and over again not to appoint J. D. Ross to run Bonneville Dam. Mr. Ross was one of those public-ownership Republicans of the Senator George Norris school, and Governor Martin heard bugle calls to battle when he thought of him gallivanting around the state selling all the power to farmers and backwoodsmen.

The President listened, went back east—and appointed Ross.

The governor waited, bided his time—and unloosed an earth-shattering attack on the New Deal's labor policies. With the lumber industry frozen in a glacier of union warfare, he denounced the labor board, claimed the wages and hours bill was even worse than the Wagner Act, went after the President hammer and tongs for cruising away to South America during the disastrous 1936 longshoremen's strike, and told Mr. Roosevelt he had better get rid of Miss Perkins, "that miserable Secretary of Labor of his."

Can this outspoken old man, who barks at everyone from Dust Bowl wanderers to Cabinet officers in top-sergeant language, be re-elected this year? On that question there are some sharply divided opinions.

The editor of a conservative Republican weekly in Portland told us that Charles H. Martin was without the shadow of a doubt the greatest upholder of law and order in America. "Without him," the editor said, "Oregon would be in a state of anarchy today." He showed us an article in which he told his readers to support the governor, Democrat or no Democrat. "Wake up, Republicans!" the piece concluded. "To your posts of duty!"

At the Labor Temple big, burly Ben Osborne of the State Federation of Labor smashed his fist on the desk and said some directly opposite things. All of them cannot be printed here. A brief glance at our notes indicates that not only did Mr. Osborne say the governor was a Fascist and a tyrant and a military dictator, but also that he was not only the worst governor in the history of Oregon but the worst governor in the history of the whole United States.

A Difficult Speech

As the 1938 elections approach, the governor's advisers are trying to persuade him to read all his speeches. They are afraid his extemporaneous remarks have been a little too bristling. Recently, in attacking the lumber mess, he blurted: "The Italians wouldn't submit; they organized their Blackshirts. The Germans wouldn't submit, so they had their Brownshirts and Hitler. I don't believe Americans will submit!"

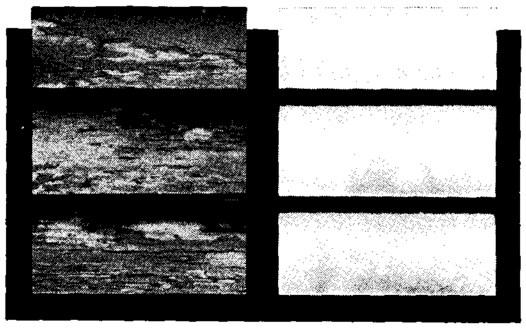
Although the governor heatedly denied that he meant to endorse Il Duce or Adolf, the cries of "Fascism!" nearly shook loose the winter avalanches on Mount Hood. His strategists want no more of that.

At a banquet honoring Joseph P. Kennedy, the retiring boss of the maritime commission and the new ambassador to England, the governor wanted to make a few snappy comments on the Pacific Coast's hard-boiled labor leaders. His political major-domos insisted that he follow a written text. After all, the dinner would be broadcast far and wide. No chances could be taken. What if the governor should swear, like he did when he was going after the relief setup?

All evening Governor Martin squirmed uncomfortably. Finally it was his turn on the program. He stood up before the microphones and rustled his sheaf of papers. He hesitated a moment, looked at America's future plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's, then opened his mouth and began to talk.

"By golly!" he said. "I hate like hell to read this speech!"

Home
THE PLACE YOU LOVE THE BEST—
DESERVES THE BEST PROTECTION



"CHEAP" PAINT – *"Quitting" already — after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.*

DUTCH BOY – *Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as "cheap" paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

Give your home the proven protection of Dutch Boy White-Lead

If you saw your home in danger of being damaged you'd rush to protect it, of course. But do you, yourself, *invite* damage . . . unwittingly? Invite it by choosing "cheap" paint? Not realizing how soon "cheap" paint will fail?

Look at the left-hand photo, an actual section from a house whose owner just a short time ago thought he was saving money.

See how the "cheap" paint has gone to pieces . . . badly cracked and scaled . . . after a few months of service. Now it must be burned and scraped off. And that calls for an extra coat in repainting. That's why you find "cheap" paint so costly in the long run.

Dutch Boy, on the other hand, does not crack and scale. It *resists* the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.

And so the painting contractor who has your interest at heart uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

If you prefer to pay for your painting by the month, take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Eighteen months to pay, in surprisingly small monthly installments. Check the coupon below for complete information. And regardless of whether you are interested in the plan, send in the coupon for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In." Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and the right painter. Address Department 303, in care of the nearest branch.

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD
GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

The HOUSE WE LIVE IN

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 303 (*See list of branches at left*)

Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

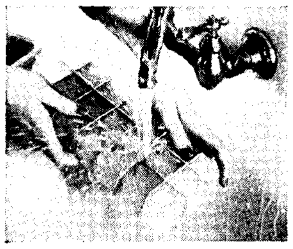
☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

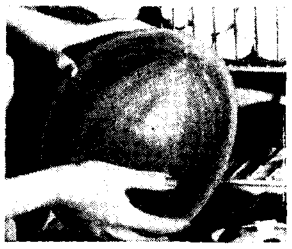
City ____________ *State* ____________

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!



Don't waste money and time with hot water to get ice cubes.

Don't go on with a refrigerator that can't freeze enough ice.

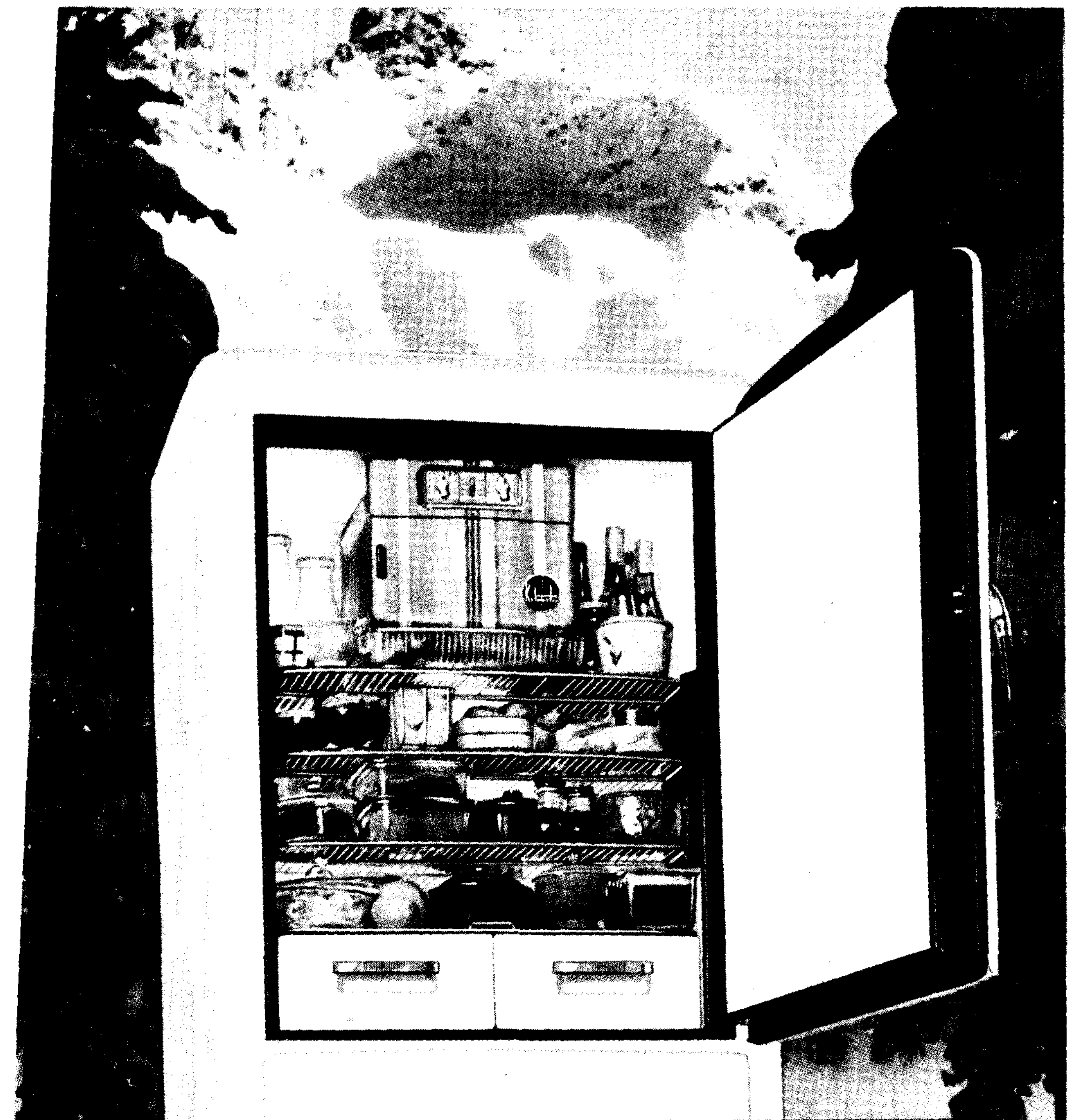


Don't put up with shelves that can't hold a turkey or melon.

URGENT BILL

Don't waste money on a refrigerator that wastes current.

Don't let poor freezing waste the cost of good desserts.



THIS WILL JOLT YOUR IDEAS ABOUT REFRIGERATORS!

Read it and see why Kelvinator, the CHAMPION ICE-MAKER, with new "POLAR POWER" Sealed Unit, upsets all past notions about ice freezing . . . cold-making . . . and costs!

THIS IS BIG NEWS about how much more you can expect from an electric refrigerator today — than you ever expected before!

More cold! . . . Refrigerating power equal to 1050 pounds of ice — *more than half a ton* — a week!

Faster freezing . . . hence lots more ice, and surer success with your frozen desserts!

Because Kelvinator's sensational new "Polar Power" *Sealed* Unit has enough reserve to keep FIVE refrigerators cold!

Operates on so little current, it makes 72* big ice cubes for 1¢!

So forget all you've ever known or heard about electric refrigeration before. And look at Kelvinator.

See how you can move shelves up or down . . . why there's always a place for your biggest soup kettle or the hugest melon of the season!

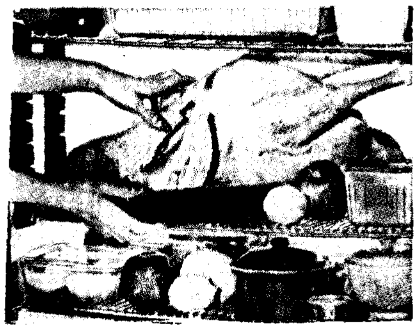
See Kelvinator's amazing new Speedy-Cube Release.

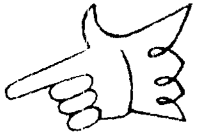
No more ice cube struggle . . . no slopping at the sink . . . no shrinkage under the water faucet.

And you'll be prouder of your Kelvinator than of any other you could buy . . . because it's the world's most beautiful refrigerator . . . with the oldest and most honored name in the industry!

You can buy a Kelvinator for only a few cents a day. See it today!

KELVINATOR, Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.





Where to keep that 25 lb. turkey? ONLY Kelvinator has the perfect answer! See those notches? You can move shelves up or down . . . rearrange to fit! Insist on this in the refrigerator you buy.

So convenient, it's folly to buy a refrigerator that doesn't have this amazing new Kelvinator feature—the Speedy-Cube Release. No splashing at the sink . . . no fuss . . . no struggle . . . no melting under the hot water faucet, to get ice cubes. You simply lift the lever and the big cubes come *popping* out!

*All refrigerators claim economy . . . only Kelvinator tells HOW economical! 1¢ (at national average electric rates) makes 72 big ice cubes! More reason for choosing Kelvinator!

Food safety? Beat this! As much cold as you' get from 1050 lbs. of ice a week, with the ne "POLAR POWER" Sealed Unit. Why accept less

Kelvinator-the Champion Ice-Maker

What Do You Eat?

Continued from page 13

enormous quantities to extract certain few essential ingredients. It is like eating a whole bale of hay to extract what a thimbleful of meat would contain.

"Eat sparingly and defy the physician," is an ancient maxim. Today we know that the average person engaged in heavy manual labor does not need over thirty-five hundred calories to keep him in tiptop shape; if his work is not so arduous, twenty-five hundred will suffice. Whereas in the half-starved countries of the Orient a coolie does not get over a thousand, less than a marginal subsistence, here we almost always get a surplus; most Americans eat five thousand calories and more. It is as though you owned a boiler designed to burn a ton of coal a day, an amount sufficient to generate steam enough to run your plant. Instead of following instructions, you constantly burn two tons daily. The safety valve would then be constantly blowing off unused steam. You would not only be wasting coal but burning out the boiler. That is exactly what people who overeat are doing.

Rarer Meats Preferred

Once physiological weight has been attained, my guide to the quantity of food consumed is the minimum amount of a balanced diet that will not cause loss of weight. This is easily regulated, and can be gauged with the eye. But in following the rule, you should make your standard the minimum that does not cause you to lose weight, rather than the maximum that does not increase your weight. Why? Because many persons with active thyroids and other glands can eliminate excess food without increasing weight. The thyroid gland indirectly promotes digestion by speeding up the body cells, on which in the end all action depends. The kidneys eliminate more; the bowels function more freely; the heart pumps more vigorously. It is as though you were applying a forced draft to your boiler, supplying more oxygen, and making the fire burn more rapidly and give out a fiercer heat. People with an overactive thyroid gland are never fat because the adipose tissue is destroyed. To take thyroid extract may be necessary in some cases, but often it is treating the symptoms instead of the cause. The gland is frequently sluggish because of toxic products in the digestive tract resulting from wrong eating. I find it logical therefore not to consume more food than the body requires for normal functioning.

Most of you can readily recall the fish-game-meat courses that so many tables used to provide prior to the war, again great producers of uric acid. Now no hostess, except rarely, thinks of serving more than one, a great gain in reducing the quantity of food consumed, and a step toward a more rational diet.

Generally speaking, the rarer meats are, the more easily they are digested. Some, of course, are so tough that prolonged cooking is needed to soften the fascia, or fibers. The eating of calves' liver is to be especially encouraged because it builds up red blood corpuscles and overcomes anemia. The consumption of chicken livers, on the other hand, is to be discouraged. The chicken eats almost everything it can find, and its liver is, therefore, particularly subject to the attacks of parasites.

"They pop up, at times, in the damnedest places!" GEORGE PRICE

Of all dietary rules that I regard as important for myself, the foremost is thorough mastication. The American custom of hurry and bustle and bolting of meals is probably, as so often asserted, closely allied with our huge amount of indigestion, far more prevalent than in Europe. I find one of the advantages of zwieback is its dryness; it cannot be swallowed without a conscientious chewing and consequent salivation, the first process in digestion. On the other hand, hot biscuit is a particularly pernicious food because, when taken into the mouth, it quickly forms a bolus, which is swallowed before it can undergo the action of the saliva; when it reaches the stomach, therefore, it is not in easily assimilable form. If you exercise persistence, you may take much of the curse off hot biscuits by "fletcherizing" them, that is, chewing each bite again and again.

No desserts are mentioned for my ideal diet, largely because of the great amount of cane sugar they contain. We actually need very little sugar—honey and grape sugar are good forms in which to take it. If I wish to be in ideal condition I take none, although those who do heavy exercise can utilize cane sugar to advantage where it would be harmful to a sedentary individual.

The American habit of indulging in richly flavored soda water and similar beverages is not beneficial. I do not even drink water between meals unless the weather is extremely hot or unless I am exercising heavily, in which case the lost fluids must be replaced. Ordinarily I believe in giving the stomach a complete rest—from eight or nine at night until one the next day—and in these sixteen-odd hours the digestive system can clean itself out thoroughly.

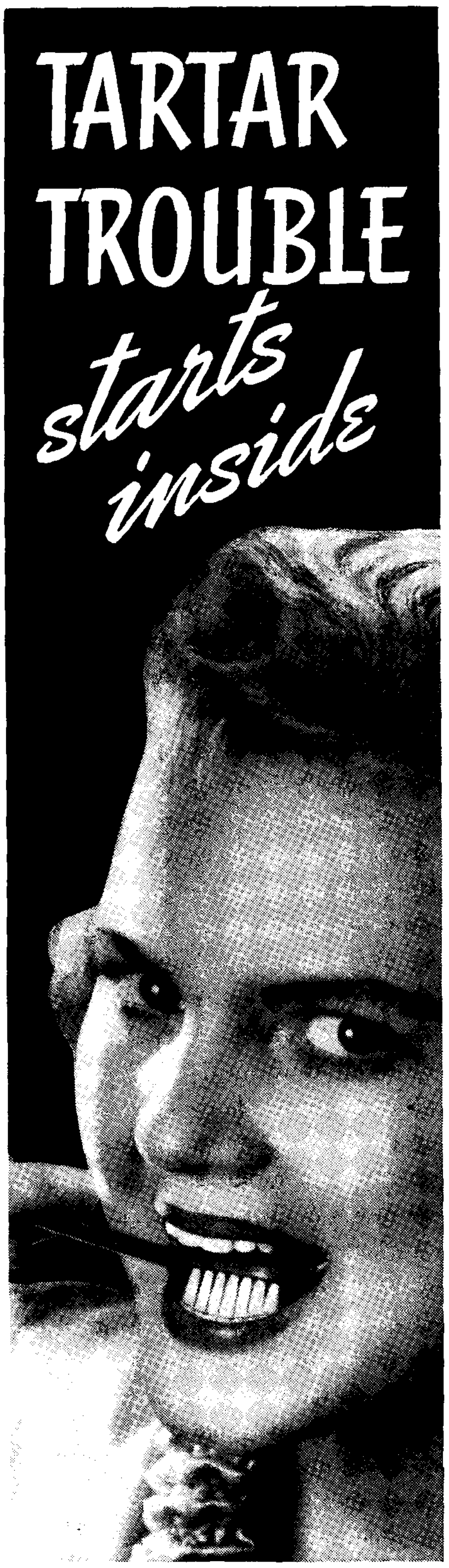
Tea and coffee may not be harmful as beverages but neither have they been proved of any special value. In fact, they simply add to the load the digestive organs must take care of. Most people crave one or the other because of the depressing effect of those same poisonous products of overeating. Again and again people tell me, "Oh, I'm no good without my morning cup of coffee." In the East they wake you up to bring your tea, so accustomed are the British to its absolute necessity.

Again and again I have seen such individuals, after they had put up with a few headaches and their intestinal tracts had been restored to normal, lose all desire for either tea or coffee and never again be subject to that depression from which they once suffered.

Salt is a Habit

I often wonder what we really mean when we say something tastes good. I find I tend to regard as especially appetizing things to which I had become accustomed during the formative period of childhood. Most of us like the kind of food our mothers used to make. Hence what may seem delicious to the son of one mother may be quite obnoxious to the son of another mother. I often recall the group of children in Peiping who were fed practically nothing but soybean milk with inorganic salts added. To me the resulting mixture was one of the vilest I have ever tried. But what happened when these same children were offered fine fresh cows' milk? They made horrid faces. Probably for the rest of their days they will go on preferring something that to us is repellent.

Many food habits, however, are



• You're at the mercy of your tooth brush! If it's too big to fit behind your front teeth, look out! Tartar unchecked, may work under your gums, loosen your teeth. Tek's professional small shape cleans *all* your teeth. INSIDE surfaces as easily as outside. Get Tek Jr. for the children.

Tek

TOOTH BRUSH

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

WINTER'S OVER!
CLEAN OUT
ANTI-FREEZE
WITH SANI-FLUSH

RUST and scale have accumulated in your radiator all winter. They are choking the delicate veins that circulate water and keep your motor cool. An overheated motor is a lazy motor. And overheating may cause costly damage. Clean out your radiator. It costs only 10c. (25c for the largest trucks and tractors.)

You can do it yourself in a few minutes. Pour a little SANI-FLUSH in the cooling system. Run the engine. (Follow directions on the can.) Then drain, flush and refill with clean water. Do this regularly, twice a year. Keep the radiator clean and clear. Motors run cooler. Save power. Save repairs. SANI-FLUSH can't harm motor or fittings. You'll find SANI-FLUSH in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

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IS MADE
FOR LOVE

• PADDLE the peaceful paths of beauty — with rippled reflections and dreams. Spend peaceful days on the waterways. Glide through the glories of Nature.

An Old Town Canoe is easy to paddle. Quick to respond to the blade. True Indian lines — made steady and strong. Built for long years of hard use.

FREE CATALOG **shows all kinds of Canoes for paddling, sailing or outboards. Also Outboard Boats, including big all-wood family boats. Rowboats. Dinghies. Write today. Address Old Town Canoe Company, 434 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.**

"Old Town Canoes"

acquired. When people say they cannot eat this, that, or the other thing, I usually find that, if they are willing to persist over a period of several weeks, they will come to relish what shortly before they found obnoxious. Scarcely anyone likes the first taste of olives—gradually it grows less difficult to eat them, and finally the initial dislike turns to fondness.

The use of salt is another habit. The body cannot utilize more than four grams a day, or just about a level teaspoonful. All of us normally get as much as this in the cooked food we consume. But most people take in nearly fifteen grams, a quantity, under normal conditions, far above the essential minimum. In excessively hot weather or in the tropics, when you are perspiring freely, the loss of salt from the body is much greater and scientists have traced a definite connection between heat stroke and a salt deficiency. Therefore I increase my salt ration somewhat as the thermometer goes up. But I am careful to avoid an oversupply. Those with a tendency to kidney disease who do not restrict themselves in their use of salt frequently develop the dropsical condition known as edema.

Other than salt I take no condiments at all, because condiments stimulate the digestive fluids unnecessarily—pepper, spices, commercial sauces for flavoring meat, French dressing, mayonnaise, horse-radish, catsup—I ban them all for myself. Many people complain that the avocado is absolutely tasteless without the addition of French dressing. But I find that, quite to the contrary, it has an excellent flavor all by itself.

The Fall of Spinach

Often old beliefs and even superstitions are found to have a scientific basis. Most of us, for example, believe, with no other than an empirical foundation, that vegetables freshly gathered from the garden are better and more flavorsome than those bought in the markets. Now, as the result of most interesting English experiments with animals, it has been proved that certain vitamins disappear rapidly from vegetables after being gathered. In India, Vitamin C is practically gone within seventy-two hours although this may not be true in moister and cooler climates. Fruit ripened on the tree is much better than that plucked green. Although there may be no truth in the old proverb that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," it undoubtedly makes people eat more apples, a fruit obtainable the year round.

Raw vegetables, and particularly carrots, should frequently be substituted for cooked vegetables in which some of the Vitamin A has been destroyed. Adding soda to the water in which peas and beans are cooked may keep them green but it affects the vitamin content adversely. Many individuals, for dental and other reasons, are unable to cope with raw carrots in the large, but grating them is a simple process and removes the objection to the raw fibrous matter.

As a shock to most people will come the news that some of the best nutritionists in Europe hold it desirable to omit from the diet vegetables and fruits that have a hard, indigestible, cellulose skin. In this category fall those delectable aristocrats of the summer garden—peas, corn, and lima beans. No digestive juice included in our stomach's fairly large chemical array will make any impression on the skin of a lima bean or the hull of a pea or corn kernel. Few, however, will be sorry to learn that the chief offender is the prune. For three long years I lived in a medical students' boardinghouse where we had prunes for breakfast, prunes for lunch, and prunes for dinner. I eschewed prunes long before I had ever heard they might be bad for me. Although included in many prescribed diets, it has been conclusively shown at the autopsy tables in a Vienna clinic that although the meat is well digested, the skin spreads out like a parachute to cover a huge area of the intestines, thereby reducing the absorbing surface. You would be surprised to find how little impression even conscientious chewing makes on a prune skin.

You may be somewhat consoled to hear that the skin of an apple is largely digestible, the fuzz of a peach not too bad, and potato skins at least partially consumable.

Spinach used to be enthroned high on the pedestal of medical favor, but now it has once more fallen low. Still in its favor is the great amount of Vitamin A content, so essential as a preventive against colds and other infections. But the virtues that spinach is presumed to possess are seldom realized. You who are supposed to be eating it for its inorganic salts might well question whether, after the juice has been drained off, the residue has enough value in it to justify placing it on the table. To a lesser degree the same holds true of cabbage.

Our reply to the European nutritionists who have pointed out to us the comparatively small value of spinach is that bulk promotes peristaltic action. They in turn counter with the flat assertion that the intestines ought not to be allowed to get in a bloated state, and bulk is unnecessary; normal peristalsis and contraction will do the work.

However this may be, the old country doctor who advised purgatives for constipation and colitis was dead right. As long as the digestive tract is in good condition, there should be no need for purgatives or laxatives, but while that result is being achieved, laxatives may be necessary to insure thorough elimination. If you are logyish, or liverish, as the British say, you should be cleaned out.

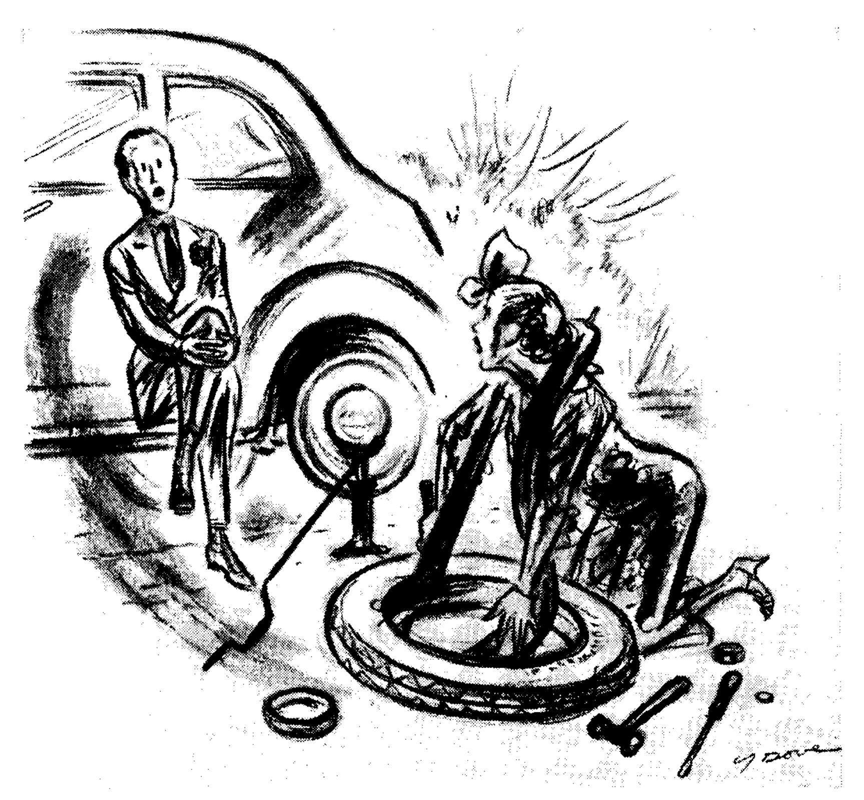
Indiscretions from time to time probably do no great amount of harm provided you return immediately to the regimen. I find an excellent corrective after having overeaten is to omit a few meals. In fact, it would make much for the health of persons in the economic circumstances of most Americans if they deliberately skipped a meal now and then in addition to breakfast. After practicing for a short time, this can be done without discomfort. When I go without a meal I find it essential, if I want to avoid all discomfort, to take several glasses of water. The person who sticks to a well-balanced diet is not hungry, as a matter of fact. Once he has acquired the desired equilibrium he will suffer little in this respect.

The habit of midnight suppers is particularly pernicious, frequently resulting in a restless night. Some people, loth to believe, contend that animals eat their fill and then lie down to sleep. Our European friends again argue that by midnight most of us are tired, and digestion does not proceed normally in a tired individual. We do know it is unwise to eat when you are tired—better far to take a nap first, an admonition contrary to the practices of almost everybody. From the ideal standpoint it would be best to reverse the order of meals, that is, have dinner at breakfast time when you are completely rested, a somewhat lighter lunch than the one I have suggested, and for supper only a glass of milk and a soda biscuit.

A Simple Formula

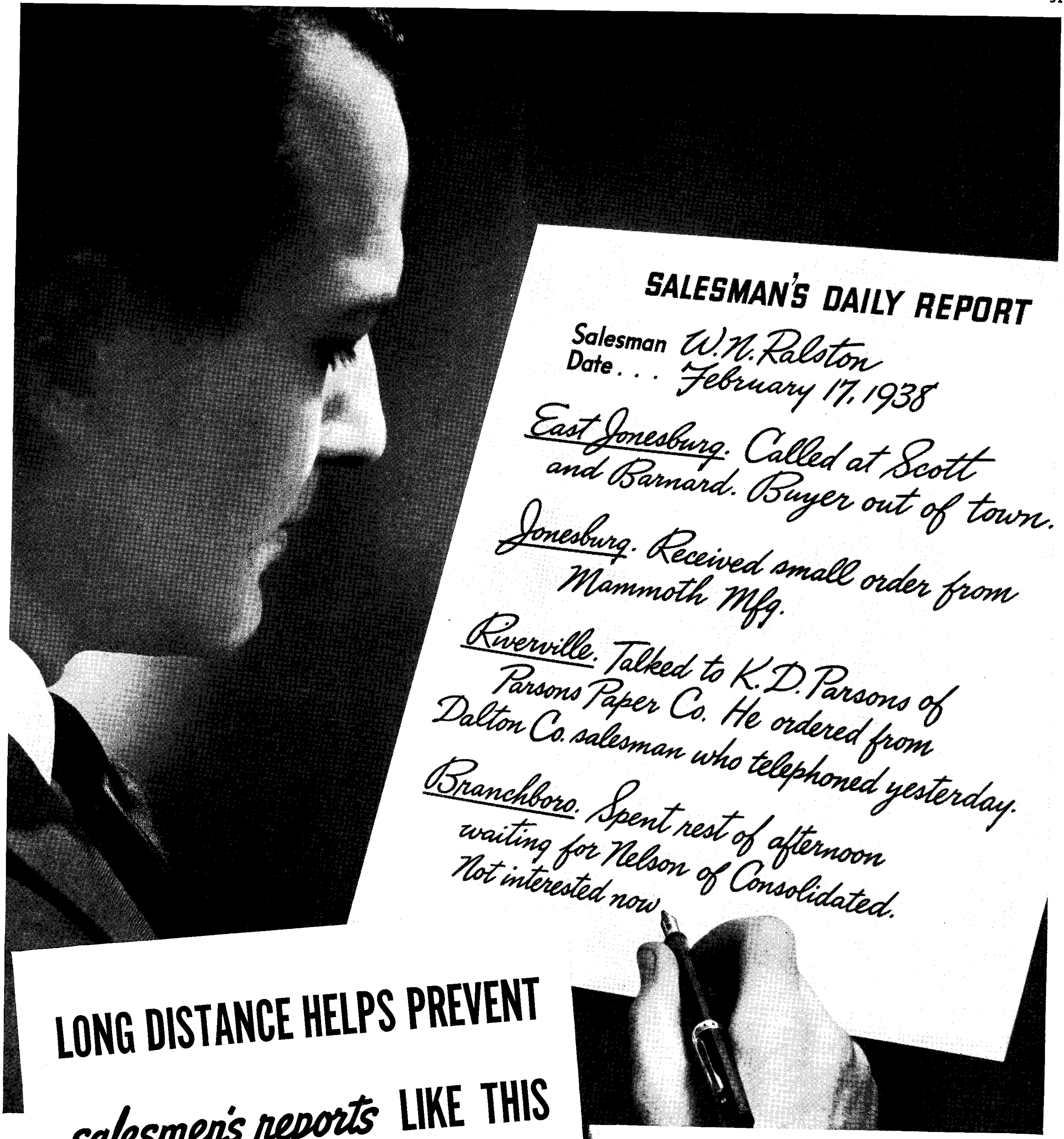
People accustomed to having meals at a regular hour are considerably put out when something occurs to upset the routine. However, no evidence exists that the irregular eaters are injured; the stomach is an adaptable organ and in each case fits itself to the habits of its owner.

Each individual will have to weigh for himself whether he would rather always feel well and have reasonable insurance against contracting illness, or whether he would prefer having his ups and downs and run the risks of indulging in the pleasures of the table. No one can prescribe a diet entirely suitable to everybody; what is one man's meat is another's poison. The advantage of my simple formula is that most people can follow it without any inconvenience and keep in optimum physical condition, that is, in the absence of any other demonstrable disease. If at any time you get run down and seedy, and go on this diet even for a few weeks, you should find yourself vastly improved in health, and feel fit as a fiddle.



"You know, Imogene, you would make some man a fine little wife"

LEONARD DOVE



SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Salesman W. N. Ralston
Date . . . February 17, 1938

East Jonesburg. Called at Scott and Barnard. Buyer out of town.

Jonesburg. Received small order from Mammoth Mfg.

Riverville. Talked to K. D. Parsons of Parsons Paper Co. He ordered from Dalton Co. salesman who telephoned yesterday.

Branchboro. Spent rest of afternoon waiting for Nelson of Consolidated. Not interested now

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● Long Distance telephone service cuts down the time required to see prospects—makes the time spent with them more productive. ⋆ Telephone appointments arranged in advance help to eliminate wasted visits and long lobby-waits. Telephone contacts between trips prevent loss of business, clear up complaints, keep customers friendly. ⋆ Long Distance is fast, personal—pays dividends on modest monthly investments. Try it systematically and see.

The Hard Way

Continued from page 16

that would not come out. Then she began to scream:

"There he is! There—there he is!"

She plunged across the room, the two cops with her, trying to be helpful and succeeding only in looking awkward. Jake thought she was coming at him. But in a second he knew. The red-haired girl was standing now and the blonde, choking and speechless, grabbed the baby and held it tightly. All over the room there arose an emotional fervor. The blonde wept loudly and tossed her head and rocked her body.

ONLY the red-haired girl, Jake saw, remained unmoved. Her mouth looked grim and there was irony in her eyes.

Jake lifted his chin. "Hey, Bugs!"

"I'm coming."

"This ought to be good," Jake said, nodding to the blonde.

Bugs raised his camera and the flash went off.

Then the women crowded around her, babbling in broken English. But the red-haired girl moved back, far back, and sat down again. Jake went over to her.

"She'll probably thank you when she runs down a bit."

"She doesn't have to."

"Where'd you find the kid?"

She looked up at him sharply, then looked down again. "Forget it."

"No kidding. Come on; where'd you find the kid?"

She frowned. "In the house. In the room over mine. That's why I haven't got any clothes. He was alone up there. He was alone most nights. I'd hear him crying. She'd come in at midnight; later, maybe."

"And you heard the kid when the fire broke out?"

"No. But I thought about hearing him cry the other nights. I ran up the stairs and knocked on the door. The smoke was up there, by that time—not much, just a little. But there was no answer and then I heard him crying. A man came out of another room and I yelled for him but he didn't stop—maybe he didn't understand English. Then at the end of the hall I found a fire ax, and broke the door down. But by that time the smoke was thick and I could hear the flames. I couldn't go down the stairs. I had to take the baby down the back fire escape."

HE WAS watching her face closely now for the first time—seeing through the soot that was smeared all over it—seeing a face thin but finely built, and much younger than he had thought. And no self-pity about it. And no self-pity in her voice.

He said, "You just don't figure in this neighborhood at all."

"Oh, don't I?" There was nothing coquettish or tantalizing about the way she said it. It was just a flat suggestion that he mind his own business.

"The Globe," he said, "makes a practice of presenting a hundred bucks to any citizen who's done a heroic act."

She cried, "Leave me alone, will you?"

Jake turned on his heel. "Bugs!" But when Bugs came over, lugging his camera, Jake said, "No; wait a minute." He turned to the girl. "Back of that partition's a washroom. Go wash your face."

"If you don't leave me alone—"

"Listen. Wash your face, will you?"

She went unwillingly, her hands thrust in the pockets of Jake's overcoat.

"What is this?" Bugs asked.

"Just something I walked smack into. We'll want a picture of her. She saved the kid the blonde's going maudlin over."

When she didn't show up in fifteen minutes, Jake and Bugs went back to the washroom. The door was open.

"Well, she washed, all right," Bugs said. "It was a fresh towel. You can see the soot on it. What's that on the looking glass?"

It was something written in soap. "You'll get your coat back. Also $4.23 in pocket."

"It's nice handwriting, even in soap," Bugs said. He nodded to an alley door. "She must have gone that way." . . .

Nobody, not even the blonde whose kid she had saved, seemed to know anything about her; not even her name. Then Jake asked a lot of routine questions and took down names. Amidst all the emotional, repetitious outpourings of the women he retained his amiable, indestructible calm.

Bugs said, "That was a nice coat you used to have."

"I'll get it back."

"How do you know?"

Jake was going to say, "Because I saw something in her eyes." But all he did was shrug and draw a circle around the blonde's name. Mrs. Naomi Polcrak.

Bugs slapped him affectionately on the shoulder. "Okay, sucker."

Jake went up the street again, feeling the cold close in about him like an icy sheet. The rooming house was nothing more than a skeleton now, lit from within by an ominous red glow. He questioned three patrolmen and two police sergeants before he found the man who had run the rooming house.

"What was the number of Mrs. Naomi Polcrak's room?"

"Twenty-three."

"And the room directly beneath it?"

"Seventeen."

"Who lived in that room?"

The man looked in a book. "It says May Waters here. She's new."

"Know anything about her?"

"Nope."

"What did she pay for the room?"

"Two bucks a week." The man's eyes rolled bleakly at Jake. "Did something happen to her?"

JAKE shook his head. He went back to Jackson's and phoned the Globe. He gave his routine coverage and then asked for Cruikshank, the managing editor, who always stayed late.

"The old man," he said, "is going to be out a hundred bucks. There was a girl saved a kid at this Bannerman Street fire." He repeated what May Waters had told him and then added, "I've got the names of six people who saw her with the kid, and the name of the kid's mother."

"Any pictures?"

"Of the mother, yes, and the kid. The Waters girl took a walk for herself."

"Okay. Write it up as a feature and we'll get a picture when she calls at the office for the hundred bucks."

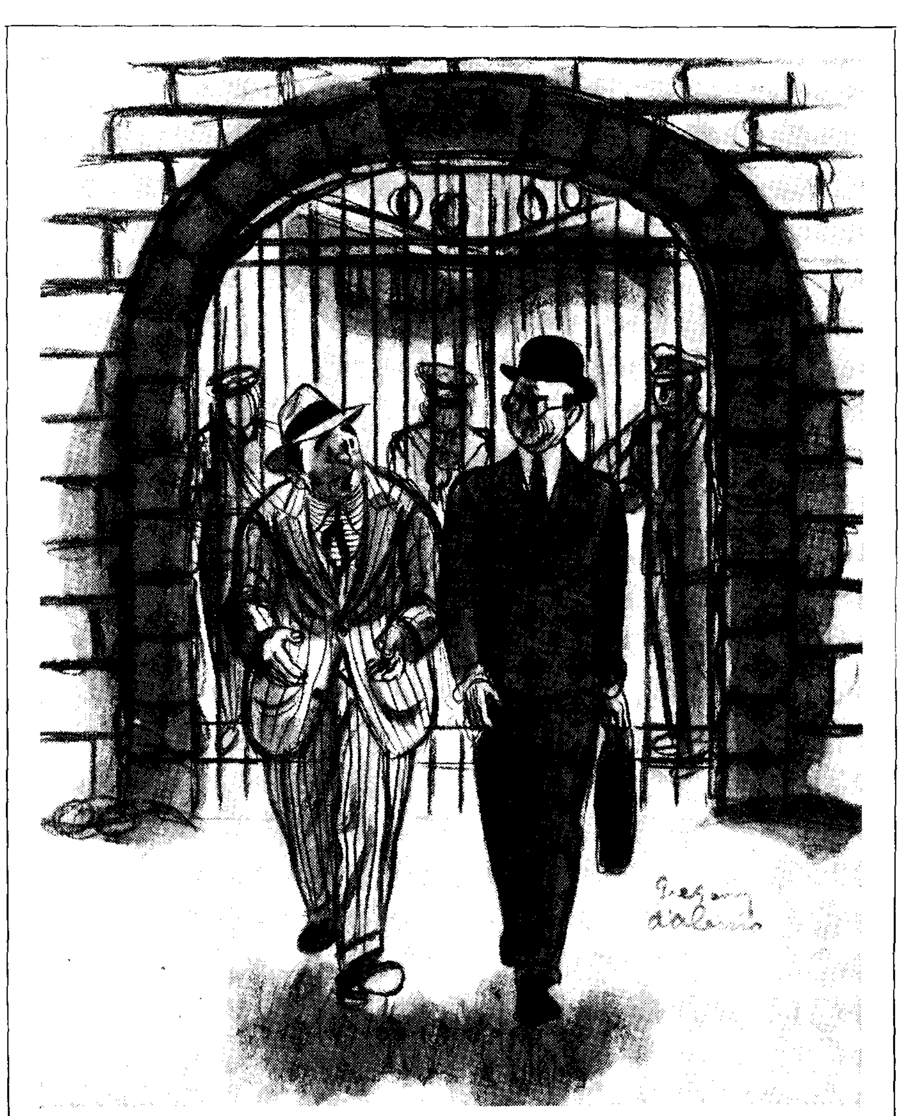
"Suppose she doesn't call?"

"Then the old man saves dough."

"Do I get a by-line?"

"Sure."

Jake couldn't get her out of his thoughts. Next morning he read in the



"Indictment, life sentence, parole! Indictment, life sentence, parole! I tell ya, Max, I'm in a rut!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

SEND $1.00 FOR
THE HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER LTD.
Emperor Napoleon Pipe
CURED WITH GENUINE
NAPOLEON BRANDY
LIQUEUR COGNAC
84 PROOF
SWEETEST PIPE YOU EVER SMOKED
NOTE NEW "BRANDY-GLASS" SHAPE
ONE TO A CUSTOMER
$1.00 POST PAID
If you don't think pipe is WORTH $2.75 send it back for full refund
¾ ACTUAL SIZE
SHAPE NO.1

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Now—for the first time, here's a magnificent pipe—cured with genuine Napoleon Brandy! Curing inside of bowl with essence containing this old liqueur does wonders for any tobacco. Smokes mellow and rich from first puff. Gives same fragrant aroma prized by brandy-drinkers the world over. Bowl, of selected first quality French Briar-root, carved in Emperor Napoleon "Brandy-Glass" Shape. **New and different!** Carefully wax-rubbed to bring out rare grain markings and golden walnut color. Flattened bottom holds pipe upright when not in use. Finest quality para bit. Specially designed 5-phase aluminum Reamer-Filter brings out full flavor and eliminates acrid juices. No detail omitted to make this pipe handsome to look at and a joy to smoke for years to come. Packed in beautiful gift box. Don't judge by low $1 price—will surely be your favorite pipe. Supply strictly limited—**so order today!**

SEND NO MONEY—unless you wish. Pay postman $1 plus 18¢ C.O.D. fee, or send $1 and **save C.O.D. cost.** Send check, money-order, cash, or stamps (if stamps, send 3¢ extra towards handling).

RESIDENTS OF CANADA should send $1.25 to our Canadian office, 6263 E. Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada.

FREE!
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"Brandy Glass" Shape in Small, Medium, or Large
OTHER SHAPES with same Napoleon Brandy-cured bowls
4 5 6 7 8
Specify size of "Brandy Glass" shape; or number of other shape

GUARANTEE
Smoke pipe for a week. If you are not delighted we refund your purchase price. You are sole judge.

THE HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER, LTD.
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Worms may cause fits and convulsions, often with fatal results. Take no chances—worm your puppy or dog with Glover's Worm Medicines. In capsule form for Round Worms (Ascarids), Hook Worms and Tape Worms. Also Liquid Vermifuge for Round Worms (Ascarids).

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Popular with many dog fanciers—
The New GLOVER'S *Double Action* CAPSULES

An effective combination of medicines to expel both Round Worms (Ascarids) and Hook Worms in puppies and dogs.

Write for new FREE DOG BOOK—address
GLOVER'S
Dept D, 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Freeze Ice Cream In 60 Minutes In Hotpoint Refrigerator

Basic Ice Cream Recipe

1 quart milk	⅓ cup flour
1½ cups sugar	⅛ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, salt and flour together thoroughly. Scald milk, add dry mixture. Cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Chill in Hotpoint Refrigerator food compartment. Makes 5 cups of custard base. This may be stored and used as needed.

20% FASTER FREEZING—

AT EVEN LOWER COST

HOTPOINT'S 1938 Refrigerators give a vital new meaning to the word "thrift". Positive Circulaire Cooling, the year's greatest advance in refrigeration, forces live air over and around the mechanism, increases freezing speed 20% and sets a new record for rock-bottom operating cost.

Hotpoint makes ice cheaper than you can buy it—freezes fifty pounds of ice for 12½ cents*! Year in and year out Hotpoint saves money on ice bills, food bills and power bills. That's because only Hotpoint offers Circulaire Cooling plus the Vacuum-Sealed Thriftmaster plus the Speed Freezer.

Pays its own cost out of savings!

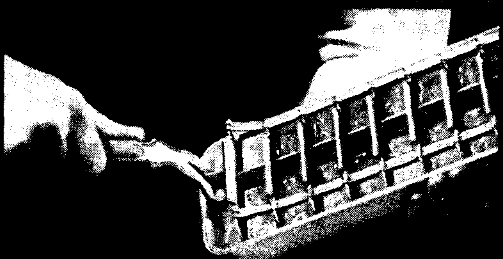
If you are now using ice or an inadequate old-style refrigerator you are probably paying a heavy premium for refrigeration service—wasting precious dollars every month! Thousands of people have discovered that the new, *big*, roomy, family-size Hotpoint Refrigerator saves more than enough money on electricity, food and ice to pay for itself. Ask your dealer to show you how.

See the new Hotpoint Refrigerators at your electric dealer's today. Select from the 15 brilliant 1938 models. Pay as little as 17c a day on Hotpoint's Friendly Finance Plan. Edison General Electric Appliance Company, Inc., 5742 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Illinois.

* *Based on national average electric rates at average room temperature.*

As little as $1.19 a week buys A HOTPOINT REFRIGERATOR

"THE MARK OF A DEPENDABLE DEALER"

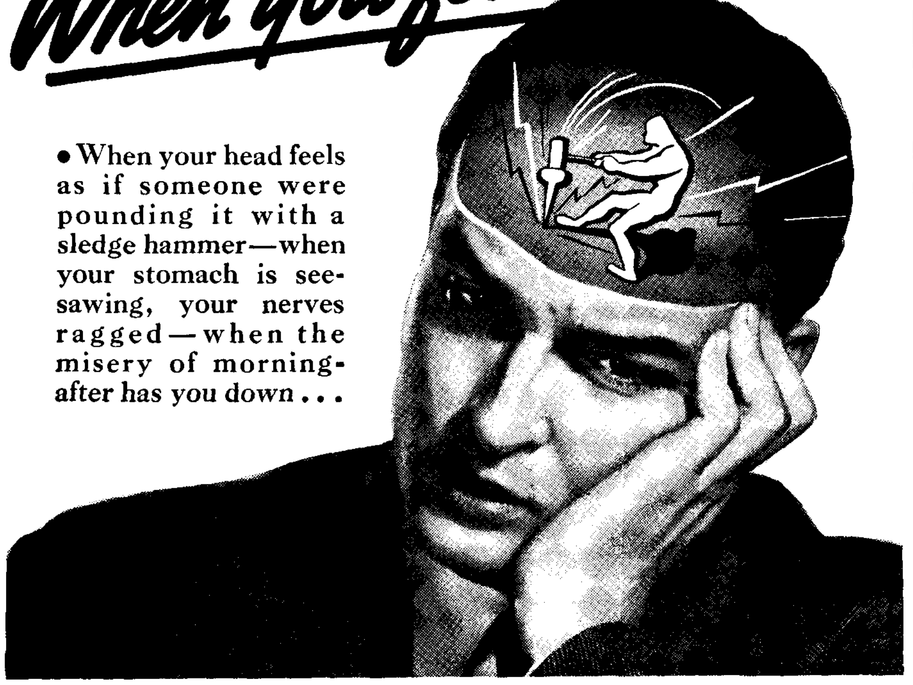


Hotpoint

See for Yourself Why Circulaire Cooling Reduces Operating Costs!

You know that an automobile motor runs more efficiently when it is properly cooled. The same thing is true in a refrigerator mechanism. That's why Circulaire Cooling, which bathes the Hotpoint Thriftmaster in a stream of live air, makes it possible to transform a mere trickle of electricity into an avalanche of freezing power! Operating costs are less than ever! Any Hotpoint dealer will gladly furnish conclusive proof.

When you feel like this—



• When your head feels as if someone were pounding it with a sledge hammer—when your stomach is see-sawing, your nerves ragged—when the misery of morning-after has you down . . .

Do this

. . . snap out of it the way doctors proved *faster*. Take Bromo-Seltzer! It does *more* for you. Not only relieves headache pain, but settles the *stomach*—calms the *nerves*—ALKALIZES! Soon you're smiling . . .

And feel like this

. . . head clear—that painful pounding gone. Your stomach is on an even keel—your nerves relaxed and calm. Bromo-Seltzer leaves you refreshed and peppier, too. You feel keener, more set for the day.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores and soda fountains everywhere. Keep it handy at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER

Globe what he had written about her and, as was always the case when he saw his writing in print, he felt it wasn't as good as it might have been. What he remembered mostly was her eyes, the fire and turbulence in them; and then her voice, passionate but clear-cut; and then the circumstances surrounding her. He also remembered a kind of fine, taut pride.

At noon he went over to Bannerman Street and saw some of the people he had seen in Jackson's the night before. They had come to salvage what remained of their belongings, but nothing remained. The building was gutted. Jake asked if anyone had seen her around, but they all shook their heads. He shivered in his light spring coat but he wasn't worrying about the other one; he knew he'd get it back but he had an idea that May Waters wouldn't bring it herself.

When he reached the office there was a memorandum for him. "Call Mr. L. B. Vincent, Hotel Brayward." He sat on a desk and phoned the Brayward and asked for Vincent.

"This is Jacob Brennan."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Brennan. Thanks for calling. Have you located May Waters yet?"

"No."

"Mr. Brennan, could I meet you somewhere? Can you come over here?"

"Sure."

"Soon?"

"Right now."

JAKE wasn't sure about him the moment he laid eyes on him: nothing big or dangerous or inimical; he just wasn't sure about him the way you weren't sure about somebody who pulled rabbits out of hats. Bright face. Bright, boxlike grin. Neat brown hair and bright eyes behind bright, crisp nose glasses. All of it seemed to Jake like the kind of brightness he might be able to turn on and off like a light. He looked about thirty-five. And there was dough somewhere.

"I could have met you anywhere, Mr. Brennan, but—"

"This is all right."

"Sit down, won't you?"

Jake sat down without bothering to unbutton his topcoat. Vincent offered him a cigarette and Jake took one and canted his head to get a light from Vincent's lighter. He knew Vincent wasn't giving him the once-over; what he was doing, Jake figured, was thinking hard and fast about how to begin.

Jake inhaled and said, "Know her?"

Vincent's bright blue eyes wheeled at him. "That's what I don't know! That's why I asked you to meet me!" He sat down quickly, his slender fingers dancing nimbly about his cigarette. "Does this have to get in the papers?"

Jake shook his head. "No."

"You see," Vincent pressed on, "I read your description of her. Dark red hair, about five feet six, and then the name."

"If the name's May Waters and the rest jibes, where's the joker?"

Vincent had slipped and the quick blinking of his eyes showed it. He kept blinking at the window.

Jake smiled. "Or maybe the red hair and the five-feet-six and the May are all right—but not the Waters."

Vincent pecked half a dozen times in quick succession at his cigarette.

"People," Jake said, "don't mind changing their last names, but somehow or other they like to hang onto their first. Are the cops after her?"

Vincent almost bounced. "Goodness, no—nothing like that!" He was shaken for a minute and then, under visible effort, he was normal again. Puzzled, he shook his head. "I don't know, I don't know. I thought you might be able to tell me something else about her that didn't appear in your article."

Jake said, "Two women with red hair named May couldn't ever have the same eyes. You'd see them once and never forget them."

For an instant Vincent's face clouded but then, magically, it was bright again. "But of course I didn't see *your* May's eyes. As a matter of fact"—he was brisk now—"I don't think it's the same person. The more I think about it the more I'm convinced." He stood up. "I'm sorry to have bothered you." There was a bright little preoccupied dance going on in his eyes. He was miles away from his hotel room, Jake thought.

"You'll probably locate her all right, Mr. Brennan. I'm in town on business and I thought— But I'm sure it can't be the person I was thinking of."

Downstairs, Jake said to the girl at the desk, "Emma, where's 604 registered from?"

"Van Pelt, Ohio."

He walked over to the Globe Building, his mind full of the bright, dancing eyes and the bright automatic grin of Mr. L. B. Vincent of Van Pelt, Ohio. As he was passing the information desk in the Globe lobby, the girl behind it called out:

"Mr. Brennan, is this your coat?"

He could feel his pulse quicken. "Where'd you get it?"

"It was here on the counter when I turned around. Half an hour ago."

There was a piece of paper pinned to the collar; it said: "For Jacob Brennan."

"Nothing else?"

"Nope."

He took it upstairs and on the way rummaged in the pockets. In the inside pocket was another slip of paper: "You'll get the $4.23, all right."

Suddenly Jake had a feeling that he would never see her again and for a minute a sensation something like nostalgia took complete possession of him. He hadn't felt like that since the first months he spent in the city, jobless, seven years ago, when he was twenty-one. Existing on one meal a day and living in an unheated room the size of a large closet and writing home that he was doing fine, so the folks wouldn't worry.

"No, no!" Bugs cried, holding one hand over his face. "Don't tell me you got it back!"

Jake growled, "All right, screwball," and yanked Bugs' hat down over his eyes.

HE HAD to find her. He had to see her with the soot off her face and he had to look into her eyes again and hear the sound of her voice. He didn't stop to consider that he might be chasing a phantom. She was no phantom as he remembered her, and that was enough. Yes, and this guy Vincent was mixed up in it, too. He wasn't fooling anybody, Vincent wasn't. She was the May he meant, all right. Only he didn't know anything; that is, he didn't know anything about where she was. And as for anything else, Jake didn't care about it.

The odds were ten to one that she was in another cheap rooming house similar to the one that had burned out. He went back to Bannerman Street again to ask the superintendent, whom he found in a basement room across the street, if she had come back to recover any of her belongings. The superintendent said no and added, "I told you once before everything was burned up." But Jake thought she might have come back anyhow, just in case.

He spent hours visiting other places in the neighborhood. He knew that if she had changed her name once she would change it again, so he didn't bother with names. All he asked was if a young woman had rented a room late the night of the tenth. He covered many blocks without success. And the next day he got up early and started on the grocery stores and the neighborhood lunchrooms, describing her as best he could and figuring that at least the owners of the grocery stores would remember a new customer. Several times he thought he saw her but each time it turned out to be somebody else. Then it was time to get back to his job.

But at eight next morning he was on the hunt again and at eight-thirty he saw her, five blocks north of Bannerman Street. She was a block away from him at the time, and crossing the avenue, but he knew he wasn't wrong. He ran for half a block and then walked fast, until he was only half a dozen paces behind her. As he closed in, he didn't know what to say, and as he took hold of her arm he said:

"Hello, Red."

She yanked her arm free as her dark glance shot angrily across her shoulder. And then she stopped short and her eyes weren't angry any more, but they were still dark. He could see her breast go up, hold for a second, and then go down.

"The four-twenty-three—"

"Skip it," he said.

"I DIDN'T mean to run away with your coat but—"

"Skip that too."

He was staring at her face, seeing it now with the soot gone—seeing the fineness in it, the large decent eyes. And then he saw the coat she wore, thin and cut in a style of three or four years ago, and the gloveless hands and, farther down, the worn shoes freshly polished.

"Come on," he said, taking her arm.

She held back and her face blanched. "I don't want that hundred dollars! I tell you I won't—"

"I wasn't thinking about that."

"It was rotten of you to put all that in the paper! Why couldn't you just leave me alone?"

"Why don't you use your right name instead of May Waters?"

"Why?" she demanded hotly. "Because my name *is* May Waters. Let my arm go! I've got to get breakfast and go to work!"

He didn't release her arm. "Have breakfast with me."

"If you think you're going to get a picture of me or anything else—"

"Just breakfast; will you?"

"No."

Suddenly he was angry. "Listen, for three days I've pounded the pavements looking for you and I—"

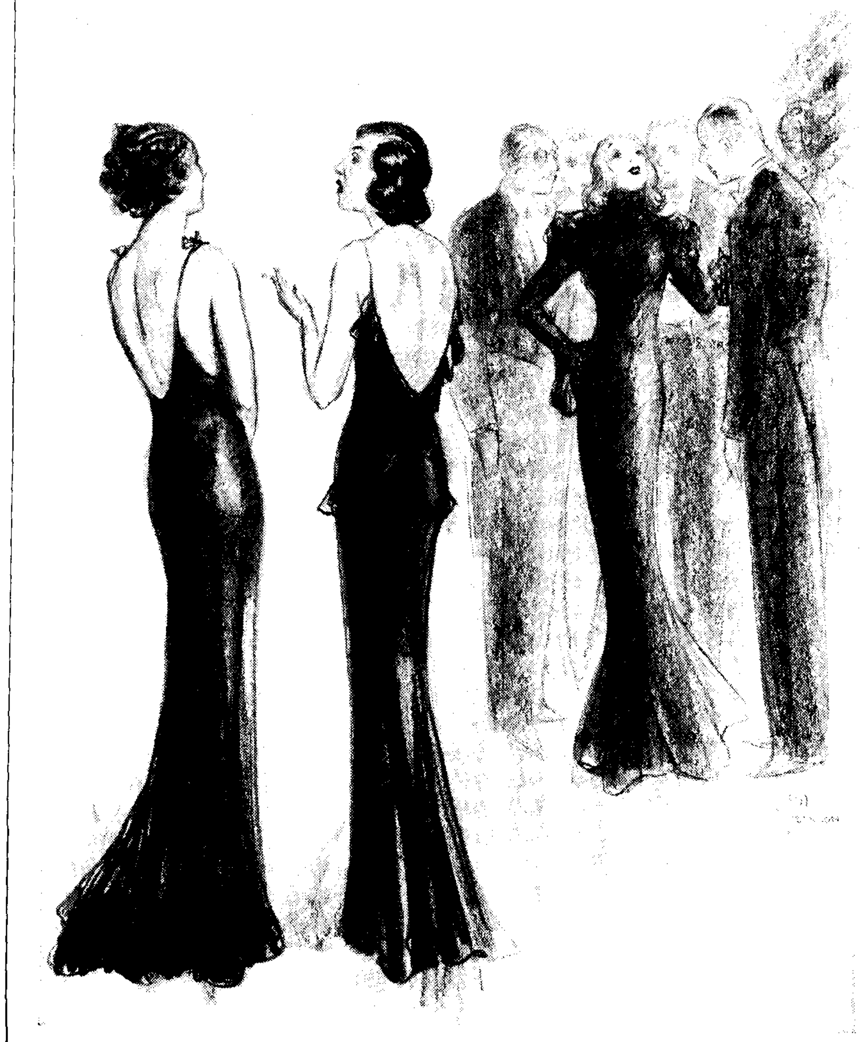
"And you won't get a picture or a story or—"

"I don't want any! Who said I wanted any?"

"What else do you want?" she cried.

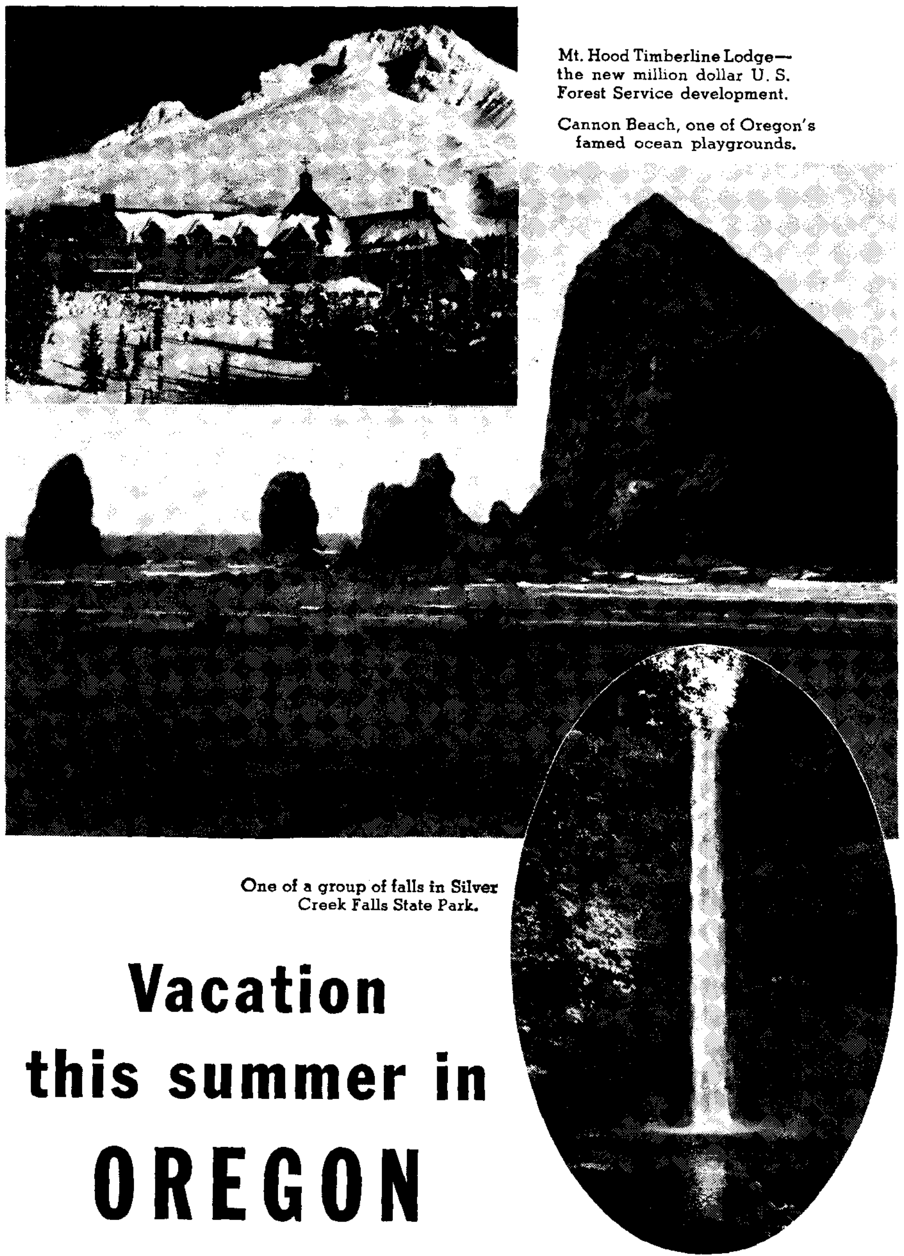
He relaxed and squinted away up the avenue. "I don't know." He shrugged. "Maybe I just wanted to make sure you were all right." He looked at her and then looked away again, scowling. Then he growled, "See here—you don't belong in this neighborhood! It doesn't make sense! You're not like the people who live around here!"

"Do you newspapermen always have to find an answer?" she said bitterly. "All right. I was out of a job. I was out of a job for three months and I pawned things till I didn't have anything more to pawn. And I moved to Bannerman Street a couple of weeks ago because it was the cheapest place I could find. And then the day I got a job the rooming house burned and my last ten dollars and everything else in the room burned with it. I was going to use part of the ten dollars to get a suitcase out of storage. And I had to borrow your four-twenty-three to get it out in order to have some clothes to wear to work. And now I've got the job—and you're right; my name isn't Waters — and please leave me alone! It's no crime to change your name! I changed it because—"



"There are no lengths she won't go to, just to attract attention"

C. W. ANDERSON



Mt. Hood Timberline Lodge—the new million dollar U. S. Forest Service development.

Cannon Beach, one of Oregon's famed ocean playgrounds.

One of a group of falls in Silver Creek Falls State Park.

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● Oregon is America's great new summer playground. It is unspoiled, unexploited. It is *air-conditioned* by Nature. Cold air surging downward from the mountains, fresh breezes sweeping inland from the Pacific, make all nights cool and refreshing, all days invigorating. Sultry heat is unknown.

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EYE-GENE Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

She stopped and compressed her lips.

"All right," he said, "because a guy by the name of Vincent was looking for you."

It slammed the breath out of her; he was sorry for that, but he wasn't going to let her go. He took hold of her arm again and this frightened her.

"I knew there was something you wanted." For a minute her eyes were glazed with thought and then she was saying out of her preoccupation, "Tell him all right, I guess. Tell him I'll go back. Tell him to call for me tonight. It's seven-ten Rockland Street. Top floor, back. Any time after six."

His hand dropped heavily from her arm and he was speechless. He wanted to ask her what her real name was, but she was walking away; and, besides, he figured that he could guess her real name.

THE wind, cold and boisterous, whistled and thumped in the glass and bronze marquee of the Hotel Brayward. Jake went in with the revolving door. He opened his overcoat and let the warmth get in under it and then he stood at the newsstand thumbing magazines like a man with nothing to do. After a couple of minutes he wandered across the lounge, paused to take a look at the elevators, then walked away and sat down. It was half past eleven. He squinted at the sunlight shining on the stained-glass windows above the main entrance.

It would make a swell story, all right. Husband and wife reunited after fire in Bannerman Street!

On the other hand, Jake thought, suppose he didn't tell Vincent? Suppose he just let it slide? He slouched down in the deep leather chair and pictured her, for instance, in his own apartment in the old brownstone. It wasn't much, but it was comfortable and warm and there were his books all around and a fireplace and a radio and the big rug on the living-room floor which he'd bought at an auction. He pictured her eyes in the firelight.

"Nuts!" he grunted, and got up and walked across to the house telephones. "Mr. L. B. Vincent," he told the operator. But Mr. Vincent was not in his room. Jake cracked the receiver down.

He took the circular staircase down to the bar, feeling that for a little while he had escaped something terrible. He ordered a highball and stood playing around with it. And he was still standing there at noon when a bright voice said at his elbow:

"Oh, hello!"

Jake looked in the mirror. "Hello," he said.

"Will you have a drink?"

"I have one," Jake said; and then he thought, "What the hell's the use of getting sore at him?" He turned and said, "I phoned your room a little while ago. You weren't in."

VINCENT put a brief case and his hat on the bar. "Busy morning. Sherry, barman. Yes"—he turned his bright flashing glasses on Jake—"very busy. I leave tomorrow."

Jake thought, "Why didn't you leave yesterday?" But he said, "It's the same girl, all right."

Vincent's face looked as if a flashlight had been suddenly turned on it. His stare, bright and very blue, jiggled all over Jake's face. He swallowed.

"She'll expect you any time tonight after six." He asked the barman for a piece of paper and wrote down the address. "There it is."

Vincent held it in both hands and stared at it. He said slowly in a compressed voice, "You're sure? You—"

Jake banged down his empty glass. "Your name's Vincent, isn't it?" he snapped.

"B-but—yes—"

Jake went out.

Even the street lights in Rockland Street were inadequate. Jake walked past the car barns, where the wind boomed, and passed the power company's substation, where it screeched along the windows. He went up the hill and paused to look at the murky vestibule where the number 710 was barely visible. Then he crossed the street and leaned against a building and waited.

The cab pulled up at about six-thirty and he saw Vincent get out and stand for a minute looking at the sooty brick rooming house. Then Vincent went in and the door slammed shut. Jake walked back down the street a little, and waited.

In about fifteen minutes he heard a door bang and saw Vincent run across the sidewalk and jump into the taxicab. Suspicion, doubt, terror crackled in Jake's head and he yelled, "Hey!" But the cab was off, its motor howling. He ran up the street, slammed his way through the vestibule and went headlong up one stairway after another until he came to the top. He turned the knob. Impetus carried him halfway into the room.

She was standing at the window, her head twisted around and her eyes dark and fierce with challenge. He went right up to her and grasped her arm. He was out of breath.

"Are you all right?" he said.

Some of the darkness and all the challenge went away. "Yes, I'm all right." She was staring curiously at his face. "What made you think—"

"I don't know. I saw him go away alone. He was running. I didn't know what to think."

She walked across the room and sat down on the cot. She rubbed her palms together slowly, reflectively. And Jake, getting his breath back, sat down on the only chair in the room.

"You're nice," she said absently. "You're sweet."

"You said you were going back with him."

"I'm not," she said in a browsing voice. "Deep down, I knew I wouldn't. He let me down once. You either have what it takes, Jacob Brennan, or you haven't. You either doubt or you don't. And he doubted that a decent girl could live in these surroundings. He didn't say it that way. But he talked all around it. He doesn't know. He was never out of a job, or cold, or hungry, or desperate. I was—but I was always decent. He thought I took a false name out of shame. He didn't know I took it so he couldn't find me."

"But if he's your husband—"

"He's not. My name is Winthrop. He married a girl for her money out in Van Pelt. Big clay-products plant. I worked in the bank there. And after he was married a couple of years he fell in love with me—or thought he did. And he wanted to run away with me and I believed him so much that I wanted to run away with him, too. Only I did a dumb thing. I made him tell his wife—and went there, too. But she knew what she wanted and she knew how to keep it. He backed out. She bought him. Last year she died and he's been writing me letters. But I didn't answer them. I didn't want to see him again, ever. Until this happened—the fire, losing almost everything in it, and you after me, and being afraid of losing my new job if they found out my name wasn't what I said it was—"

"You sure do things the hard way," Jake said.

"Until for a little while I could have lost my pride enough to marry him. But I saved that in the end. And he knows it—from the way I drove him out of here." She looked up, her eyes level. "And you'll get the four-twenty-three back the end of the week."

JAKE blurted, "Please! Stop bringing that up!" He rose and went across the room and stood in front of her, bending over and bracing his hands on his knees and saying very earnestly, "Can't you see that what I want is to know you? To have you smile? To talk to you as if we were two human beings? To know that you're warm and not hungry and that you're happy? Can't you see that?"

She stared at him out of her dark, candid eyes and then she leaned back and smiled and it was like firelight touching up her face. "You're a strange person, Jacob."

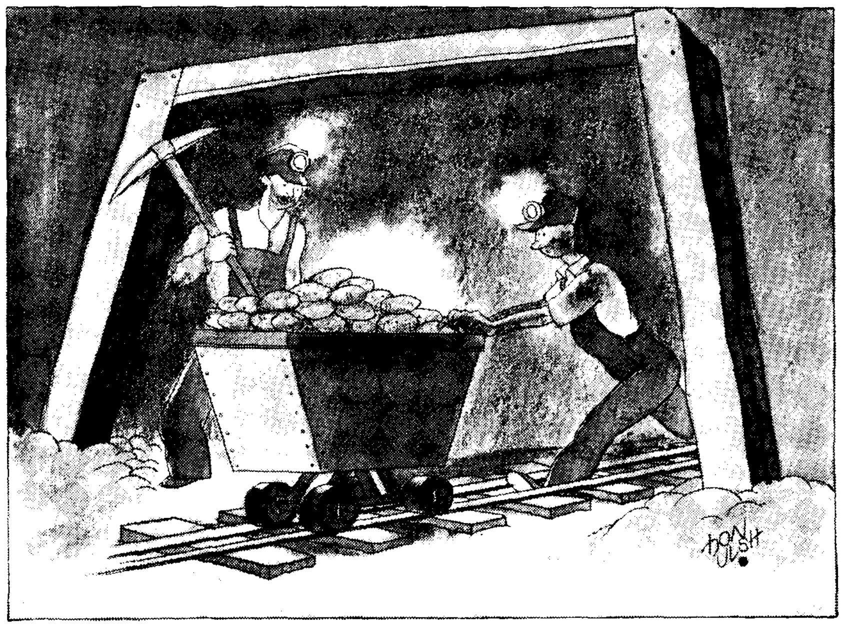
"I don't want to be; I don't mean to be."

She got up and went to the window and stared out across the jumble of rooftops and chimney pots and fire escapes, all dabbed with snow under the cold moonlight. She stretched her arms above her head, stretched her whole slender body until she was standing on her toes.

"I suddenly feel so *good!*" she cried. "Let's go out somewhere. Where there's music. And dancing. Listen, I know a place where they serve good Spanish food, and a little orchestra, only three or four pieces, but good—"

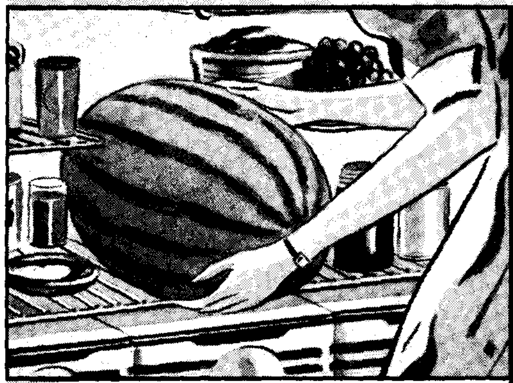
She turned, her color high and her eyes sparkling. "Jacob, I do believe you like me."

"Call me Jake. All my friends call me Jake."



"Potatoes! We must be getting near the hillside" DON ULSH

NORGE *Leads Again!*



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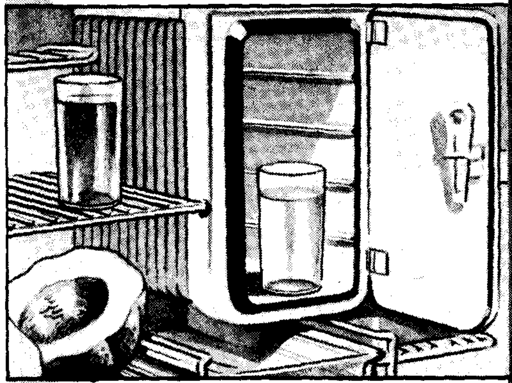

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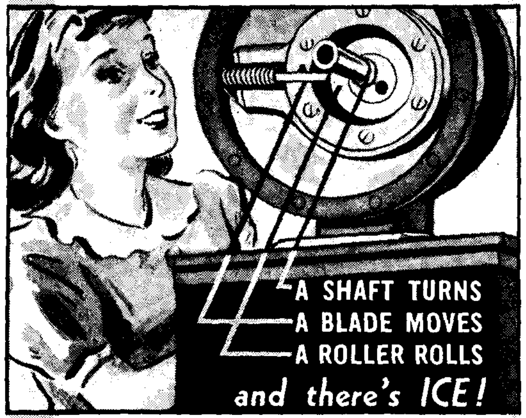

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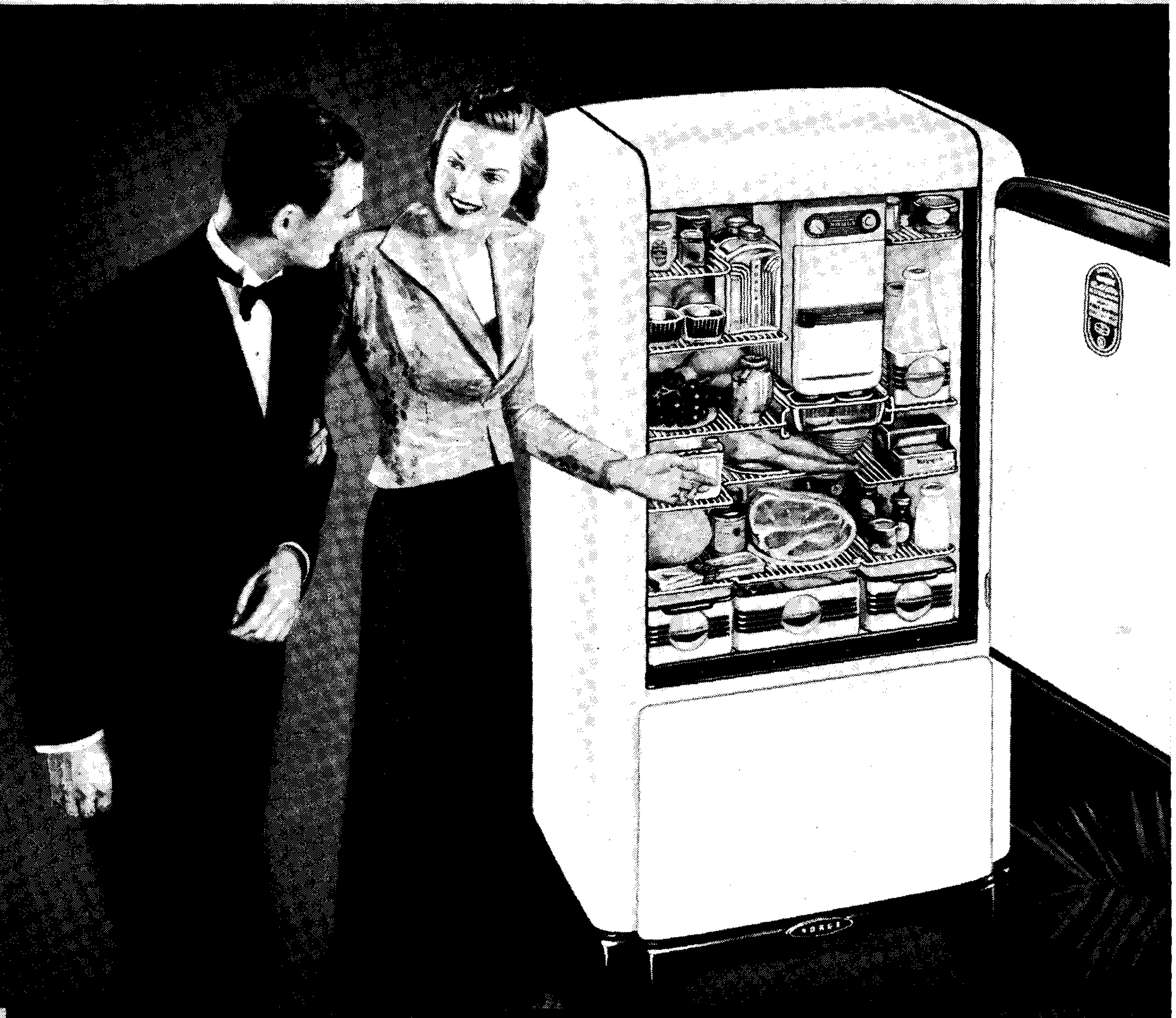

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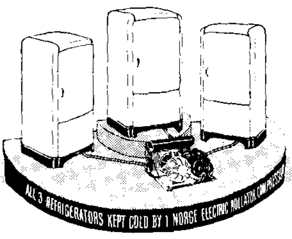
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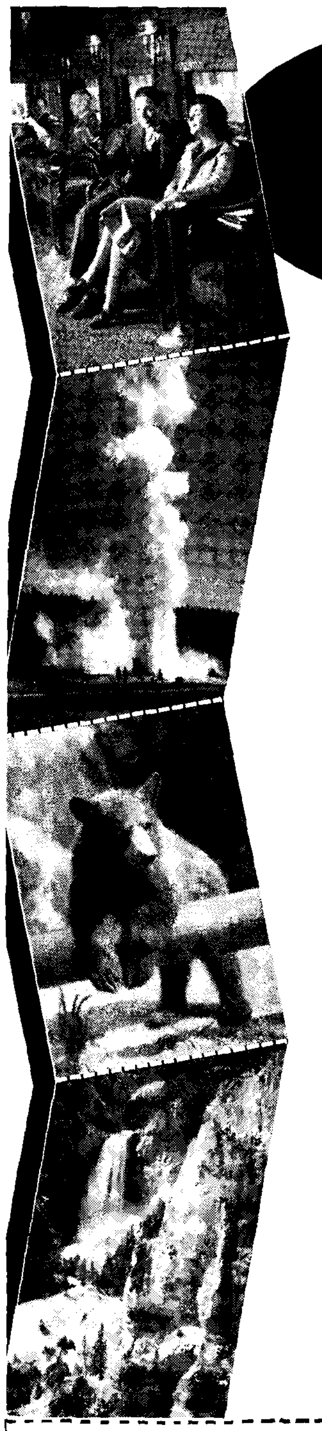

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Something to Fight About

Continued from page 17

company of Two Girls Wanted. Una wavered. The part in Coquette meant she would be on Broadway at last and besides it was a good play. Golden looked at her disgustedly and said: "That's your idea of gratitude, I suppose," and she went home and cried all night. Next morning she was back to tell him that she would go out with his company and forget about Coquette. Then he relented and released her.

"An awfully fine man, Mr. Golden," says Una.

Coquette played twenty-two months on Broadway and it gave her plenty of time to teach her Sunday school class at the Dutch Reformed Church at 147th and Covent Avenue. When the play went on the road, she had even more fun and never really has recovered from the experience. ("I cried when that play closed.") Helen Hayes was just a swell person; there was never a cross word in the company; they used to have picnics and she recalls one in Appleton, Wisconsin, with intense pleasure; she also remembers the gadgets that Charles Waldron carried about with him; and the time of the flood in a Pennsylvania town when they walked on boards to get to the dressing rooms, and where the audience sat on undertakers' chairs.

Delayed Action

During the course of the run she had taken a screen test in the company of two other unknowns called Claudette Colbert and Sylvia Sidney. She waited around so long for her turn that she sent out for a sandwich and was eating it when the director finally reached her. He thought it was a very pretty scene and took a test of her busily engaged wolfing down the pastrami. Along with it she did a bit from the play, Salt Water, and she didn't get the job. It was only later when D. W. Griffith was looking for a girl to play Ann Rutledge in Abraham Lincoln that John Considine of United Artists remembered that beautiful test, showed it to Griffith and he said that's the girl.

By this time Una was doing all right on the stage and she said no she didn't think Hollywood would interest her. Their reply was an offer of more money but she was still saying no when her father was injured. It occurred to her that California would be a good place for his recuperation and she took the Griffith offer. Walter Huston was Lincoln and Una had a grand time.

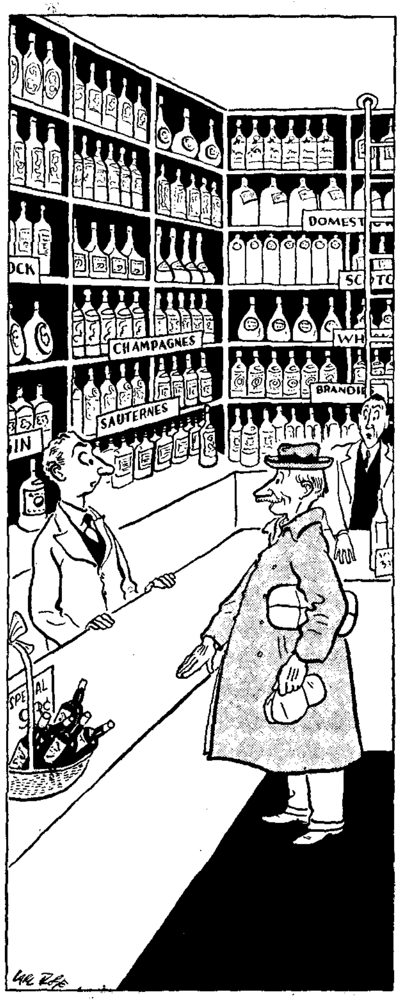
"I died in the first scene," she said proudly.

They then had a part in Don't Bet on Women, especially written into the picture for her, of a Southern girl who is always doing the wrong thing at the right time, and she did so well at this that they fired her. No more work. Southern gals with accents were hard to use.

Fox hired her, had her for six months and then offered to take up the option for the same salary. "How come?" asked Una. "The option says if it's taken up, the salary automatically ups too." "Lady," said they, "don't make up riddles. Do you take it or do you not?" "No," said Una and quit.

By this time Una could see that Hollywood was going to be jolly. She hung around for a month or two, getting back her breath, and then heard of a part in Private Lives at M-G-M. She got the script at nine at night, studied all night, came in and made a test next day and landed. She's been at the place for six years, has made as many as eleven pictures in a year, still has her accent, a husband (very nice one named Roland L. Burla, who is an aviation designer), a house up one of those fabulous canyons where it is dangerous to move the ice box because it may tip the whole dump down the rocks, and a very happy feeling about herself. She never gets angry, plays any part thrown at her, goes to bed at nine o'clock when she is working, and is by no means the person to be built into a glamor girl. What she has is a great sense of humor, no side whatever, a great deal of common sense and no discernible ambition.

She is a blond dame, but she is no beauty. She likes to swim but thinks that outdoor girls are nuts. She is 5:5, weighs 108, eats like a horse and dances fairly well. She can't strut; she can't slink; she can't swagger; she can't look mysterious. She is extremely methodical; plays the piano well; is a good cook and owns two dogs, one of which is a nuisance given to snipping holes in your pants leg.



"A small bottle of root beer flavoring, please"

CARL ROSE

Like everybody else in the world, she would love to do Melanie in Gone with the Wind and has been hanging around Selznick Pictures hoping that somebody would notice her.

"Paradin' my accent around over there," is how she expresses it.

That accent has been the object of some attention. It makes her very good in wisecracking parts like Born to Dance and Redheaded Woman. The great trouble with her is that she's too agreeable. If they tell her she's to be a glamorous female from now on, she'll say that's mahty nice of y'all and begin looking like Dietrich.

It is the duty of all thinking Americans to prevent this outrage. Write to your congressman! Write to M-G-M! Write to your pastor!

City at War

Continued from page 19

old woman had been standing by the door. She came in now. She took my arm and pulled at me to come closer to hear her. She said, very softly, as if she were telling me a secret: "Look at that, look at that, do you see, that is my home, that's where I live, there, what you see there." She looked at me as if I should deny it: with wide, puzzled, frightened eyes. I did not know what to say. "I cannot understand," she said slowly, hoping I would understand and explain; after all I was a foreigner, I was younger than she, I had probably been to school, surely I could explain. "I do not understand," she said, "you see it is my home."

With War Around the Corner

And all the time it was cold. Madrid flowed with rain, rain everywhere; oh, the cold and, oh, the wet feet, and the thick smell of wet wool overcoats. And we waited for the offensive. The rumors grew each day; they rushed and swayed over the town. People looked wise or sly or happy or worried or anything, and you wondered: what do they know about the offensive? We were sure anyhow that it would be a big offensive when it came, and we were pretty sure there would be dancing in the streets afterward. We knew it was important: everyone had confidence in its success whenever it came; everyone was waiting. But there was nothing to do.

And so, to fill the days, we went visiting at the nearest fronts (ten blocks from the hotel, fifteen blocks, a good brisk walk in the rain, something to circulate your blood with). There were always funny people in the trenches, new faces, always something to talk about. So we strolled to University City and Usera, to the Parque del Oeste, to those trenches that are a part of the city and that we knew so well. No matter how often you do it, it is surprising just to walk to war, easily, from your own bedroom where you have been reading a detective story or a Life of Byron, or listening to the phonograph, or chatting with your friends.

It was as usual cold, and that day we walked through all the trenches in that particular park. In these trenches, in this once fine Madrid park, the mud was like chewing gum. We admired the dugouts—smelling of fresh wood, and the wood smoke from the little stoves, the bright blankets over the machine guns, the pictures of movie stars on the walls, the curious serenity of it—and, after all, there was no news in it. But on the other hand, it was different at night. Every night, clearly, you could hear from the hotel the machine guns hammering, and the echoing thud of mortars, and what was very normal in the daytime became a strange business at night.

So the next evening, when the sky turned blue-purple, we presented ourselves at the staff headquarters, in a bombed apartment house. It was a homelike spot: there were three women, the wives of officers, shrill as birds. A five-months-old baby slept on the plush sofa and his mother told us all about him breathlessly, with astonishment, as women will. The major was tired but very courteous. The staff cook wandered in, laughing like Ophelia and a little mad, and asked when they wanted dinner. The soldier who would be our guide was at a dance, given by another battalion. After all, they had been making war here for over a year: it was right in the city and the dance was within ten minutes' walk, and a man wants a change now and again. Presently he came, a boy with fantastic eyelashes and an easy laugh, and we walked a block, went down some slippery steps and were in the trenches.

The flashlight was fading, and the mud pulled at our shoes and we had to walk bent over to avoid hitting the low beams that held up the trench, and it was very cold. In the third line, we leaned against the mud walls, and looked at the thin, torn trees of what had once been a city park, and listened. We had come to hear the loud-speakers. At night, one side or the other presents the soldiers in those trenches with a program of propaganda and music. The loud-speakers were hidden near the front line, and you could hear everything as you can hear a normal telephone conversation. Tonight the enemy was speaking. A careful, pompous radio voice began: The chief of Spain, the only chief, is willing to give his blood for you . . . Franco, Franco. . . .

Another soldier had come up and he and our guide lighted cigarettes, and our guide, who was anxious for us to enjoy ourselves, said: "This talking part is very tiresome, but it won't last long; afterward comes music."

Suddenly, blaring across that narrow no man's land, we heard Kitten on the Keys, played seven times too fast. "Ah," said our guide, "that is very pretty, that is American music."

Then the smooth, careful voice came back: "Your leaders live well in the rearguard while you are given guns to go out and die." There was a burst of irritated machine-gun fire after this remark. "He is too stupid," the soldier-guide said, with disgust. "Usually we do not listen to him. Why doesn't he stop talking and play the music. The music is very nice. We all enjoy the music. It helps pass the time."

The Music Is Always Welcome

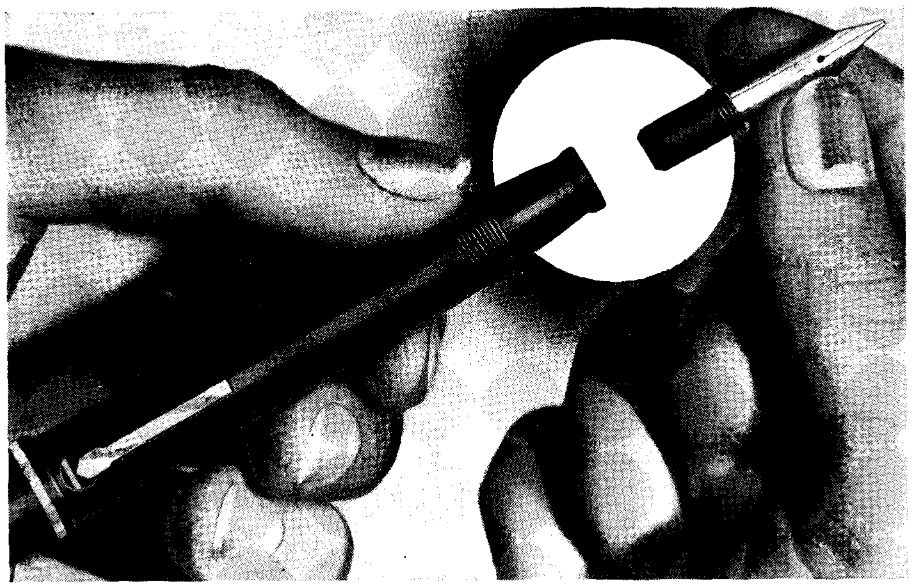
At this point, the music started: Valencia, deedle-deedle-deedle-dee. . . . It went on for about an hour. We were moving forward with some difficulty because the flashlight had worn out, feeling our way through covered trenches with our hands out, touching both walls, bending beneath the beams of funnels, slipping on the duckboards when there were any, or stumbling in mud. At one point a mortar exploded, flashing through the trees, and the machine guns clattered an answer. The radio voice said, "*Viva Franco! Arriba Espana*"; and you could hear, from up ahead in the first line, the jeers of the government troops. Then, alone, you could hear the voice but not the words of a soldier who was answering that remote radio orator.

The guide explained: "The fight will now start. Now it is mainly a joke, but that loud-speaker used to make us angry. We have heard it so much, and we know it is so silly, and sometimes it announces a great victory right here where we have been all day and seen nothing, and we do not pay attention to it. But it is the custom to answer back."

Very thin and high, through the trees, you could still hear the soldier's voice, shouting.

"He says," the guide said, after listening, "that it is useless to talk to them in Spanish because they are all Moors over there."

We waited but could not make out any other words. The guide went on: "One of our boys usually tells them they are liars and are destroying Spain, and they tell him he is a murderous Red, and later they will get angry and throw mortars at one another. Their loud-



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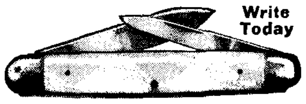

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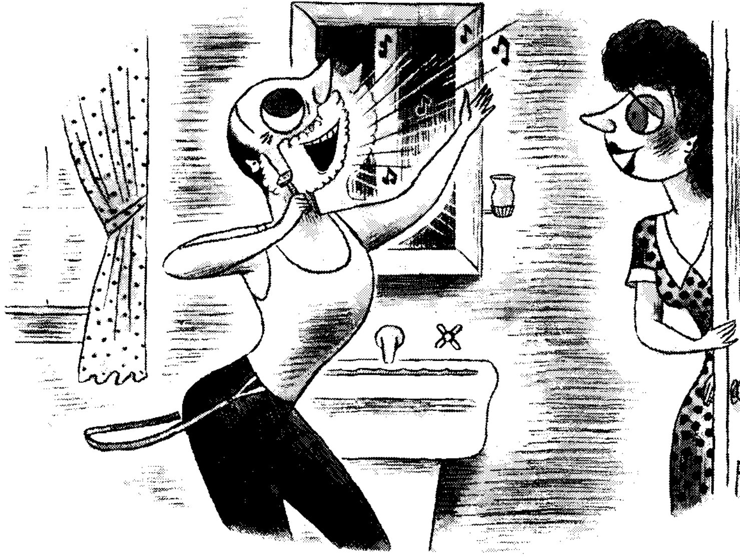

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IT'S THE SKILL
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THAT COUNTS

speaker is a waste of time, but the music is agreeable."

"You seem very much at home here," I said, because suddenly it struck me that we were as casual as people at an outdoor concert, in any peacetime city, in the summer. (The stadium in New York with all the stars, that place in a park in St. Louis, with the two great trees growing from the stage, the little brass bands in the little squares in Europe: ah, I thought, it takes something to be so calm about war.)

"These trenches are very good," the soldier said; "you can see that for yourself. And we have been here a long time." The machine guns down by the Puenta de los Francesas echoed over the black land. "If necessary," the boy said very quietly, "we can stay here forever."

I asked where the government loudspeaker was. He said probably up the line somewhere, toward the Clinical Hospital; they didn't always work at the same place at the same time.

"You should come and hear ours some night," the guide said. "We have very pretty music, too, but only Spanish songs. You would like it."

We were by this time in a communicating trench, on our way to the first line. A mortar shook the walls of the trench and scattered mud over us, and did not explode, to everyone's delight. The guide said to the other soldier: "It is scarcely worth while to kill foreign journalists for a little music." He told us he could not take us farther and, as we could see, both the music and the speaking were finished, and now there were only mortars. We argued it, bracing ourselves against the walls of the trench, but he said: no, the major would be very angry at me and I will get in trouble.

So we went back as we had come.

"Well," the major said, "how did you enjoy it?"

"Very much."

"How was the music?"

"A little too fast."

"I have here something that will interest you," the major said. He took a rocket, like a Fourth of July rocket, from the table. "The Fascists send these over with propaganda in them, and sometimes I write an answer and we send them back. It is quite a discussion."

He now showed us the propaganda. "It is too much," he said. "It makes you laugh. They think we know nothing. Look at this."

He thumbed through the little booklet quickly, dismissing statements he had seen before, and arguments he considered either too boring or too ridiculous. One page started: What are you fighting for? The major smiled at me and said: "That's something we all know."

He then read us his reply, all very careful, very dull. And we said: "That is fine."

After the War—America

So a lieutenant offered me some acorns and the talk turned to America. The guide said he knew a great deal about America because he had read Zane Grey and also James Oliver Curwood, although he realized that was about Canada. Aragon must be very like Arizona, no? Yes, that's right. The major said when the war was over he would like to visit America, but he was a poor man. "I am a worker," he said gently and yet proudly. "Would I ever have enough money to go to America?" "Certainly," we said. Well, then, how much? Ah, now that was difficult, in the cities it was more, in the small towns less, travel by bus was not expensive.

"Well, it's hard to say how much it would cost, Commandante."

"Well, how about two dollars. Could you do it with two dollars a day?"

"That depends," I said.

"Well, three dollars."

"Oh, surely, with three dollars," I said.

They were all quiet. The major looked at his adjutant. "Hombre," he said, "36 pesetas a day. Something." And then to me, "Ah, well, there is much work to do here and we are all needed. But America must be so beautiful. I would like all the same to see it."

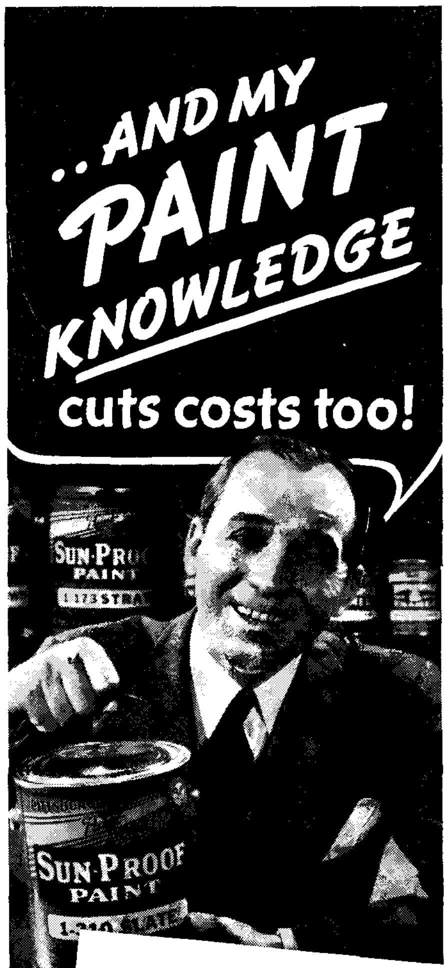
You had been at the front probably and were cold and certainly wet. Or you had been home, listening to the rain murmur on the torn cobblestones of the street. You stood by the window and saw the small women with black shawls over their heads, hurrying home, taking home for dinner what food they could buy that day. You had seen the family across the street, talking and laughing in their burned house: the house a shell hit and fired one night, but they still live there and still laugh. The afternoon had gone, like many other afternoons, and now was the hour to walk forth in search of company and conversation. If you went to Chicote's, you could probably find someone who would know something about the offensive.

Chicote's: once just a bar where the elegant young men of Madrid came to drink a few cocktails before dinner. Now it is like a dugout on the Gran Via, that wide rich street where you can hear the shells, even when there is silence. Chicote's is not in a safe locality at all, what with the shells, and every day it is so crowded that you remember, comfortably, the subway at five o'clock, Times Square and the Grand Central Station.

Things Beyond Explaining

So we were sitting in Chicote's wondering whether to drink the sherry, which was tasteless, or the gin, which was frankly prohibition and fatal. The English girl, who looked like a small, good-humored boy, drove an ambulance for a base hospital. One of the men, a German, wrote for a Spanish newspaper and was now talking rapid French about politics. There were the two American soldiers, the two wonderfully funny ones, so young, and so much braver and gayer than people usually are. There was the paymaster, from Brooklyn via Prague, and others, and around us the smoke from black tobacco, the noise, the soldiers one knew at other tables, the girls with dyed hair and amazing high heels, and outside there were the sandbags to protect what remained of the windows and people walked in and stared and saw nothing they liked nor no one they knew, and walked out. There was much talk and much smoke and someone shouting to a new arrival; and finally you could be alone there thinking about Spain and the war and the people.

How is it going to be possible, you thought, ever to explain what this is really like? All you can say is: "This happened; that happened; he did this; she said that." But this does not tell how that place looks on the way to the Guadarrama, the smooth brown land, with the olive trees and the scrub oak growing beside the dry stream beds, and the handsome mountains curving against the sky. Nor does this tell of Sanchez and Ausino, and the others with them, those calm young men who were once photographers or doctors or bank clerks or law students, and who now shape and train their troops so that one day they can be citizens instead of soldiers. And there is no time to write of the school where the children were making little houses of clay, and dolls from cardboard, and learning to recite poetry and only missed school when the shelling was too bad. And what about all the rest, and all the others? How can you explain that you feel safe at this war, knowing that the people around you are good people?



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Smooth as Glass

The Iron Touch

Continued from page 23

"It's an open game," Wallaby drawled. "So far, anyway. Jim Blasing found a new bed of black-edged shell, but no one knows where it is except Jim Blasing and Maura Barrett. He wouldn't trust his son, knowing the boy was still wild. I guess you found that out."

Breen stared for a long moment, as if debating, and then he licked his lips.

"Yes, I found that out," he said softly. "But he still owes me a thousand quid and he's tied to me for three years. The resident magistrate in Samarai witnessed the contract and it's tight."

Wallaby bit his lip. "I promised the boy's father I'd see what I could do for him," he said at last. "Young Blasing's got to go back to Haoa Cove. The girl, Maura Barrett, can't run the business alone."

"Alone?" inquired Breen.

"Jim Blasing's dead. Slipped off the reef and a shark got him."

The silence in the cabin grew tight and Larsen forgot his wound. He looked at Breen and Breen looked round at the others. Jim Blasing dead. And his son was heir to a full half of the property. And they had him under control.

"I'll pay the I O U's," Wallaby offered, "if you cancel the contract."

Breen shook his head.

"It's too good a thing for that," he drawled easily. "I'll have to think it over."

"DON'T think it over too much—enough to damage Maura Barrett," Wallaby said between his teeth. "It's all your business so far, but if she gets involved it becomes mine. Is that clear?"

"Quite. I've met the lady," Breen observed. "Very lovely." Wallaby nodded.

"I brought her with me, to see Tom Blasing. Where is he?"

Breen shrugged.

"It's no secret. You'll probably find him at Spanish Joe's, drunk and gambling as usual."

"That," said Wallaby grimly, "can be handled, I think." He surveyed the silent company once again, nodded, and backed up the companion.

The main cabin of the Siassi was still for some time after Wallaby left. And then Larsen cursed thickly, ripped his singlet from his shoulder and winced as one of the hard-faced mates dabbed at his wound and bandaged it.

"If Wallaby's getting mixed in this business you'd better look out," he said between his teeth. "I know that devil!"

"I don't give a damn! I'll not stand for any interference," Breen swore angrily. "Now old man Blasing's dead it's mainly a matter of keeping the kid soused and letting him have enough cash for what he considers a good time."

Larsen poured a drink and snarled. "Don't count on it. Wallaby'll ruin the game if he gets the notion to take a hand."

"Wallaby's not going to take a hand," said Breen thinly. "And I'm not taking any chances he will. He'll go to Spanish Joe's to find Blasing, but we might see he don't come back if he tries to get the kid away. The Singapore water front's not so well lighted at night . . . and it's dark now . . . and Wing Song here doesn't need a gun."

The Chinaman looked up and nodded, his lips twisting sideways.

"If the worst comes to the worst," Breen observed, "I've still got Blasing's contract and if he jumps it I'll jail him as a deserter, and then he'll sail with me until it's fully worked out. And I'll make life such a hell he'll be glad to sign over all Strong's Island to get clear. One other thing . . . Wallaby let slip only old Blasing and this Maura dame knew the location of the black-edged shell. And Wallaby said he'd brought her along. If we're not too sure of grabbing Haoa Cove we'll make sure of the shell anyway before the girl lets Wallaby take charge."

Breen touched one of his mates.

"You'll go with Larsen and handle the girl if anything goes wrong at the shore end and we don't get the kid back." He looked at the Chinaman. "And the shore end's yours, Wing Song. But don't start anything unless it looks like the kid's going with Wallaby." They all nodded, but Larsen cursed as he slid his right arm in an improvised sling and bent to pick up his gun with his left hand.

"I don't like it," he stated morosely.

MAURA BARRETT had no suspicion of a trap when a Mr. Larsen and another man had come from the Siassi with a message from Wallaby for her to join him on the big full-rigger. She naturally concluded that Wallaby had arranged matters, or at least had found Tom Blasing and needed her help to persuade him back to Haoa Cove.

"They're both in the main cabin," Larsen assured her as the boat slid alongside the Siassi and a man aided her aboard.

"Is he all right? . . . I mean Mr. Blasing?" the girl asked uncertainly.

"Blasing's doing fine," said Larsen. "Now get below!"

The sudden sharpness of his tone startled her. She looked at him, puzzled for a moment, with a vague premonition that something was wrong, and then, biting her lip, went down with him to the main cabin. Breen rose from his chair, impassive and grim. His other mate rose also, and perfunctorily took off his cap. There was no sign of Wallaby or Tom Blasing.

"I don't understand," she protested indignantly. "I thought Wallaby Jim was here."

"He was," said Breen shortly. He turned to his mate. "We sail at once." The mate grunted, replaced his cap, and pushed by Larsen and the girl.

Breen rubbed his lean jaw and frowned.

"Your friend Wallaby's interfering too much. . . . I've just had word from the shore . . . so I've got to force the issue," he said grimly. "Tell me one thing, and you can go back to the Kestrel. What's the location of the black-edged shell bed?" Her eyes grew steady as she drew in a quick breath.

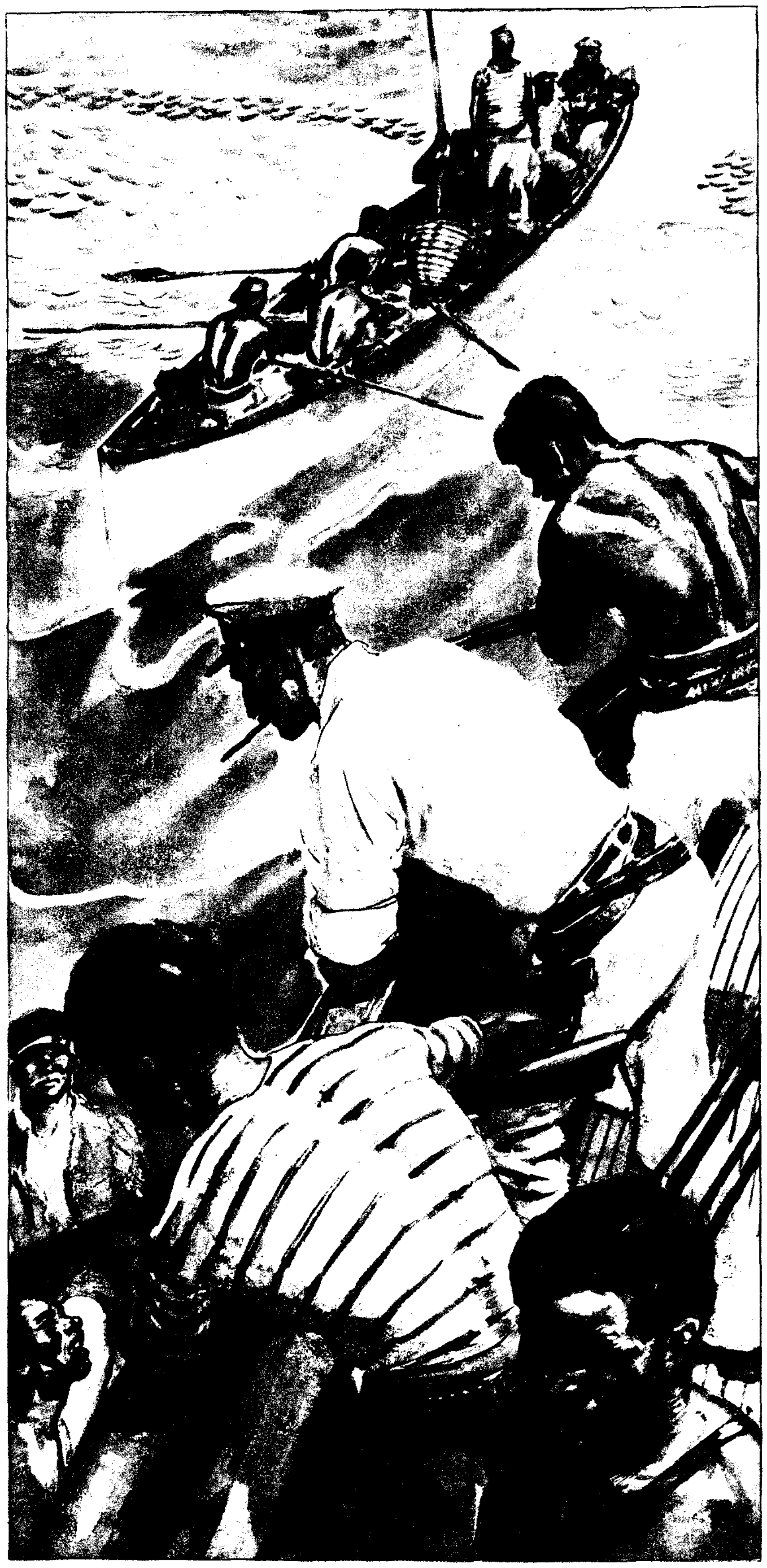
"Why should I tell you that?"

"You want to see Tom Blasing again, don't you?" Breen demanded. "Well, you can have him when you've talked. What's the location?"

"I don't believe you!" she cried, starting up. "How can I trust you? Where is Tom? Where is Wallaby? Let me see them first."

"You'll talk anyway. Look at it like this, Miss Barrett. All you lose is your share of the shell. Give me the location and I'll wash my hands of young Blasing. He'll still have Haoa Cove. Otherwise I'll hold the kid to his bargain, and, believe me, if I do I'll grab the Cove itself. Now talk."

WARREN, the second mate of the Kestrel, looked at Wallaby Jim with some astonishment as his captain climbed over the bark's rail and hauled a half-unconscious, fair-haired young man after him. Wallaby's face was streaked with blood and there was blood down one sleeve. His face was tightly drawn and his eyes were like ice.



Wallaby Jim laughed a little. "Ready to talk?" he asked

"Are you hurt, sir?" Warren said, but Wallaby shook his head impatiently.

"Small cut with a knife, that's all. We had to fight in Spanish Joe's to get out, and a Chinaman and three or four Malays jumped us outside. We shot our way clear. . . . This," he touched with his shoe the groaning young man he had hauled on board, "is Tom Blasing. He didn't want to come along, so I had to handle him. He's drunk and hurt a bit, so take him below . . . no, better take him in the fo'c'sle. I don't want Miss Barrett to see him yet."

"Miss Barrett?" The second mate choked. "But . . . a boat came over from the Siassi about an hour ago with a man named Larsen. He said you'd sent him to bring Miss Barrett. She went over to the ship with him."

Wallaby looked at him for a long moment. "You fool!" he said. "You ought to know better than to fall for a cheap trick. . . . Well, too late now. Get Blasing below."

The second mate dragged the boy aft, and dumped him in a chair in the main cabin.

Then Wallaby and Bancroft came below.

Wallaby glared at the finely built but sullen young man with the mop of fair hair and a face that would have been handsome save for the liquor flush and the bloodshot eyes.

"I ought to rope's-end you," he said between his teeth. "You've caused enough trouble. Your father thought there was some good in you and so did Maura, but I'm damned if I can find it."

HE FELT A THOUSAND YEARS OLD

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"I suppose this is another funny idea of the old man's, sending you to bring me back," said Blasing thickly. "Well, the hell with him and his money. I'm sailing with Captain Breen."

"Your father's dead," said Wallaby coldly. "And Maura came along to see what she could do with you. Breen's got her now."

That jolted him.

"Dead? Father dead? . . . And Maura . . . on the Siassi? Listen," he lurched to his feet. "Breen's a pal of mine but I'll not stand for that. Let me go!"

Wallaby pushed him back.

"You'll not keep me aboard here," Blasing shouted. "I don't give a damn if you are Wallaby Jim! I want a drink."

"You're through drinking," said Wallaby shortly. "Bancroft, we'll have to search Maura's things. Breen'll make her tell him the location of the black-edged shell. Jim Blasing told me he'd given her a chart and full directions."

It took Wallaby over an hour to locate a neatly folded and worn chart hidden in the false bottom of Maura's trunk, containing minute directions and information as to currents and depths, set forth in Jim Blasing's rough hand. He scanned it quickly, laid the course off automatically in his mind, and went into the main cabin with a curt order to Bancroft to get the ship under way and make sail. Young Blasing was standing by the liquor locker, a bottle uptilted to his lips, and Wallaby reached him in two strides. He jerked the bottle away, smashed Blasing across the mouth with the back of his hand, and called to Bancroft as the mate went up the companion to the poop.

"Throw me down a length of rope," he said grimly. "I think this is where the lesson begins!"

"BETTER let one of the Malays go to work on her," said Larsen carelessly. "They've got ideas."

"We'll give her time to think it over," Breen said. "Until we're clear at sea, anyway."

He went on deck with Larsen and slid the bar across the scuttle, shutting her in. The Siassi's anchor was already up, the sails dropping from the yards to be sheeted home. The seaward breeze heeled the ship a little, and she forged ahead out of the dark harbor. Two hours later she was lifting and falling to the long swells of the China Sea, and before dawn, confronted with a narrow-eyed Malay, suggestively stroking a kris on the palm of one hand, the terrified Maura Barrett gave the position of the black-edged shell.

"That's all," said Breen, grinning mirthlessly. "You'll not be hurt now. When we get a chance we'll put you ashore somewhere."

"Perhaps," added Larsen, laughing a little. He looked at the girl and Breen caught his arm. "None of that yet, Larsen," he said sharply. "We're after shell first."

Maura Barrett, left alone, bent over the table, laid her head on her arms and cried.

Six days later the Kestrel ran up to the entrance of a lagoon, tacked clear of the guarding reefs, eased through, and anchored full in the channel.

"You're not laying alongside the Siassi?" asked Bancroft. Wallaby lowered his glasses and shook his head.

"I can't chance a fight with Maura there," he said bitterly. He handed the glasses to Bancroft. "She's on the Siassi's poop . . . tied."

Tom Blasing snatched the glasses from Bancroft and then swore between his teeth. His face went a little gray as he saw Maura.

"I'll kill Breen for that!" he choked. Wallaby looked at him and gave a faint smile.

"You'd be doing something useful, anyway," he observed grimly, and the other flushed. He was a much different young man from the drunken gambler Wallaby had dragged from Spanish Joe's in Singapore. Even the short time he had been on the Kestrel had changed him. His eyes were clear, his nerves steadier. There was a hint of firm purpose about him that had been lacking before, and if he still felt any rancor over the thrashing Wallaby had given him he did not show it.

"He's called his boats in," Bancroft observed. "Ready to fight, I guess." Wallaby nodded.

"Stick one of ours in the water," he said tersely. "I'll take four men and the second mate."

"And me!" Blasing broke in eagerly. Wallaby eyed him coldly.

"This is a man's job," he said with faint contempt, and went amidships to the boat. Tom Blasing reddened and swore through tight lips. And he picked up the glasses again and stared at the Siassi's poop where Maura Barrett, bound hand and foot, was fastened upright to a backstay, her pale, desperate face turned toward the Kestrel. Two hours later Wallaby came back.

"He won't bargain," he said quietly, too quietly. "And holding Maura, he's got us. He swears that if we attack she'll be the first to go. But if we don't interfere he'll leave her ashore for us to pick up when he sails."

Tom Blasing looked at him, hollow-eyed and tense.

"And you're Wallaby Jim!" he said bitterly. "The great Wallaby Jim all the islands are supposed to be afraid of. What in hell good does that do us now?"

Wallaby bit hard on his cheroot and went a little white. But he said nothing. There was nothing he could say.

Six armed men kept watch on the decks of the Siassi that night. There was dynamite, short-fused and capped, lying handy on the hatches, and flares were at strategic points, ready for lighting in case of a night attack. In the full-rigger's main cabin Captain Breen sat with Larsen poring over a small handful of pearls lying on a square of chamois leather.

"Sixteen," said Breen. "In only six days. Even if half of them peel badly it's still the richest bed I've ever seen."

"If we ever get to sea with the take," said Larsen uneasily, "with the Kestrel blocking the channel and that damn' Wallaby just waiting . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" Breen snarled. "As long as we've got the girl we've got Wallaby. For that matter, he'd be taking a big chance anyway attacking us. We've half as many men again as he has."

Larsen frowned and reached for the gin. . . .

IN THE little cabin where she was confined, unbound now, Maura Barrett leaned wearily against the bunk and stared unseeing out of the open port. She felt numbed, exhausted, drained of all hope. After hearing the bitter, profitless parleying when Wallaby had brought his boat alongside to talk with Breen, she had understood from the savage, baffled look on Wallaby's face when he turned away that nothing could be done. She looked round the little cabin and shivered and then a curious, quiet knocking roused her.

"Maura!" someone whispered. "Maura!" Then Tom Blasing's white, set face appeared, framed in the open port.

"Quiet!" he whispered tensely. "I saw you this afternoon from the Kestrel. And tonight I thought this must be where they had you. It's the only after-cabin lighted."

"But how . . . how did you get up?" she stammered.

"One of their boat ropes is fast from the rail above here, and I'm standing on a beading that runs around the hull."

"But be careful, Tom!" she whispered frantically. "There are guards on deck and they'll shoot."

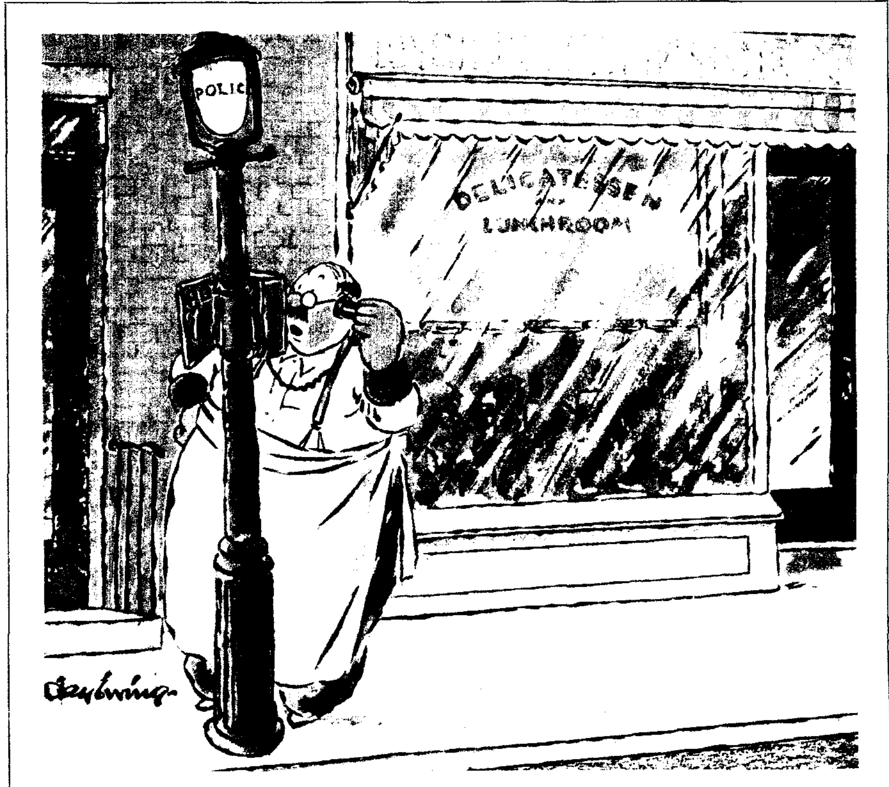
"I know," he whispered. "But I've got it figured out. You stand by the door and be ready to swim. Better get some of your clothes off." He was gone with hardly a sound.

Thirty seconds later there was a vicious thud of an explosion for'ard of the Siassi, abrupt and deafening.

Breen hammered up onto the poop with Larsen, jerking at his guns, and both men ran for'ard to join the half-stunned and frightened guards.

"Wallaby Jim!" snarled Larsen. "I told you!"

Aft, Tom Blasing swarmed up the boat rope, darted down to the deserted main cabin, yelled, "Stand away from the door!" to Maura, and blew out the lock with his gun. And half an hour later Wallaby Jim surveyed two dripping, ex-



"No, he ain't around right now. . . . Who'll I say called?"

JAY IRVING

hausted figures on the Kestrel's main deck.

"I take a lot of things back," he said quietly. "I guess you're your father's son after all. But at that, if I'd known you were going entirely crazy and taking such a chance I'd have stopped you."

"That's why I didn't talk," said young Blasing, his mouth hard. Wallaby nodded and carefully lighted a cheroot, and he pressed Maura's arm.

"The boy's all right. And I think," he drawled, "this is the end of Captain Breen." He paused a moment, and then asked curiously, "That explosion . . . How did you arrange to get the guards and the others for'ard?" Tom Blasing laughed a little.

"I put a stick of dynamite with a long fuse, a very long fuse, in a bucket, swam with it to the Siassi, and made it fast to the anchor cable. After that it was just a question of waiting until it went off." Wallaby nodded, then looked at Maura and considered.

"Tell me," he said. "Do you know if they found any water—fresh water—on the atoll?" She shook her head with conviction.

"No, they didn't. I heard Captain Breen say that unless it rained they would only be able to stay about three weeks."

"That," said Wallaby dryly, "is all I need to know. They can't take refuge on the atoll itself." He gestured at Bancroft. "Send aft four men," he ordered; "the best swimmers we've got."

THE tropic dawn broke over the lagoon and the sun rose on a strange scene. Armed with carbines, and with bandoliers slung across their shoulders, the Kanakas of the Kestrel's crew lined her rails and waited, hard-eyed. On the poop deck Wallaby Jim lazily smoked a cheroot and tapped his fingers on his cartridge belts. Bancroft sat on the taffrail, steadily chewing tobacco and cleaning a rifle, while Tom Blasing and Maura whispered to each other in comparative privacy near the main cabin's skylight, apparently oblivious to the last stage of the drama. Four whaleboats filled with men drifted idly on their oars with the ebb tide, a cable's length from the Kestrel, and of the Siassi could be seen only her topmasts above the water. Captain Breen's thick curses as he sat in the stern sheets of the nearest boat carried plainly on the wind and Wallaby Jim laughed a little.

"Ready to talk?" he said shortly. Breen half lifted a rifle, hesitated for a long moment and then lowered it again. It would be madness to attack from the boats and in broad daylight, and sick with chagrin and rage as he was he had enough sense left not to try it. He snarled a bitter order to his Malays and his boat slid under the Kestrel's counter. Wallaby leaned over the rail and drew reflectively on his cheroot.

"It's two hundred miles or more to Russell Island, the nearest land," he said. "There's a trading station there, and a ship calls from Samarai every four months."

"You don't need to tell me, damn you!" choked Breen, livid.

Wallaby went on, his eyes like ice. "You can't stay on the atoll, Breen, without fresh water, and I take it you've only got about enough in your boats to make Russell. Which means you'd better get started."

Breen cursed, snapped an order to his men, and the boat began to move ahead until Wallaby checked it with a gesture.

"Not quite so fast, Breen," he said evenly. "Throw your guns overside—I want no doubling back for a night raid."

Breen hesitated a moment and then barked an order. Sullenly his men dropped their weapons in the water.

"A few other things," said Wallaby. "I want Blasing's I O U's and his contract, which you'll sign over to me."

"Those papers went down with the Siassi," Breen gritted.

"Then you'd better dive for them," said Wallaby dryly, "because you don't leave the lagoon until I get them." There was a tight silence, long-drawn, while Breen's burning eyes held Wallaby's and then fell. The gaunt sailor reached slowly inside his coat at last and pulled out a tied package. Wallaby gave a curt order to his second mate, who dropped down the pilot ladder overside, handed Breen a pencil, and waited until he had scribbled a few lines on one document and signed beneath them. Then he carefully verified the wording and called up to Wallaby, "All correct, sir?" and Wallaby nodded.

"NOW hand Mr. Warren the pearls you got," he said easily, "and you can go, Breen."

"There were no pearls, damn you!" Breen began, and then checked. There was no denying that iron-jawed, icy-eyed man who played so absently with his gun butts. He tossed a chamois-leather bundle into the second mate's waiting hand, cursed slowly and evenly with bitter venom, and spat an order to his Malays. The boat sheered off and headed down the channel with Larsen and the others behind it. But Larsen checked suddenly and glared up. He was shaking with rage.

"There's just one thing," he snarled, "you devil! How did you sink the Siassi?"

Wallaby stared coldly at him and then shrugged. He picked up from the deck near his feet a heavy knife whose point had been hammered and ground to a hook and tossed it carelessly into Larsen's boat. "You might try the trick sometime, Larsen. Give a Kanaka one of those and he can rip the oakum from a ship's seams under water. I had four men working on the Siassi's hull most of last night. You foundered almost before you knew you were making water. You should keep a better watch."

Larsen cracked and went entirely mad. "Just a damn' trick, eh? Just a damn' trick! Well, beat this one!" He stood up in the boat, raving, dragged a hidden revolver from inside his coat and fired. It was suicidal, of course. The bullet whined into the sky and he toppled back with a hole in his forehead. Wallaby Jim holstered his smoking gun.

"Get your men away," he said calmly to Bancroft. "We start diving." He stared bleakly at the four boats of the sunken Siassi as they slid into the open sea and began to grow small in the blue distance. "I think I'll leave you here, Bancroft, to carry on while I run back to Singapore for more supplies."

"You could drop us off at Haoa Cove on your way," said young Blasing eagerly, "if you're going to Singapore. Maura and I . . ."

WALLABY looked at him, his face impassive, and he tapped the contract Breen had signed over to him.

"You're tied to me for three years as supercargo," he said dryly. "And you'll serve as long as I think necessary. I mean to be sure the cure sticks."

"You'd hold me to that?" demanded Blasing furiously. "I know what's expected of me. I can stand on my own feet now, and I can handle Haoa Cove. I'll see you in hell!"

"Tom!" said Maura, frightened. She clutched at his arm. "Tom, don't quarrel! Wallaby told me. He is going to send a man to run Haoa Cove until . . . until he thinks . . . you're ready."

Tom Blasing's face grew a little pale. He looked at Maura and then at the hard-eyed Wallaby. "Yes, sir," he said, very quietly, and went midships to help Bancroft with the boats.

...wish I had two mouths for smokin' Velvet

I'd smoke a pipe and a cigarette both

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Second Marriage

Continued from page 21

middle. Fishing by instinct in the best pools along the Catbill River and knowing how to land the bass, mullet, perch and trout when they were hooked. And ride! That was where Jim Gayle came to take the greatest pride in Robert.

You see, Jim could make a horse do things no other man could make him do. He was a grand rider, and utterly reckless. He loved jumping. He'd jump anything that looked possible, and a heap of things that didn't. There were folks in town who swore they'd seen him take an ordinary horse and jump Crane's Gully, which split the little hill between Four Holes Swamp and the river, and that was a jump that nobody else would even think of. Make it, and you were all right. Miss it, and there was a drop of thirty feet to the bottom of the gully.

So Jim Gayle taught his son to ride, and they'd go tearing through the pine barrens together, looking—at a distance—almost like twins. Robert learned to jump, and he had inherited every bit of his father's recklessness.

No question but that Robert had a flair for everything Jim could do, and Jim not only taught him the good things but the bad things as well. He taught him to hang around Lefty's place, and to shoot pool. By the time he was sixteen, the boy could beat his father every once in a while, and that used to delight Jim. Sometimes strangers would come to town and want to shoot pool for money, and Jim would let Robert take them on, and Robert always won. It was only natural that Martha should notice . . . and commence to worry.

NOT that Robert changed toward her. Jim was too smart ever to say a word against Martha, and the same went the other way around. She knew what the boy was thinking: That he was crazy about both his parents, and was awfully sorry that they couldn't hit it off together. One day Robert saw his father in a fight, and even that didn't change him. Robert had applauded at first. Then he got scared and sickish. He pulled his father off the other man—and watched that insanely cruel light die out of his eyes, and two of his school friends, who had seen the battle, were full of admiration. They looked at Robert with new respect and said, "Gee! Your dad can fight!" And so Robert felt proud, which wasn't at all the way he should have felt.

All that year, Martha was thinking. But she confided in only one person, and that was Miss Mathilda Branham, whom she could trust. She told Miss Mathilda that she was thinking of marrying Jim again.

She said, "Robert's at the crossroads, Mathilda. I'm directing him down the right road, but I'm whispering. Jim is showing him the other path—and he's yelling."

"You don't have to sacrifice your own happiness—"

"I can't tell Robert a word. That's one thing a mother has got to be awful careful of . . . never to tell a boy something he won't believe. He thinks his father is a wonderful man."

"Can't he see that Jim's a bum and a loafer?"

"No. He only knows that his father is the best rider, the best shot, the best fisherman and the deadliest fighter in the county. Those are the things that count with a youngster."

"But why do you have to marry the man?"

"To bring him back to the house. That's the only chance I've got to make Robert see him as he really is."

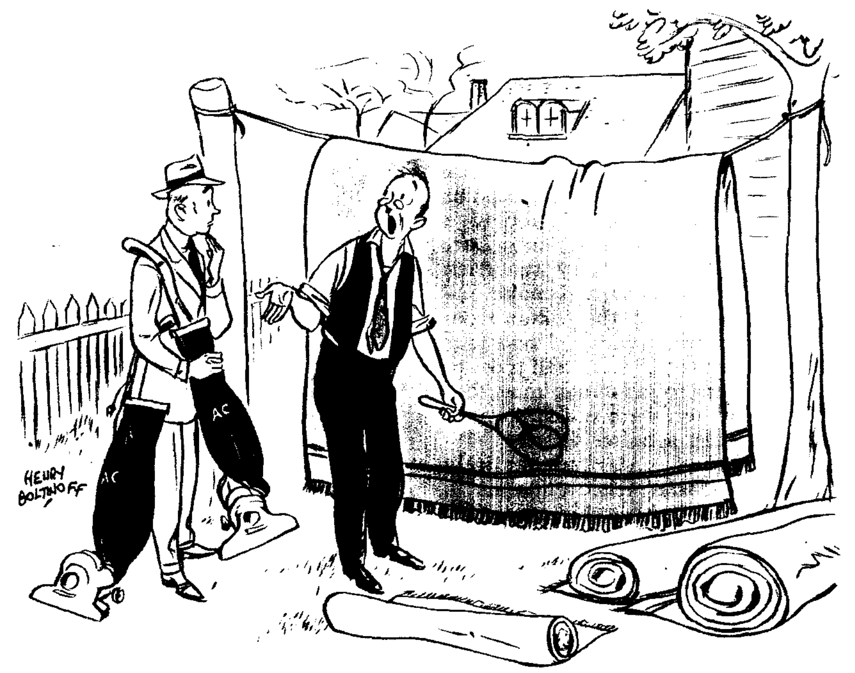
Miss Mathilda sniffed. She said, "I think you're a damn' fool!"

Watching the little family group the day of the wedding, you couldn't help but feel that maybe Martha had figured right. Jim was always picturesque when Robert was around. But in the home, every day . . . there was some chance that he'd sooner or later show himself up for what he really was.

ROBERT was happy. And proud. His father and mother were marrying again. What little shame he might have felt about his father's being the town loafer could be pitched right out the back door now. There couldn't even be any more side glances.

Karnak sat back to watch and wait and see how Martha's heroic experiment would turn out, but after a month or so it seemed that nothing whatever was going to happen. Just nothing at all.

Jim Gayle got one or two jobs, but he couldn't change his character all of a sudden. He chucked the first job, and when he was fired from the second he got sore and beat his employer half to death. Martha went on working with her hats, getting more trade than ever before, because everybody in Karnak thought she was wonderful. And Robert . . . well, without really knowing he was doing it, he sort of boasted openly about his father, as though he didn't want anybody to forget that now his home life was just like everybody else's.



"There's five bucks in it for you if you sell my wife a vacuum cleaner!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

And then one August day something happened. Robert and some of the young crowd had been down at the Elite Drugstore having ice-cream sodas, and finally he got up and said, "Well, I'll be driftin'," and he sauntered out of the store. When he got home, he walked in quietly; and that's how he happened to learn what was happening in the parlor. They never heard him, or he might never have seen.

Jim Gayle's face was white with anger. You could tell right away that he and Martha had been quarreling. But that, by itself, wouldn't have been enough to shock Robert. It was the other thing. The grip Jim had on Martha's hand.

He was holding her good hand, and he was squeezing it. Squeezing it cruelly. Squeezing Martha's little hand with fingers that could bend an iron poker. She was standing there with agony in her eyes. Jim Gayle was squeezing her hand, and there was an insane light in his eyes, and he was saying something in a low voice—and she was moaning, "Oh, Jim . . . don't . . . Please don't . . ."

Robert stood in the doorway, and for a moment he just looked. It was hard for a kid to readjust his life in a split second. But he had a good brain, that boy, and he began to understand things.

For the first time in his life, he saw things straight and clear. For the first time in his life, he knew the story of Martha's withered hand.

There was something terrible about it. Something sickening. In that moment, everything that Robert had cherished about his father crumbled. Jim wasn't a hero any longer. He was cruel and mean and a bully.

It all happened in a second. Lightning thoughts, and a feeling of nausea, and then a flaming resentment. It was Martha's face that Robert saw as he sprang forward. He was a big lad, this Robert—almost as big as his father.

He struck his father. It was the hardest blow he had ever struck in his life. It was hard enough to make Jim release that killing grip on Martha's good hand.

They'd always said in Karnak that Jim was bad in a fight because when he got mad he went crazy. And at that moment he didn't stop to remember that the man who had hit him was his son, and that he loved Robert, and that the blow was justified.

BLOOD danced in front of his eyes. Robert was just a blur—a big, six-foot blur.

Jim Gayle attacked his son. It was brief and terrible. He struck once—twice—three times. Robert went down—hard, and Jim was on top of him, pounding. The whole thing didn't last more than ten or twelve seconds. He might have killed the boy except for Martha's scream of terror. She screamed, "Robert!" and something clicked inside that mad brain of Jim's.

His muscles relaxed. He looked down at the battered, unconscious figure and realized that it was his son. The fury slipped away from his eyes. He rose slowly. He wasn't tense any more. Just limp and all-gone. After a few seconds he turned away and stumbled through the front door.

He went out into the street and walked toward town. On Court Street he saw Dr. Torrence getting into his car. He said thickly, "Get up to my house, quick—will you, Doc?"

"Who's sick?"

"Robert. He's hurt bad. Real bad."

Dr. Torrence said, "What's the matter, Jim?" and Jim answered, "I just found out something, Doc. I'm no damned good."

Martha was bathing Robert's face when the doc got there. "What happened?" asked Dr. Torrence, and Martha just said, "He's been in a fight," and then the doctor asked no more questions because he understood. He got Robert into bed, and assured Martha that he wasn't badly hurt—just contusions and a bit of shock, and that he'd be right as rain, though a little sore maybe. Then he saw the right hand she was trying to hide behind her back and he went back out to his car shaking his head and muttering that they ought to put a man like Jim Gayle in prison for life.

WELL, Robert came around all right. He was bruised pretty badly, but not seriously. Physically, that is. He was bruised inside, plenty. You could see that he felt bad—not from the hurts, but because of what he had learned. He just lay there in bed, watching his mother move around the room, and once he forgot that he was almost a man grown and let the tears run down his cheeks without being a mite ashamed. It wasn't for almost half an hour that he said anything. Then he said, "Your other hand, Mother—did it get hurt that way?"

She nodded, without saying any words. And he just looked at her as if he were understanding for the first time what courage really was, and something inside Martha was singing because she knew that she had won.

She fixed him some tea and toast and eggs for lunch and made him stay in bed, and they didn't talk about Jim Gayle any more—or what had happened—that is, they didn't talk about Jim until they brought him to the house, and put him in the parlor and said well, they reckoned they'd better notify the coroner.

Martha whispered, "You're sure . . . ?" and the men who had brought him in said, "Yes'm. He's dead, all right."

Martha's eyes asked, "How?" and they explained: "Len Jeffers seen him ridin' t'ords the river hell for leather. Like a crazy man, Miz Gayle. And they found him down at the bottom of Crane's Gully. He was dead when Len got to him."

They went away then to notify the coroner and the undertaker, and mother and son looked down at the body that had been Jim Gayle. There was a tightness around Martha's heart, but Robert's face was granite, and he had small compassion. His revulsion had been too recent and too powerful.

"Killed trying to jump the gully," he said, half to himself. "He—he was wrong all the way through. He couldn't even ride."

And because Martha was fair and merciful, she said softly:

"Yes, Son—your father could ride. If he failed to jump that gully—it was because he wanted to fail."

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Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 11

a daughter. I reckon that time comes to us all, Medary. But I'll be travelin' that way to see her a lot. We was always close, Sally and me. Whut's eighty miles of distance? If my saddle horse gives out I guess I got a son-in-law to supply me afresh, ain't I?"

Medary listened casually, his eyes traveling elsewhere. He put out a hand to Owen Merritt. "Wish you'd stop by sometime and talk with me, Owen. Hello, Bourke." Love Bidwell at once checked his voice and looked at Owen Merritt. He pushed his lips together, as though afraid of committing himself to error in his new situation as Will Isberg's father-in-law. People were gently moving up in the direction of the hotel. Owen Merritt paced over the street and stopped in the dark arch of Sam Nankervell's blacksmith shop. He turned, leaning against the wall. There was glow enough from all the lights shining across the dust for Bourke Prine to see how stiff the edges of Merritt's lips had become. The smiling ease had gone out of the big man.

"You were a fool to take Isberg's drink," said Bourke. "It ties your hands."

He saw Owen Merritt's head turn and lift, which meant his partner would be watching that bright second-story window where Sally Bidwell waited for her wedding. The bitter-pungent smell of singed hoofs and heated metal and of grease and forge-fire ashes drifted out of Nankervell's.

Bourke's voice had pushed insistently against Owen Merritt all evening; and did so now. "Listen. Go up the side stairs of the hotel. It takes you straight to her door. You've got time. I'll get a rig and drive around back—and wait there for you both."

"A little late, Bourke," said Owen Merritt. "A little late."

"WHEN I saw her she wasn't smilin'," repeated Bourke. "Her heart ain't in this weddin', or she would be smilin'. God knows why you let Isberg make a fool out of you."

"Maybe not her heart, Bourke. But her mind's made up to it. The damage is done." He threw his cigarette far into the street and drew a long breath. "I'll meet you in the saloon—five minutes. Another drink and we'll leave this town behind."

He cut straight across the street, going into the alley near Shannon's store to avoid the crowd gathering by the hotel porch, and came through the back lots of town to the hotel's side stairway. This was a boarded-in affair marching up the outside wall of the building. Letting himself through the bottom door, he closed it and rose through solid darkness until he came to the top. He pushed that door partially open, and stepped into a hall. Suddenly the door of a near-by room opened and he saw Helen Tague come out quickly.

"Helen," he said.

She wheeled about with a half-startled lift of her shoulders—this tall and calm daughter of Mike Tague. She came up to him, very serious and very pretty in her half-excitement—the full light of the near-by room showing all this to him—and a sense of risk made her push him back into the stair landing, into the shadows. She pulled the door half shut.

"Helen," he said, "tell Sally I'm here."

The shadows obscured her expression but it seemed both sad and disapproving to him. She spoke in her pleasant voice: "You're sure you want me to, Owen?"

"Tell her I'm here, Helen. I'd like to see her for a moment—if she'll come."

"She'll come. But are you sure you want her to?"

"Why not?" he said. "Why not?"

Her answer was soft and faintly regretful: "Oh, Owen." She went back into the room, not quite closing its door; and he heard her speaking to Sally, the words low and quick and insistent.

He stood on the stair landing, thoroughly motionless, his blond head tipped down. Such light as reached the landing broke vaguely against the blue surfaces of his eyes and made strong shadows beneath his jaw corners and in the exposed hollow at the base of his neck. His breathing lifted and settled the cotton shirt gently. And so he stood as Sally Bidwell's room door fully opened and she came toward him.

She said, "Owen," and came into the landing, near enough to see him clearly, near enough to touch him. "Owen."

Certain things were in this girl, as he had learned them through long courtship. Pride and a strong will above all. Even in this dismal corner she showed these qualities to him, her head thrown back and her deep copper hair showing its luster. And because they had been very close to each other for so long a time, he understood that she was near the weakness of tears.

Sakren
WILLIAM SAKREN

He said, no break in his voice, no lift and no urgency: "You're sure it's got to be this way, Sally?"

"Is that all you came to say?"

"It's enough to say, isn't it? We'll live a long time. I can do a lot of remembering in the next thirty years and so can you. I can remember I didn't play my hand right. Or I can remember I came up these stairs at the last minute and tried to get it straight."

"Owen," she said, "your voice is so hard. You've condemned me already."

HE SHOOK his head. He let the silence ride a moment, staring at her. "No," he answered at last. "No, I'm just keeping back a lot of things that I can't say—or won't. I won't beg, Sally. You're the one that made the choice, not me. All I want to know is if you're sure."

"Yes," she said. "I'm sure." Then she finished with a phrase that was quick and vehement and odd: "I've got to be sure, haven't I?"

She wore a russet gown that showed her arms and shoulders. She had a firm chin and a straight, swinging body and he remembered that her smile always changed the color of her eyes, placing a frank, invitational smoothness on her lips—for him. She wasn't smiling now. She touched him with her hand, and drew back with a startled swiftness; and immediately the memory of a good many things lay between them, hot and disturbing and compelling. She murmured: "Do you really understand, Owen?"

"I wish you luck," he said. "And so long."

"Wait. You're coming in to the wedding?"

"Why?"

"It isn't like you to run away. From anything. From anything on earth."

"No," he said, flat and final. "I won't be there."

She said: "Then I want you to do one thing for me. When I leave the hotel to ride home I want you to be there. Wish me luck. Please. So that everybody sees you do it."

"To make the record complete," he said, dryness rustling his talk.

"Don't try to hurt me any more, Owen. It isn't that at all. I don't want anybody on the Piute to think you ran away from this. Not you."

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks for the interest."

She came a little nearer him, her lips remaining even and composed while she watched his face. When she spoke again her words were not as unerringly direct, not as certain. "Is it—is it so hard to believe—that I take an interest in you? That I'd still fight for you? Oh, Owen, you don't understand it yet."

"I guess we've talked that all out. Which was one of our troubles. We always talked too much. And did too little. You're an ambitious girl, Sally. You set your mind on certain things long ago. I couldn't break up that."

SHE said in almost a whisper: "Is that all? Do you really think that's all?"

"I lay no blame on you. None. You reasoned it out—the bargain and what it called for. You're getting something from Isberg and from Skull. But you're an honest girl, Sally, and you'll give him more than he'll give you. And you'll stick with it, even if it gets bad."

She said, in a lower and lower tone: "Why should it ever be bad, Owen?"

"There's one thing you never found out. You're a stubborn girl and you always figured you could make your mind pull your heart along. Well, your heart ain't in this. You figure you can make it go with you. But you won't. You never will. That's why it will get bad."

She was somber and strained and still, listening to the run of his voice, listening to its repressed anxiety and to all those other feelings he could not quite keep back. She said at last, quick and broken: "Owen, why—"

He cut in with a voice on the ragged edge of anger: "We always talked too much. Nothing's any good but this." He looked at her, dismal hunger shining out of his blue eyes, the rashness of his temper having its way at last; and he seized the points of her bare shoulders and drew her against him. Her breath rushed out from the strength of his arms and a faint cry escaped her lips, and was shut off when he kissed her. She didn't breathe and she made no more protest. Helen Tague's voice came from the hall: "Sally—you've got to hurry."

Sally Bidwell drew away, with an emotion in her worse than sadness. It was like despair; it pulled her lips together until they were no longer pretty and it took the pride out of her slim, self-confident body. The reflex of all that made her push at him, and sway back; afterward it was her own desire that sent her forward again. She dropped her head against his chest, struggling against a quiet, terrible crying.

Owen Merritt stood still, holding her loosely with his arms and stirred by the fragrance rising from her copper hair; and his mind did cruel things to him then, reminding him of the sweetness and laughter and womanly softness she had once held for him. These were things gone by. He had suddenly a sense of loss that pumped him empty.

Helen Tague said again: "Sally."

Sally drew back. Her chin lifted, and he had this last look into her eyes, this one unguarded moment before she remembered where her loyalties lay. She said, brokenly, "Why — why didn't you—" and, leaving it unfinished, ran back to her room.

PEOPLE were moving toward the hotel for the wedding. Love Bidwell came by Owen Merritt, nursing a long cheroot between his lips. He slanted a quick glance toward Merritt and his hand rose and touched his goatee, as though to hide the forming expression on his face. Sally Bidwell's brother, Starr, came indolently behind, taciturnly amused by all this and yet watching the town with the close and wary manner of one on risky ground. His eyes lifted on Owen Merritt and were at once reserved.

Owen Merritt rolled into the Palace, finding Bourke and Juke Slover established over a bottle of pale Kentucky moonshine at the bar. Bourke nodded to Owen. Liquor had stirred him up; he showed the room a small, rash grin. "Help yourself to a smile."

"Sure," murmured Owen. "Well, it's a historic occasion, Bourke. May you live to tell it to your grandsons."

Bourke said idly: "Seems too long."

The four cavalrymen from Camp McDermitt stood along a far wall, their uniforms making a splash of color in the scene. But they were lonely in the crowd, for this was cattle land, which had no particular liking for the military. All the poker tables were in full blast; the faro rig was surrounded. Owen Merritt hung over the glass of moonshine, both his elbows on the bar. He was turned away from the room and seemed to see nothing; yet the whole room was pictured before him in the long backbar mirror and certain things began to break through the heavy indifference of his mind.

Hugh Clagg stood alone in a corner, which was a signal to catch Owen Merritt's rising attention. Clagg had his slender frame to the wall. His long arms hung motionless and the smoke of a brown-paper cigarette made a vague shadow in front of his narrow-shaped face. He was a roan-headed man, deliberately withdrawn from others. Quickness was written into him, still-placed as he was, and the world he saw was a world colored and changed by the smiling malice of his eyes. He had a wide, resolute mouth. A scar gouged a white dimple out of the left cheek, and his fists were very broad and very heavy for one so otherwise lean-shaped. At this moment he seemed to be thoroughly idle and thoroughly off guard.

This was the thing that held Owen Merritt—this idleness. He knew his man too well to be fooled by it.

Bourke Prine spoke out his growing dissatisfaction: "You were a sucker to take Isberg's drink."

Pay Lankershim came from the crowd. He put his thin old shape against Merritt, speaking into Merritt's ear:

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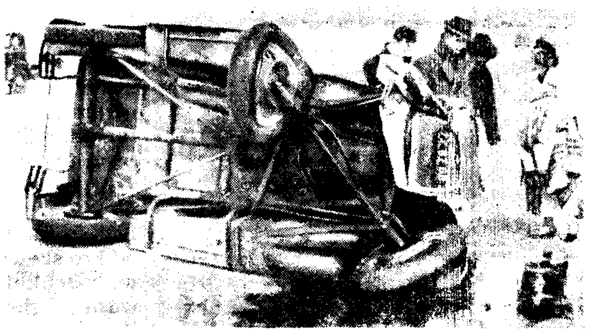
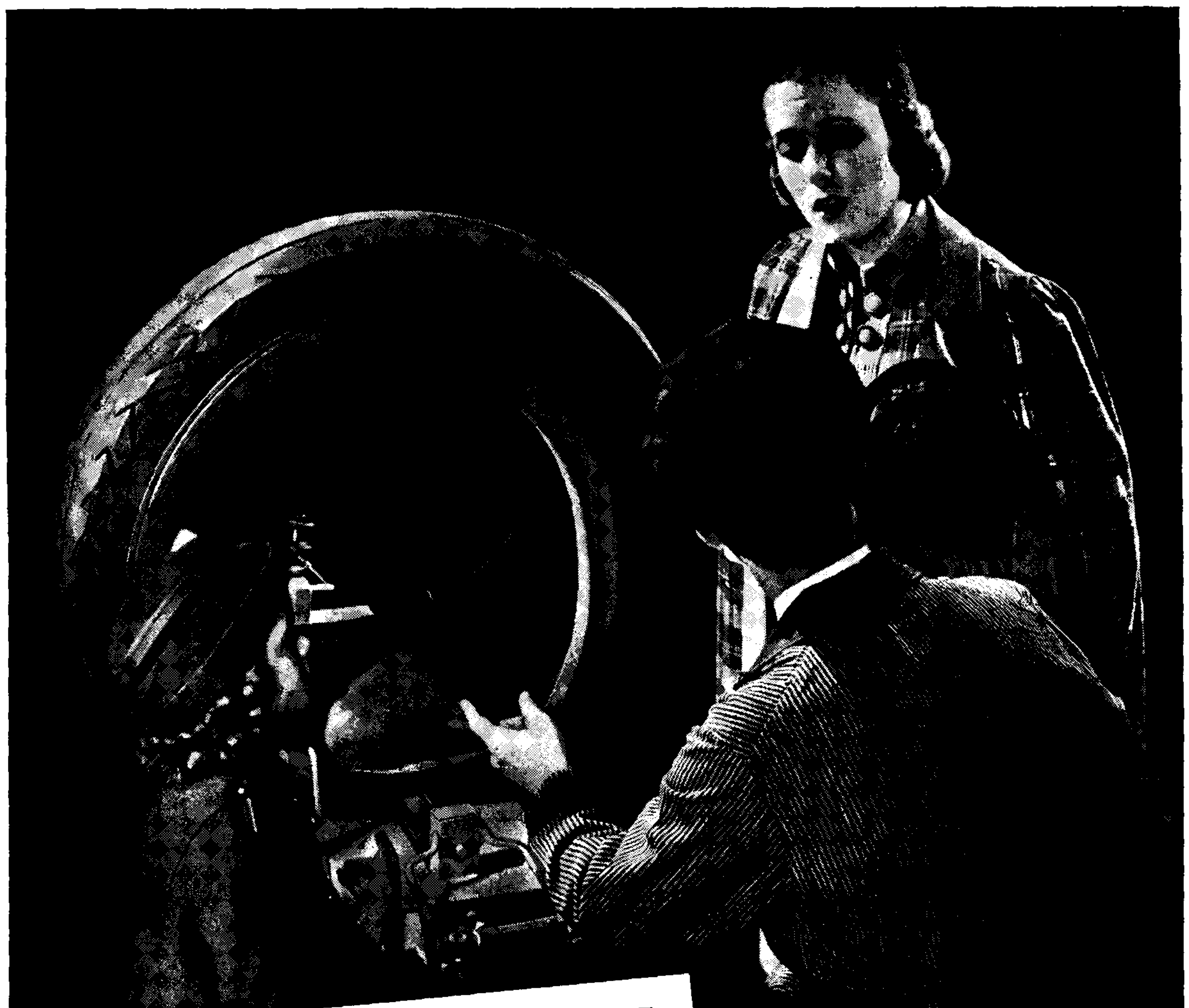
Blowout killed five in this accident near Coxsackie, N. Y. Car crashed into truck loaded with inflammables.



Blowout caused this accident on Pacific Boulevard near San Diego, California. Five occupants narrowly escaped death.

YOUR SAFETY AND THEIRS



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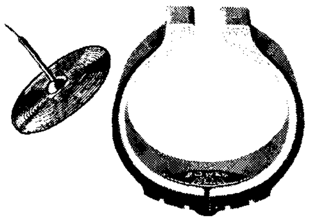

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SEALS IN THE BEAUTY

SEALS OUT THE DIRT

"Son, you going to let Isberg do it?"

"What?"

Pay stepped back. He turned to Bourke. "What's a fellow to think? Ain't you talked to him, Bourke?"

Bourke said, "No use," and turned to the bottle.

Pay lifted a finger, catching Merritt's attention. He drew the finger sharply across his throat. "That's what it is—tonight. Dammit, Owen!" He pushed back through the crowd.

Owen Merritt considered the room more carefully, which was a thing he had so far failed to do. It was a little odd to see Hugh Clagg inside four walls with a Skull outfit. The politics of it wasn't right. Searching the crowd, via the back bar's mirror, he saw four others who had come out of the Broken Buttes country with Hugh Clagg this night. Ray Neale stood by the faro rig, not playing. Pete Mariels, the half-breed, remained nearest the shadows of the back end, as he always liked to do; and Tempe Killeen and Lee Repp were at one end of the bar. Will Isberg had bought the house, and here Hugh Clagg's riders were drinking Skull whisky. It was a little odd.

"Unless," Pay said, "there's been a change."

"What?" said Bourke Prine instantly. Juke Slover looked up from his glass.

"The charity of Skull extends all the way to the Broken Buttes tonight."

"So finally you're awake," grumbled Bourke Prine.

FAY DUTCHER came into the Palace and called out: "All right, boys." Skull's men immediately milled toward the door, bound for the wedding. Mike Tague, who owned most of the Wagon Rim country outright, rose from one of the poker tables, his Irish cheeks a flame red. He came by Owen. He called, "Large night—large night." And followed the crowd outward. There remained a few homesteaders and a few punchers who had no direct interest in the wedding. And Hugh Clagg and his four riding companions. Owen Merritt poured another drink into the glass and laid full weight on his elbows, looking into the oily shine of the liquor. For a little while he forgot Hugh Clagg and remembered other things. There was, he thought, a growing silence in The Wells. Everybody would be up at the hotel, listening to the Methodist missionary bishop.

Bourke said: "You goin' or you stayin'?"

Lee Repp made a turn away from his partner, Tempe Killeen. He had to support himself on the bar. Tempe Killeen called, "Come back here, Lee." But Repp moved toward Owen Merritt. His long lips squashed a smile into crookedness. Killeen said again, "Repp." Something as definite as the stir of wind crossed the saloon and Bourke Prine, always alert to trouble, made a half turn away from the bar, watching Hugh Clagg. Juke Slover, quick to follow the gesture, wheeled to keep an eye on Pete Mariels.

Repp looked up at the tall Merritt. He was unsteady on his feet; unsteady and full of some kind of secret amusement that had to come out. He said: "Listen. I guess Sally's brother won't *have anything to worry about now,* will he? I guess Starr's going to feel a lot safer now, ain't he? Well, it's one way. It sure is one way."

Tempe Killeen stepped forward, but he was too late to help Repp then. Owen Merritt raised one arm and hit Repp fully in the soft flesh below his ear. Repp wheeled gently around and fell with his mouth wide open. The sound of it made a racket in the still saloon; and afterward Repp lay on his belly and kicked his legs against the floor.

"If I hear it again from you," Merritt said, "I'll rub you out."

The saloonman, Tom Croker, spoke half in apology and half as a protest. "Well, he was drunk, Owen."

"It is something I didn't care to hear," said Owen Merritt. "Even from a drunk. But maybe there's a sober man in the place that wants to repeat it."

Tempe Killeen came on up and looked down at Repp, not showing any concern. "Repp," he said, "get off the floor."

Repp rolled over, pushing himself to his knees, his head lobbing down. A round red blotch showed where Merritt had hit him. He called weakly: "Give me a hand, Tempe. Give me—"

But Tempe wasn't watching him now, and nobody else in the saloon paid any attention. The people in the saloon were riders who knew the Piute and the ancient grudges of the Piute thoroughly. Lee Repp's foolish talk, meaning nothing in itself, had led into something else. Repp was one of Hugh Clagg's men and the play was up to Clagg. So the crowd watched Hugh Clagg and Owen Merritt, knowing the old, old enmity between those two.

Repp got to his feet at last and put a hand on Tempe Killeen's shoulder for support. He said to Owen Merritt uncertainly, "What the hell? I didn't—"

"Go on," said Merritt. "Go on."

Repp hesitated and at this moment Hugh Clagg broke his long silence. He called across the room, even-voiced: "Get out of town, Repp."

The wedding was over, for men's returning boots drummed on the outside walk. Repp reached the Palace doorway, turned a moment to look behind him, at Killeen and at Merritt, and at Hugh Clagg for a longer length of time—and left the saloon.

Hugh Clagg said, not changing the tone of his voice, "I'll let that ride, Merritt. He had it comin' for the remark." He was a high shape against the far wall, holding himself aloof, careful to keep his talk level in the quiet of the place.

Merritt said, "Sure," and turned to nod at Bourke Prine and Juke Slover. The three of them left the Palace just as the returning crowd reached its door. Standing aside from that thirsty current, Owen Merritt said: "I guess I've had enough of this."

Bourke said: "Lee Repp wasn't drunk. No drunk man's eyes ever pulled down small like his did when he walked at you. So one of that crowd forgot somethin'."

Owen said, irritably, "How'd you get spooked up?"

"I know enough to pay for my own whisky, son."

PART of Skull's riders were up in the saddle and waiting. Will Isberg came out of the hotel and went over toward Nankervell's shop for his buggy, whereupon Owen Merritt remembered something. He said, "Wait for me," and walked toward the hotel. Short of the hotel's porch, in the shadows of Shannon's store, he stopped and waited a moment for Isberg to wheel the buggy around to the porch. He laid his hand on the store wall, thus supporting his long shape; and in this concealing darkness his expression let go for a moment and an impulse almost sent him back to the saloon. Sally came from the hotel and stepped into the rig. People were standing all about the porch and she was smiling in answer to their laughter; but her glance came around, as though she were looking for him. Seeing that, he went on to the porch.

The people nearest the buggy made way for him. She had stopped smiling; and Isberg, now in the buggy, turned with a swift motion of his shoulders, his smooth manners unable to hold back his displeasure. But Merritt had removed his hat and he had bent a little toward her. Before all these eyes he was a

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FREEZONE

cheerful man with no care at all on his face, with no regret on it. He said:

"Well, I wish you all the luck."

She was trying to smile. Her hand touched his hand and he felt its momentary pressure. She said, just above a murmur: "Owen—"

Isberg bent nearer, speaking only for the two of them: "I think that's enough." Anger unsteadied those soft words. "I wouldn't overdo it." The next moment the rig was in motion, with a dozen Skull riders trotting behind. Rice flailed the air.

Mrs. Nankervell turned against Merritt, crying openly—as she cried on any and all occasions requiring sentiment. He turned away and had gotten to the edge of the porch when Helen Tague said, "Owen," and stopped him.

He removed his hat for this tall calm daughter of Mike Tague's. Usually she was a cheerful girl, frank and blunt as a man; and since she practically lived on a horse she usually wore a man's overalls and shirt. Tonight she had been Sally Isberg's bridesmaid and the reflection of that excitement was in her eyes, softening them, making them gently shine. He couldn't recall when she had looked prettier, and told her so. "Don't know when I saw you last in a dress. Ought to try wearin' 'em regularly."

"For whom, Owen?"

"Country's full of young men."

"Full of gophers and rabbits, too. I'm choosy."

"Any preferences?"

"Sure," she said and looked at him soberly, sweetly. "What am I offered?" Then, lowering her voice, "Don't make a fool out of yourself, Owen."

He laid out a cigarette between his fingers and quickly rolled it. When his glance lifted again she saw something that made her say swiftly: "Oh, Owen! Don't. It's over. I like you both but there isn't any woman in the world worth your tearing yourself apart. I know you, you big bruiser. And you did a dangerous thing tonight. You and Sally. I don't think it was quite square."

"What's square, Helen?"

"Yes," she said. "I know. I guess I can understand."

WAGONS were moving out of town, and horsemen cantered into the farther darkness, bound across the long darkness of the Piute. A small, slow wind turned the night cold. Alice Langdell stopped by and said, on the verge of resentment. "I wish you'd ask Juke to come out of the saloon for a minute. He was supposed to meet me here. Seems to be one of those bottle babies that never got weaned."

"Sure," said Merritt and went on down the street. He met Slover and Bourke by the side of the Palace. "Juke," he said, "you got a call up the street."

"Yeah—well."

Fay Dutcher strolled from the hotel to join the remnant of Skull in front of the saloon. Love Bidwell came across the street, meeting him. Love was drunk enough to walk with a precise straightness and the glow of his cigar showed the red thin tip of his nose. His flat and annoying voice bore against Skull's foreman.

"Dutcher," he said, "I'll be over to see my daughter in a few days. Ain't got a very good saddle horse any more and the travelin' will take it down. I want you should pick me a good one from Skull's *remuda*."

Fay Dutcher answered in a cool, colorless way: "Mr. Isberg say anything about that?"

"The man's my son-in-law," retorted Love Bidwell, taking quick offense. "Of co'se it'll be all right. Dammit, Dutcher, I'm tellin' you what to do."

"I hear," drawled Dutcher.

"Well, then," growled Bidwell and marched into the saloon.

Merritt remained on the edge of the shadows and watched Skull's foreman with a considering interest. There was a time when Fay Dutcher would have answered Love Bidwell with a harsh brevity; but now he had to mind his manners toward Isberg's new father-in-law. His black head dropped a little; his lips rolled together, displaying surliness. But this lasted for only a moment. He whipped up his chin and caught Owen Merritt's stare, and at once pulled all expression off his face. He turned back toward the hotel.

"Juke," murmured Bourke, "I see Alice up there—"

"Yeah," said Juke Slover. "Yeah, well, so-long," and went away slowly.

BOURKE and Owen Merritt strolled on to the face of the stable without additional talk, stepped into the leather, and wheeled out of town at a pitching canter.

Paused in the black mouth of the alley near Shannon's store, Fay Dutcher watched them. As soon as they were gone, he returned to the saloon, halting in the doorway and calling out the rest of Skull's crew. "All right—all right. Time to ride." Hugh Clagg stood idle in a corner. Clagg looked over the room at Skull's foreman, and looked away. Dutcher backed into the street, waiting for his men. When they came out, turned surly and unwilling by their drinking, he watched them go to their waiting ponies, his mere presence subduing their grumbling protest. The last settlers from Kitchen Meadows were leaving The Wells. The hotel lights winked out one by one and some of the stores were closing up. Hugh Clagg strolled from the saloon and stood on the walk to try a fresh match to his cigarette. He was within arm's reach of Fay Dutcher and for this minute nobody else was near. Fay Dutcher said in a low, dissatisfied rumble: "What's the matter, Hugh? What's the matter?" Then he wheeled to his own horse, calling up the stragglers in the crew. "Come on—come on!" In a moment he led Skull out of The Wells at a ripping gallop, throwing the dust high behind.

Ray Neal and Mariels came from the Palace, joining Clagg. Afterward Tempe Killeen came out. These four stood together, not speaking until Clagg broke the silence: "What was wrong with you, Ray?"

Ray Neale was waiting for it and his answer, irritably pitched, jumped back at Clagg. "Slover was watchin' me. And Prine stood there, cocked like a gun. They smelled somethin'. What'd you want me to do? No—not then. Where's Merritt now?"

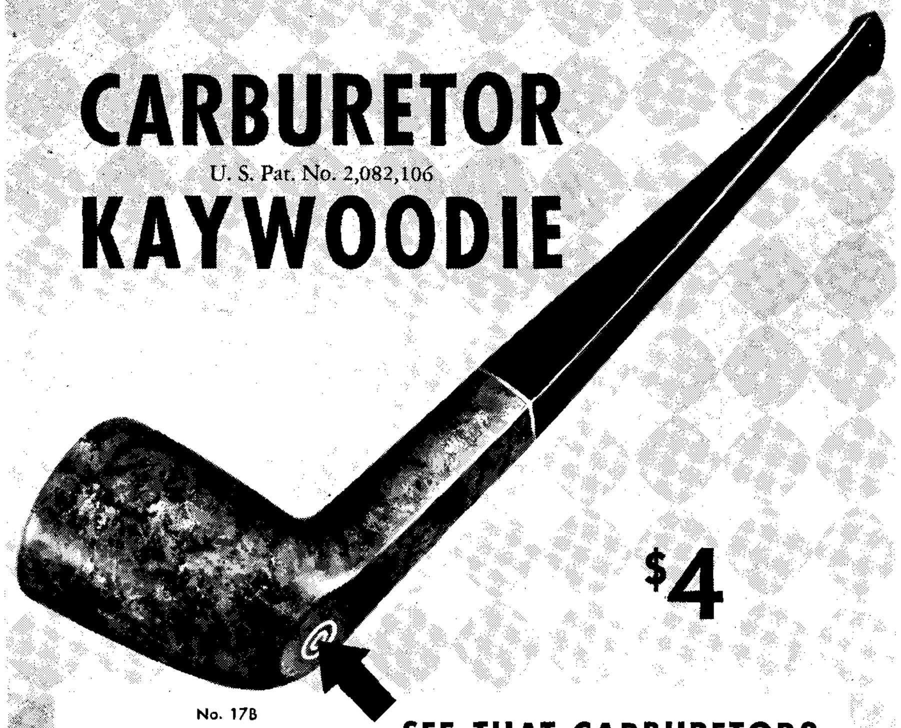
"Started across the Piute."

They stood still. Mark Medary came from Shannon's and advanced on the saloon. He threw them a quick glance and passed into the saloon without speaking. A few of the town's citizens straggled over the street for a ceremonial nightcap. Afterward Clagg said, "All right." He tossed away his cigarette. His words had a sudden lift, as though he had made up his mind. The four of them went to their horses down by the stable, and left town, following Merritt and Prine.

AFTER that first quick run out of The Wells, Merritt and Prine settled into the customary mode of travel across the Piute—walk a while, gallop a while, and walk again. They aimed into the black, not speaking at all.

Bourke Prine was first to break the long riding silence. He revealed his actual irritation. "It was a hell of a thing to happen—and you let it happen, Owen. It is none of my business, but I'd like to know why."

(To be continued next week)



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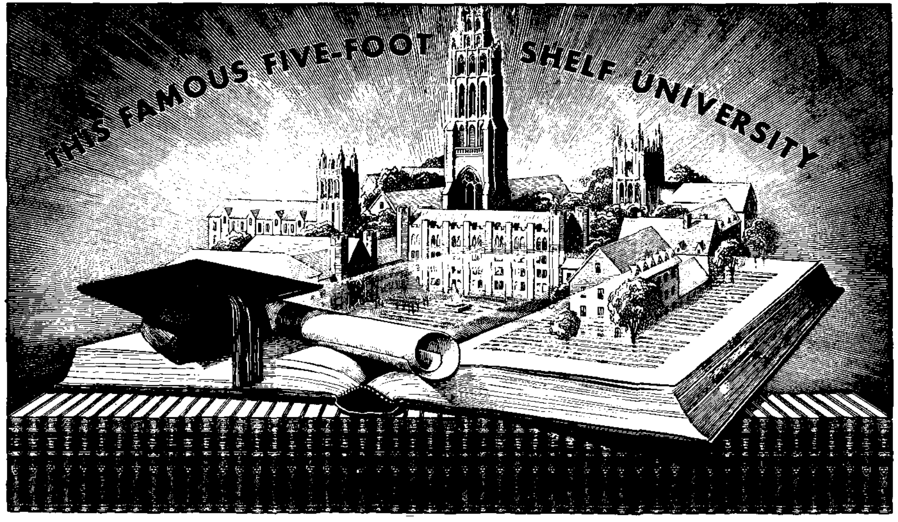
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Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
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ABNER J. HOOTZ, a quiet, bespectacled man who started life as a shipping clerk and moved up by gradual stages, has now become the president of the International Beeswax Corporation. He has a paneled office on the thirty-eighth floor of a New York skyscraper and two secretaries—a man and a woman—who help him answer his letters and fill in the questionnaires that are always being gotten out to annoy him. They also take his telephone calls and assure troublesome people that he is "in conference." Usually when they say he is "in conference" Abner is just sitting there in his paneled office and looking out over the city roofs and wondering.

He spends a good deal of time wondering, both in his office and in front of the open fire at home. He looks back over his career and wonders by what chain of lucky circumstances he happened to get where he is. There were other boys in school who were more brilliant. He has lost track of many of them but some he knows about. They are mostly failures. Several have come around for a little quick money help. Only he, Abner, has really done well. He wonders how it happened. Innately he is a modest man.

Last month he attended a trade convention in Atlantic City. He did not really want to go. He hates crowds; the thought of making a public address filled him with distress. But like most big executives, Abner is not the boss of the show; he is just the Number One Hired Man. When the invitation came for him to speak at the convention his sales manager was insistent. "You've got to do it, Chief," he exclaimed. "All our big customers will be there, all our jobbers; it's a great chance to get us in right with the trade. You just got to do it."

So Abner J. Hootz had to do it. After all, he is not the controlling stockholder. He is just the president of the corporation at $100,000 a year. As long as the sales hold up and the dividends go out, his $100,000 will continue.

The speech was well received. Abner marshaled all the statistics of the industry; he discussed some of the major difficulties and trade abuses. And then he indulged in a bit of mild criticism of the Administration. He suggested that if the government were more friendly to business, things would be better for everyone. He thought there ought to be fewer theorists in Washington and more practical men —men who know what it is to have to meet a pay roll. He mentioned taxes and deplored the increase in the number of officeholders. Amid hand-clapping and smiles of approval Abner J. Hootz bowed his way out of the hall and caught the afternoon train to New York. With a serene sense of duty well done he pulled up in front of the fire at home and opened the evening papers. Suddenly he caught a headline that almost knocked him breathless. There it was in big black letters, his own name, right at the top of the column on Page 3:

HOOTZ FLAYS
NEW DEAL

Without waiting to read the article Abner feverishly reached for the other papers and began searching their columns. Paper Two said:

HOOTZ LASHES
BRAIN TRUST

Said Number Three:

HOOTZ BATTLES
TAX DRAIN

While the fourth cried:

HOOTZ WARS ON
BUREAUCRATS

Mild, bespectacled little Hootz, kindly, friendly little Hootz, just a few words from a platform and presto—he is an armored knight laying lustily about him with his two-handed sword.

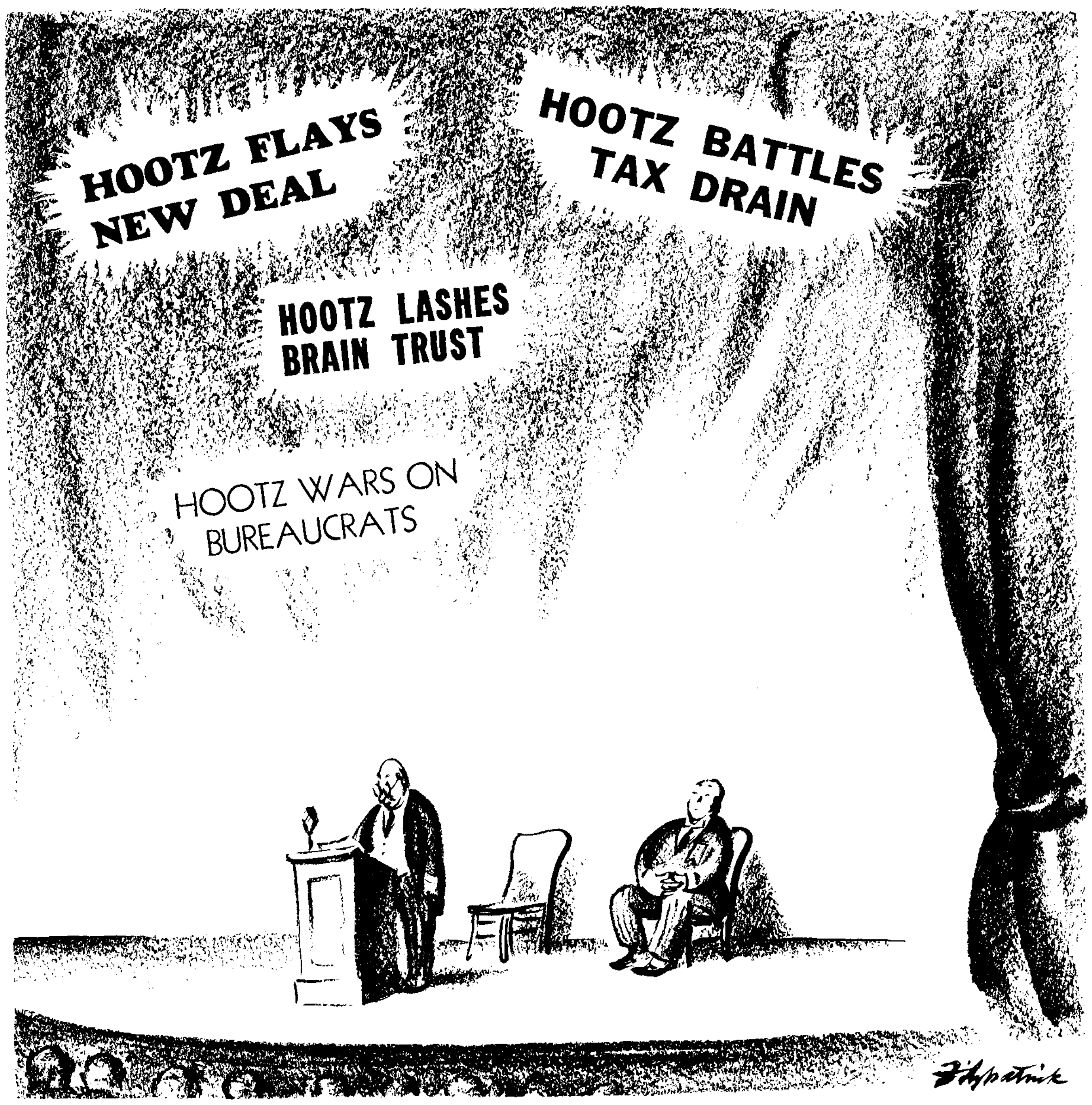
Of course the headlines were read in Washington as well as New York. So the next afternoon the newspapers reported that "Washington Slaps Hootz" and "Jackson Scourges Hootz" and "Ickes Scores Hootz." Thus, as Mrs. Murphy said to Mrs. Callahan, "the foight war on."

For years I have wondered how it is that we have so many more of these battles than we used to have. How do they start? In certain instances I have happened to know the contestants on both sides—soft-spoken family men. How is it that in their public utterances they become such violent sluggers? Pondering long on these questions, I have concluded that it is because all the fight words are short words—words that fit nicely into headlines. Slaps, slays, blasts, flays, fights, assails, beats, slams, batters, smites, flogs, scourges—these are meat for the weary headline writer. But the words of peace and amity are too long. They are words like tolerance, conciliation, mutual understanding, amiability, benevolence. Try to fit those words into a headline and they just don't go.

* * * * *

Recently one of my Democratic colleagues made an entertaining little speech at a private dinner. He suggested that Congress establish a national "Don't Call Names Week." His idea is that if, for seven whole days, none of us were to attribute improper motives to another or indulge in denunciation the result would be a rising stock market, more employment and general hopefulness. The idea is good but probably will not be worked out for some time. Meanwhile, when you read in the papers the smashing stories of a verbal war, do not take the matter too much to heart. It may be only the lukewarm remarks of Mr. Hootz raised to a scald by the headline writers.

BRUCE BARTON



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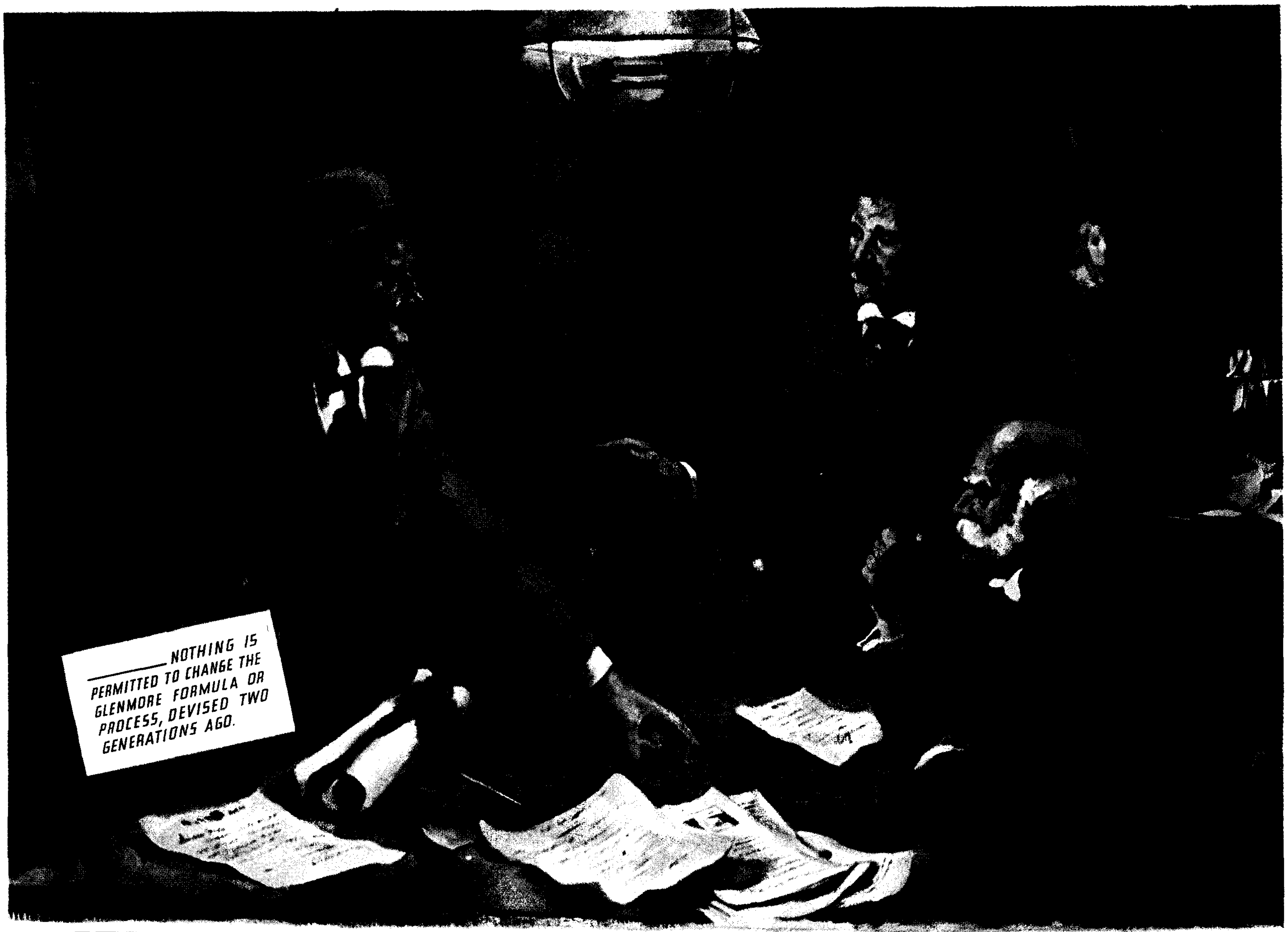

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Sure, we're criticized for this old-fashioned, stand-pat attitude. They call us names. They say we're the "old fogey" of the industry. All right—we cheerfully admit it.

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They like its flavor and fragrance and smooth full body. They don't want it changed. And we're not going to throw our friends even to save big money.

The Glenmore you buy today—or tomorrow or next year—will be just like the Glenmore you've *always* bought. We *never* change. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville—Owensboro, Kentucky.

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
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(IN 25 WORDS OR LESS)

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1 Simply finish the sentence "I believe Camay is best for my complexion because......" (writing 25 words or less). Write your entry on this entry blank, or on a separate sheet of plain paper. Print or write plainly your name and address.

2 Send in as many entries as you wish provided *each one* is accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers (or facsimiles). Mail your entries to Camay, Dept. C, P. O. Box 668, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3 There are 30 separate contests—a new contest each day (except Saturdays and Sundays) from March 28 *to* May 6 inclusive. All entries received by Procter & Gamble on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received any time before March 28 will be entered in the first day's contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will automatically be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on May 6 will include all *entries received on that day* ***and*** *all entries* ***post-marked*** not later than midnight of that day.

4 The winner of each day's $1,000 will be notified by Western Union Telegram and the winner's name announced daily beginning April 4 over the Pepper Young's Family radio program coast-to-coast. The 40 daily winners of radio set prizes will be notified by mail and receive their prizes direct from the Emerson Radio and Phonograph Corporation, in New York City, shipped express prepaid.

5 All entries will be judged on the basis of sincerity, clearness, *and particularly originality.* Penmanship and fancy entries do not count extra. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. All entries, ideas, and contents thereof become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6 Anyone may enter these contests except employees of Procter & Gamble and of their advertising agencies, and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to the United States and Hawaii and are subject to all Federal, State and local laws and regulations.

Final (30th) Contest closes at 12 midnight, May 6, 1938

CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN